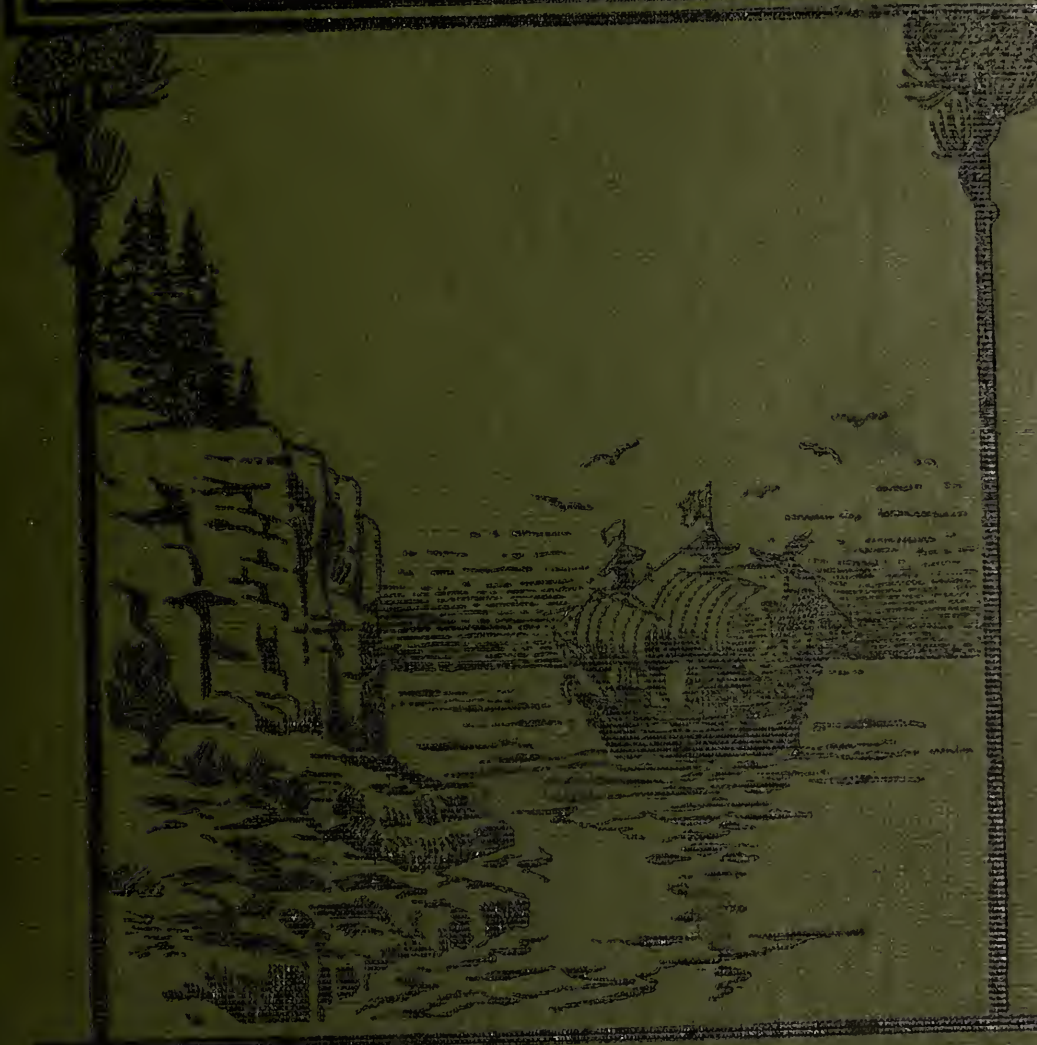


MAINE MY STATE



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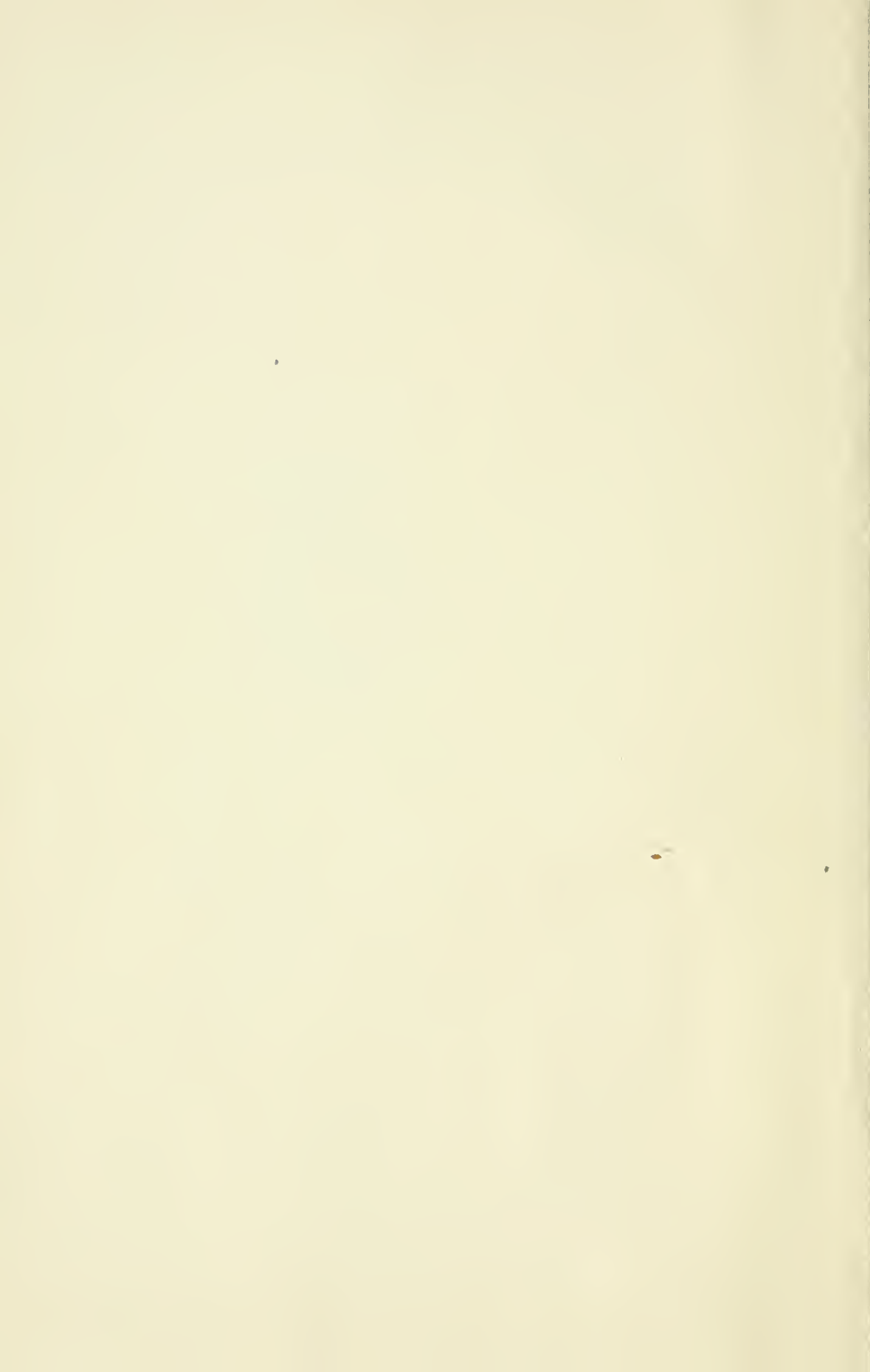


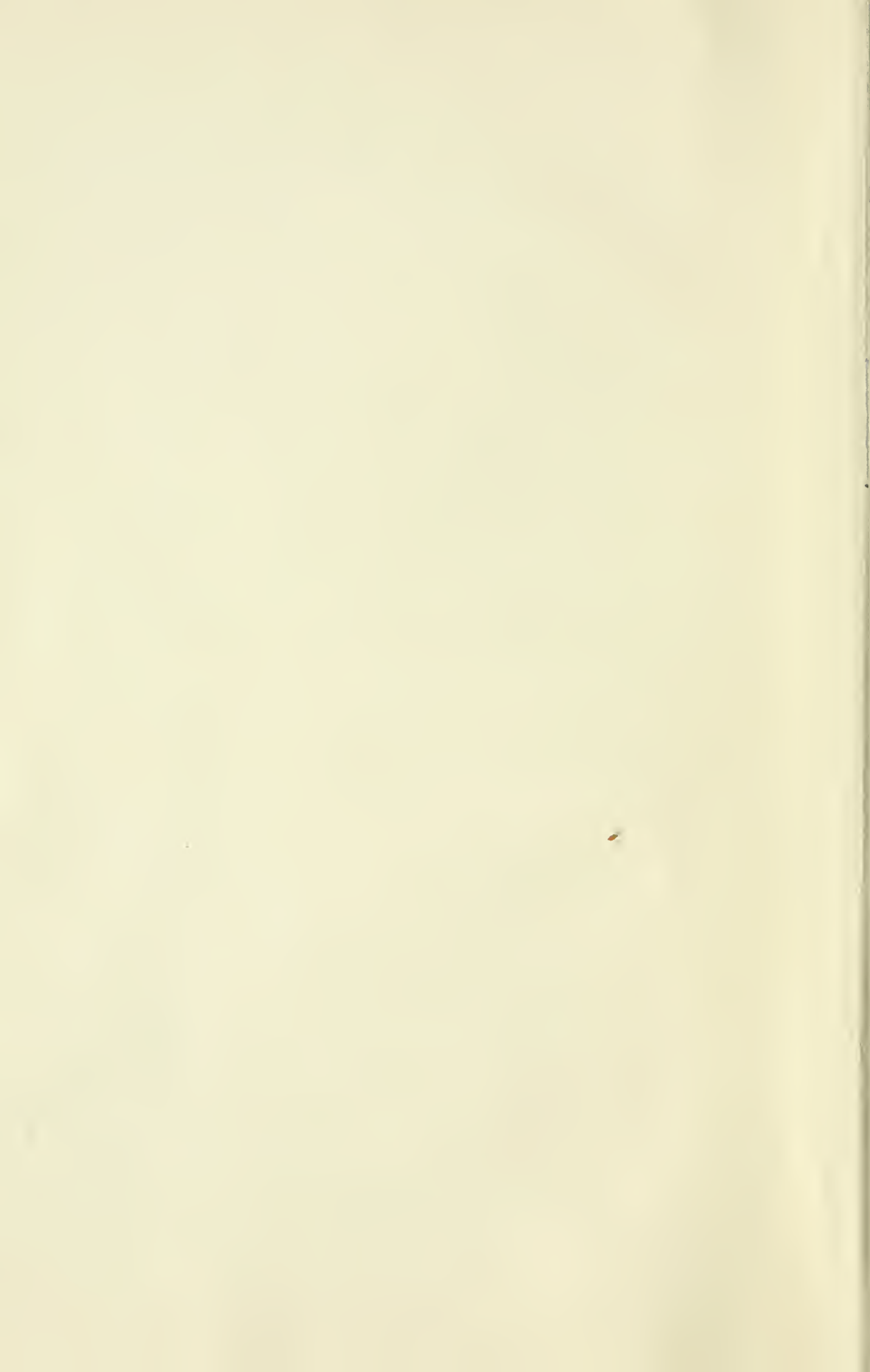
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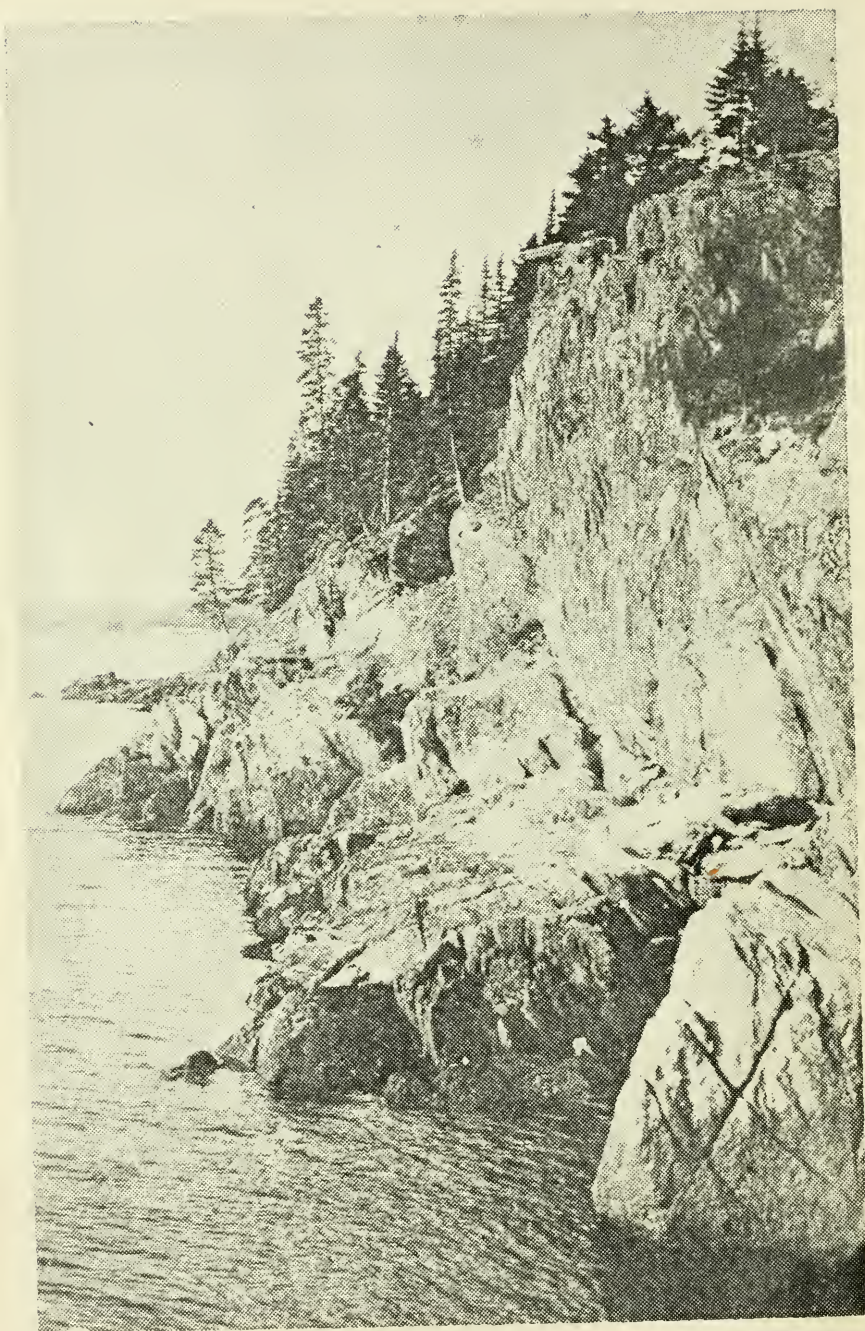
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MAINE MY STATE



The Rugged Cliffs of Maine
(See Page 23)

MAINE MY STATE

— BY —

*The Maine Writers
Research Club*



With Contributions By
Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and
Famous Maine Writers

1038

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FOREWORD



THIS BOOK is intended primarily as a reader for the public schools of Maine and as such maintains a true historical perspective, together with an effort to present the personal and picturesque side of Maine history in a narrative form.

Much of the material is to be found only in scattered memoirs, little-known historical documents, and in volumes that may be written in quaint verbiage, difficult to comprehend and unsuited to the schools. It has been the privilege of the writers of this book to make these offerings as lucid and as direct as possible.

It is hoped that this book will teach history as well as reading; and what is of especial interest in this centenary year of the statehood of Maine, a love of the history of Maine. This, of itself, would be worth far more to the originators of this volume, the Maine Writers Research Club, composed of a group of Maine women, concerned in Maine historical matters, than any other possible outcome of its publication.

Here along our coast of Maine were the beginnings of our Nation. Here were some of the first settlements of the Western Hemisphere. Here went the first of the brave voyageurs along the deeply indented coast line from Cape Cod to Newfoundland. Here the early cartographers came to make their maps. It is a rich field for study. The brave souls who lived and died here in the age long

gone, should be known by every youth who attends our public schools, and by every adult should be revered and acknowledged.

It is with these things in mind that this volume is issued—the sole object has been to make a book that should be of value to the boys and girls of Maine and thereby a book of value to future generations.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In the preparation of "Maine, My State," the Maine Writers Research Club has received assistance from so many people that it is impossible to name them all. The committee cannot refrain from expressing in a more personal way its appreciation of those who have been untiring in their helpfulness.

Without the coöperation of Dr. A. O. Thomas, State Superintendent of Schools, this book probably never would have been. He believed in the idea and has given every stage in its realization his personal supervision and hearty encouragement.

To Superintendent Charles W. Bickford of the Lewiston schools the book committee is deeply indebted for assistance in the final editing of the manuscript to which he gave of his time, unstintingly. From H. H. Randall, Superintendent of the Auburn Schools, and John L. Hooper, Principal of the Auburn Grade Schools, who read the manuscript, the club received many helpful suggestions.

Several Maine writers of acknowledged fame have contributed stories to this book, and to them a large measure of the success which the book may win, will be due.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt responded to the request for a contribution to this book, *by sending the story*, and the manuscript, written in pencil by his own hand, is a priceless treasure.

John Francis Sprague, editor of *Sprague's Journal*, not only has contributed to the book, but has given the committee encouragement and help in countless ways.

The *Youth's Companion* has been most generous in permitting the reprinting of the stories, "When John Alden Went to Jail," by John Clair Minot, and "When Hannibal Hamlin Got the Jonah," by Dr. C. A. Stephens.

The story of New Sweden is told by William Widgery Thomas, who founded this unique colony in Aroostook County. Col. Fred. N. Dow of Portland has contributed a charming and vivid chapter on his father, Neal Dow, The Father of Prohibition.

Dr. Stephens' story of Hannibal Hamlin is deliciously humorous. No one can tell an Indian story more graphically than Hugh Pendexter in his "Some Maple Sugar." John Clair Minot adds to the Colonial Period a forgotten chapter in the life of John Alden.

Holman Day contributes a delightful interview with Elijah Kellogg, the preacher-author, whom he visited at his Harpswell home shortly before his death. John Kendrick Bangs' poem on "The Pines" strikes a responsive note in the hearts of all sons and daughters of Maine.

Lester M. Hart's poem, "Maine," is a little gem. "The Returned Maine Battle Flags," by Moses Owen, should be known by heart by every Maine boy and girl.

To Dr. George A. Wheeler of Castine, who read the manuscript of this book, with the critical eye of the historian, the committee acknowledges its deep obligation.

Infinite pains have been taken to make this school reader accurate historically, as well as attractive in its semi-story form. It has been the careful work of two years, and a labor of love, with no thought of gain.

To all who have contributed in any way to "Maine, My State," the Club acknowledges its deep gratitude.

(Signed) ANNA LADD DINGLEY, *Chairman*,
 JESSICA J. HASKELL,
 LOUISE WHEELER BARTLETT,
 THEDA CARY DINGLEY,
 EMMIE BAILEY WHITNEY.

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MAINE, MY STATE

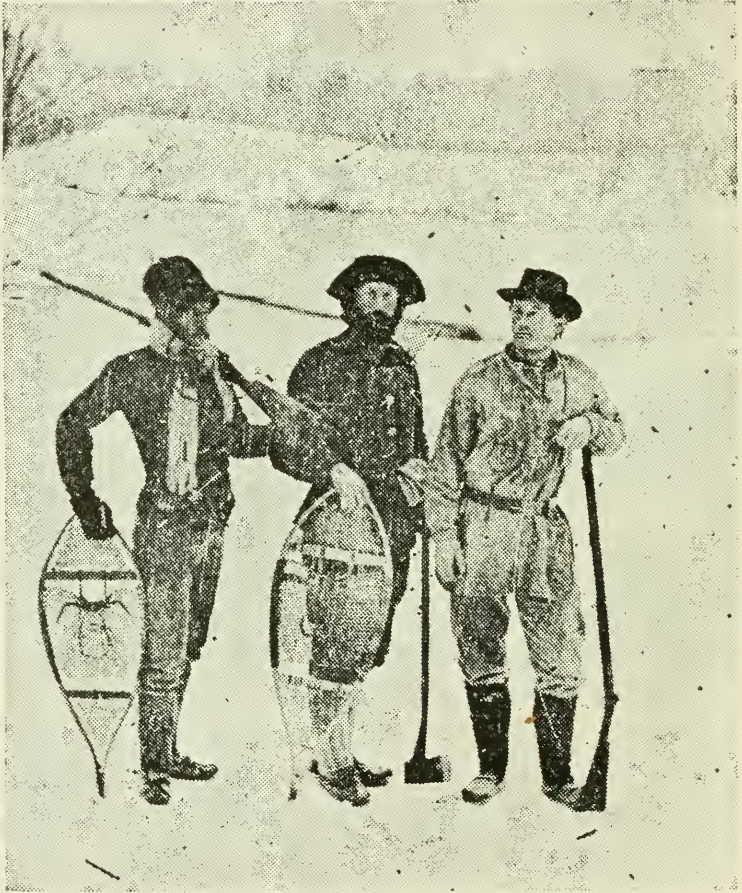
MY DEBT TO MAINE

BY COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I OWE a personal debt to Maine because of my association with certain staunch friends in Aroostook County; an association that helped and benefited me thruout my life in more ways than one.

It is over forty years ago that I first went to Island Falls and stayed with the Sewall family. I repeated the visit three or four times. I made a couple of hunting trips in the fall, with Bill Sewall and Wilmot Dow; and one winter I spent three or four weeks on snowshoes with them, visiting a couple of lumber-camps. I was not a boy of any natural prowess and for that very reason the vigorous out-door life was just what I needed.

It was a matter of pride with me to keep up with my stalwart associates, and to shift for myself, and to treat with indifference whatever hardship or fatigue came our way. In their company I would have been ashamed to complain! And I thoroughly enjoyed it. I was rather tired by some of the all-day tramps, especially in the deep snow, when my webbed racquets gave me "snowshoe feet", or when we waded up the Munsungin in shallow water, dragging a dugout, until my ankles became raw from



Theodore Roosevelt on His First Maine Vacation.
From an Old Tintype Showing His Companions,
Bill Sewall and Dow on his left.

slipping on the smooth underwater stones; and I still remember with qualified joy the ascent and especially the descent of Katahdin in moccasins, worn because, to the deep disapproval of my companions, I had lost one of my heavy shoes in crossing a river at a riffle.

I also remember such delicious nights, under a lean-to, by stream or lake, in the clear fall weather, or in winter on balsam boughs in front of a blazing stump, when we had beaten down and shovelled away the deep snow, and kept our foot-gear away from the fire, so that it should not thaw and freeze;—and the meals of venison, trout or partridge; and one meal consisting of muskrat and a fish-duck, which, being exceedingly hungry, we heartily appreciated.

But the bodily benefit was not the largest part of the good done me. I was accepted as part of the household; and the family and friends represented in their lives the kind of Americanism—self-respecting, duty-performing, life-enjoying—which is the most valuable possession that any generation can hand on to the next. It was as native to our soil as “William Henry’s Letters to his Grandmother”—I hope there are still readers of that delightful volume of my youth, even although it was published fifty years ago.

Mrs. Sewall, the mother, was a dear old lady; and Miss Sewall, the sister, was a most capable manager of the house. Bill Sewall at that time had two brothers. Sam was a deacon. Dave was NOT a deacon. It was from Dave that I heard an expression which ever after remained in my mind. He was speaking of a local personage of shifty charac-

ter who was very adroit in using fair-sounding words which completely nullified the meaning of other fair-sounding words which preceded them. "His words weasel the meaning of the words in front of them," said Dave, "just like a weasel when he sucks the meat out of an egg and leaves nothing but the shell;" and I always remembered "weasel words" as applicable to certain forms of oratory, especially political oratory, which I do not admire.

Once, while driving in a wagon with Dave, up an exceedingly wet and rocky backwoods road, with the water pouring down the middle, I asked him how in Aroostook County they were able to tell its roads from its rivers. "No beaver dams in the roads," instantly responded Dave.

At one of the logging-camps I became good friends with a quiet, resolute-looking man, named Brown, one of the choppers; and afterwards I stopped at his house and was as much struck with his good and pretty wife as I had been with him. He had served in the Civil War and had been wounded. His creed was that peace was a great blessing, but that even so great a blessing could be purchased at too dear a price. I did not see him again until thirty-seven years later when he came to a meeting at which I spoke in Portland. He had shaved off his beard and was an old man and I did not at first recognize him; but after the first sentence, I knew him and very glad indeed I was to see him once more.

In the eighties I started a little cattle-ranch on the Little Missouri, in the then territory of Dakota, and I got Bill Sewall and Wilmot Dow to join me. By that time they had both married and they

brought out Mrs. Sewall and Mrs. Dow. There was already a little girl in the Sewall family, and two babies, a small Sewall boy and a small Dow boy, were born on the ranch. Thanks to Mrs. Sewall and Mrs. Dow, we were most comfortable. The ranch-house and all the out-buildings at the home-ranch—the Elkhorn—were made of cotton-wood logs and were put up by Bill and Wilmot who were mighty men with the axe. I got them to put on a veranda; and in one room, where I kept my books and did my writing, we built a big fireplace, and I imported a couple of rocking-chairs. (Only one would have made me feel too selfish.) The veranda, the open fireplace, the books and the rocking-chairs represented my special luxuries; I think Mrs. Sewall and Mrs. Dow enjoyed them almost as much as I did.

We had stoves to keep us warm in the bitter winter weather and bearskins and buffalo-ropes. Bill and Wilmot and I and usually one or two cowhands worked hard, but it was enjoyable work and the hunting on which we relied for all our meat was, of course, sheer fun. When the winter weather set in, we usually made a regular hunt to get the winter meat and we hung our game in the cottonwood trees which stretched before the house. I remember once when we had a bull elk and several deer hanging up and another time when we had a couple of antelope and a yearling mountain-sheep. The house of hewn logs was clean and comfortable and we were all of us young and strong and happy.

Wilmot was from every standpoint one of the best men I ever knew. He has been dead for many years. His widow is now Mrs. Pride; and her present husband is also one of my valued friends.

When I was President, the Sewalls and Prides came down to Washington to visit us. We talked over everything, public and private, past and present; the education and future careers of our children; the proper attitude of the United States in external and internal matters. We all of us looked at the really important matters of public policy and private conduct from substantially the same viewpoint. Never were there more welcome guests at the White House.

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Sagamore Hill, March 20, 1918.



EXPLORATION PERIOD

THE BIRTH OF MAINE

WE HAVE all heard old things referred to as "old as the hills." If it were said "old as the hills of Maine," it would signify that the thing was very old indeed!

Much of what is now our State became solid rock and cliff and mountain in the Cambrian and Lower Silurian periods. When we look at its gray old ledges of slate and shale and the volcanic rocks which were pushed up through this first layer from the heated masses beneath, we are impressed most of all with the great age of these rocks.

Much of the soil, loose boulders and pebbles, was brought here later by the great sheet of ice which moved over this part of our continent forming the newer soil of our State. Then, little by little, living things appeared, which have left their fossil or petrified forms in some of the rocks.

To the eyes of scientists, these fossils tell the history of millions of years, and from them and the rocks in which they are found, is read a wonderful story.

Slowly life increased and developed, until the sea had its multitudes of plant and animal forms, and on the land first simple little plants grew; then higher and more varied forms. Animal life gradually appeared on the land, developed and increased, until myriads of live things had home here.

For many years there were no human inhabitants. The birds sang as sweetly as now, while the

animals of field and forest loved and enjoyed this land—smiling in the sunshine and greenness of summer, or glittering with the frosts and snows of winter.

As History is the story of mankind upon the earth, it cannot begin until man has appeared. We do not know when or how the first people came, but after long ages there were fierce warring tribes in various parts of the continent and they began to visit our beautiful streams and rugged shores.

Deposits of shells of this prehistoric age, on the beaches, with spots of charcoal here and there, show that fire was known and used by these savages who roasted and ate the shell-fish. Among the shell heaps are found rude weapons of stone and human bones, charred and cracked for the marrow, showing that these people were cannibals, eating their enemies or prisoners of war, like the fiercest African savages or some of the South Sea Islanders.

Above this deepest layer of shells is a layer of mould, showing that these fierce cannibal tribes had wandered away—perhaps had come only in great war parties for a season and without bringing their families or making homes here.

The layer of earth shows that many years had elapsed before other tribes came, finding these same favored spots—the most remarkable being on some beaches between the lower Kennebec and the Penobscot rivers. These newer people began also to live upon the shell fish and game of the region, making other shell heaps, among which are found weapons and ornaments of better and more skillful designs. The charcoal and bones of later fires are found there, but no charred human bones, cracked by cannibals

in their horrid feasts. These people no longer ate human flesh and were no longer mere untaught savages.

The Indians found by the whites dwelling within the confines of Maine—the Norridgewocks (or Abnakis), Penobscots (or Tarratines), Passamaquoddy and Malecite tribes—all have traditions of a great hero who taught them much, gave them abundant food, cleared their streams and paths for them and was good even to all the animals of the forest, to the birds and the fishes.

He is known as “Clote Scarp” among the Malecites, as “Klas Kom Beth,” among the Penobscots and an old Penobscot Indian gave me yet another name and version told him by a descendant of the Norridgewocks, the tribe whose remnants fled, some to Canada and some to the Penobscot tribe, when the English attacked and destroyed Norridgewock in 1724.

This old Penobscot told me of “Waban” (The Morning) of the Norridgewocks—and of his deeds of might and magic very like those of Clote Scarp—but he also told that Waban was the first child born on the Maine shores after the Abnakis (or Wabanakis, meaning people of the east or the dawn) migrated from central Canada, the original home of all the great Algonkin family.

One day in spring a fleet of canoes had come filled with Indians whose descendants are still left here and there over our State. There were many men, some old and crafty, some young and ardent. And they brought with them their families and goods and the skins which should cover their summer tents on the seashore, while their winter lodges were

to be built up the rivers in the denser sheltering forests. The braves dressed their canoes for fishing and sailing, or fitted bows and arrows for hunting, while the squaws set up the tents and arranged their fires and hung up their pots and kettles, smiling their stolid smiles in their joy at finding this new homeland.

And one morning of the spring a young Indian mother brought her little son from her wigwam to see for the first time the sunlight and the beautiful world. He was the son of a great chief, fierce and brave, and his baby fists were clenched as if he already felt fierce and brave himself, ready to kill all his foes and even to eat their hearts as his ancestors had often done in their wrath. But when he looked at the trees bending above him, at the fleecy white clouds which tempted him to grasp at them, and at his mother's face, proud and loving near him, he reached only the nearest with his chubby hand and patted it softly and crowed like any little baby of the twentieth century.

His mother's heart must have rejoiced at the caress, even though she hoped he would grow fierce and blood-thirsty and kill his enemies or any who opposed him. As the child grew, he was fierce and brave; but he was different from all others. Whereas his play-mates wrung the necks of the baby gulls which never learned to run away, he stroked their downy bodies and set them free. Whereas others broke the sparrow's eggs, or crushed the field mouse children, he spared them, and he talked with all the wild things of the woods, to each in its own language.

When, in the hunt, he had killed his prey, joy of the chase seemed his, but there was neither hate nor violence in his grasp of the dead deer or waterfowl. And when as a brave he grew mightier than all others and became the greatest chieftain of them all, he taught some measure of mercy to the vanquished and forbade others to hate or devour the helpless dead.

So great was his power and magic that he did not die like all other old chiefs but walked away through the forests to the Great Spirit, still stalwart and strong after many, many moons of life among his people, leaving as his descendants all the tribe of Maine, strong braves and dutiful squaws—keeping always in memory their great ancestor—Waban, The Morning—the first of their race born on these shores.

He still clears the streams and forest paths for his people till the end of time and helps the wild things of the woods. He taught the young partridges to crouch perfectly motionless, looking like leaves among the leaves at the approach of an enemy, and when the lynx complained that all the other animals were better off than he because his eyes could not see prey unless it was moving. Waban gave him, not new eyes, but such a soft, shadowy gray coat that the other animals could not distinguish him from the shadows of the forests. “Waban” seems “Clote Scarp,” “Klas Kom Beth” and “Hiawatha” in one.

And this Abnaki legend tells the birth of Maine—with the coming of its first home-makers and its first hero who was a great warrior, but also a teacher of mercy and the ancestor of the great

Bashaba of the Penobscots, of Samoset of Pemaquid and of Squanto, who prayed he might go to the "white man's heaven." Maine, as the home of mankind, had begun her long history; her first story that of the Red Man or Indian.

—*Mary Dunbar Devereux.*

THE LOST CITY OF NORUMBEGA

HAVE you ever read the wonderful tales of the Baron Munchausen?

If you have, you may be interested to know that Maine history has a Baron Munchausen of its own—one who could make up quite as remarkable stories of his adventures as could the renowned German story-teller. This man was David Ingram. His stories have not entertained the young people for generations nor held a place in the public libraries, but they have served a more practical purpose. They sent adventurers to the coast of Maine in search of the wonderful city of Arembec, and so began the exploration and colonization of our State which might have been delayed a number of years had not this man of wild imagination and lively tongue landed, by accident, in the country called Norumbega.

The historians are agreed that David Ingram was the first Englishman to bring back to his country any detailed report, true or otherwise, regarding the ancient Norumbega, and so it is not strange that his story attracted wide attention. Being of an adventurous nature, young Ingram had no notion of spending his life in the dull little hamlet

of Barking, Essex, and, like other English boys who wanted to see the world, he went to sea.

Now Ingram lived in the days when slave-traders and pirates were commonplaces of life on the seas, and so it is not strange that he should have found himself, in 1568, on a ship commanded by Capt. John Hawkins, a slave-trader, bound for the newly discovered shores washed by the waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean. Hawkins was not above piracy, and his coat-of-arms was crested with the figure of a negro child bound with cords.

All went well until they put into the harbor of John d'Ulloa, where the villainous Capt. Hawkins was attacked by equally villainous Spaniards, who destroyed four ships of his fleet. He managed to escape by the skin of his teeth, and, with his two remaining vessels, he made port in the mouth of the Tampico River on the Mexican Gulf coast.

All the sailors who had escaped with their lives (and there were over a hundred) were crowded into these two little vessels and, when the captain took account of stock, he found that the greater part of his food supply was at the bottom of the sea and that what remained would not last his crew a quarter of the way across. He decided that, in order to get back to England at all, he must dispose of the superfluous crew and this he promptly did by putting them ashore to look out for themselves, choosing, of course, those that he could best spare.

To show that Capt. Hawkins wasn't entirely heartless, one survivor has written that he "set on shore of our company fourscore and sixteen; and gave to everyone of us five yards of Roan cloth, and

monie to those who did demand it. Then he lovingly embraced us, greatly lamenting our distressed state, and having persuaded us to serve God and love one another, he bade us all farewell." Then he sailed away.

Just what Capt. Hawkins thought they could do with the "Roan cloth" and with the "monie" in a land where there was nothing to buy and nobody with whom to trade, we cannot imagine. He left no weapons by which they might protect themselves, probably fearing attack on himself before he could get away.

That night the marooned sailors slept on the sands beside the Pamlico and the next morning they started on their almost hopeless journey through the semi-tropical wilderness, following the coast. They had not gone far before a band of Indians swooped down upon them and soon relieved them of their "Roan cloth," their shirts and other garments. Those who resisted were killed by the arrows of the Indians; the rest, scantily attired, were allowed to go their way. The savages pointed out to them the direction of Pamlico, the Spanish settlement.

The company then divided. Half went westward, in the direction the Indians pointed out, led by Anthony Goddard, who, records say, lived to return to Plymouth, his home in England. Ingram, with his companions, Twid and Brown, travelled northward, for Ingram knew that the waters of Northern America teemed with fish and were visited by his own countrymen. They pushed on for miles through the forests, occasionally resting with a band of friendly Indians they encountered. They lived on food supplied them by these same Indians,

and, when that gave out, on the berries and green vegetables they found along the way. At last, after suffering such hardships as you can scarcely believe, Ingram, more dead than alive, crossed what is now Massachusetts into Norumbega, the land of the Bashaba. What became of his companions, the records do not tell us.

David Ingram actually made the journey on foot, thru the miles of wilderness between the Gulf of Mexico and the St. John's river and there is little doubt that he tarried awhile at Norumbega and met the Bashaba at his capital, Arembec, the fabled lost city of Norumbega. Just what he found there, we can only guess, for his own account reads like a fairy tale. Just to lie on the rich furs, which the natives used lavishly for mats and beds, and to feast on the abundance of fish and game, must have seemed princely luxury to the famished and footsore Ingram and no doubt the brilliancy of the savage ornaments dazzled his eyes and their value became magnified many times.

No wonder he found it hard to tear himself away from this land of plenty and continue his weary march to the St. John's, even when informed by the Indians that a ship of the white man was in its waters offering him a possibility of soon returning home. He found the ship to be the Gagarine and her master, Capt. Champagne, gladly offered him passage to France, from which he easily worked his way across the Channel and home.

But perhaps you want to know where Norumbega, which also appears in various manuscripts as Norumbegue and Norombega, is located. The

ancient historians and geographers differed widely in their ideas of the extent of Norumbega. It certainly embraced the country drained by the Penobscot, then known as the river of Norumbega and called by the Indians the great river of the Panawanskek. The lost city of Norumbega is commonly believed to have been near the present site of Bangor, though some historians have located it elsewhere.

The ancient French fishermen, who visited the waters long before the coming of Ingram, called the Gulf of Maine, with its 230 or more miles from Cape Sable to Cape Cod, the sea of Norumbega. Some of the early map-makers made it extend down as far as what is now New Jersey and some as far as Virginia, while others reckoned it a part of Canada. Lok, on his map in 1582, made Norumbega an island with the Penobscot as its southern boundary. A later traveller described its form as "very much like the figure of a colossal turnip, with a broad head, a small body and two thin roots."

Had an English student of the 16th century attempted to draw a map according to his knowledge of this part of the country, it would have been a curious looking paper. What limits he would have set on Norumbega, north and south, we cannot guess, but he surely would have made it a thin strip of land, with a body of water, probably no more than a strait, separating it from Asia; for all voyagers then believed that the northern part of America was no more than a small obstruction between the Atlantic ocean and Asia, and they always were looking for a passage that would take them, by a short cut, to that rich continent. All below Norumbega he

would have marked "Florida." And then, according to the fashion of the map-makers of those days, he would have liberally sprinkled the "Sea of Norumbega" and adjacent waters with sea-monsters.

Several French voyagers visited Norumbega before Ingram. In 1556, Andre Thevet, a Catholic priest, sailed in a French ship along the entire coast. He entered Penobscot, where he spent five days and had several conferences with the Indians. He found a little fort settlement, which might have been used by French fishermen as headquarters during the fishing season.

He says in the records, which still exist: "Having left La Florida on the left hand, with all its islands, gulfs and capes, a river presents itself, which is one of the finest rivers in the whole world, which we call 'Norumbegue,' and the aborigines, 'Agoney.' Several other beautiful rivers enter into it; and upon its banks the French formerly erected a little fort about ten or twelve leagues from its mouth. Before you enter said river, appears an island, surrounded by eight very small islets, which are near the country of the green mountains and to the Cape of the islets. From there you sail along into the mouth of the river, which is dangerous from the great number of thick and high rocks; and its entrance is wonderfully large.

"About three leagues into the river, an island presents itself to you, that may have four leagues in circumference, inhabited only by some fishermen and birds of different sorts, which island they call 'Alayascon,' because it has the form of a man's arm, which they call so.

“Having landed and put our feet on the adjacent country, we perceived a great mass of people coming down upon us from all sides in such numbers that you might have supposed them to have been a flight of starlings. And all this people was clothed in skins of wild animals, which they call ‘Rabatatz.’ ”

If you have ever taken the sail up the Penobscot, from Camden to Bangor, you will recognize this for as clear a description as anyone could give, not knowing the names of the places he was passing. The island “before you enter the river” was Fox Island; the “Green Mountains” the Camden hills, and the island like a man’s arm, Islesboro.

But it remained for David Ingram to discover or invent the magnificent city of Arembec. His stories gained such fame that he was ordered by the English government to describe the countries through which he had passed in his travels and the manuscript is still to be seen in the English State Paper Office. This is a small part of his sworn statement:

“The Kings in those Countries are clothed with painted or Coulored garments and thereby you may know them, and they wear great precious stones which commonly are rubies, being 4 inches long and 2 inches broad, and if the same be taken from them either by force or fight, they are presently deprived of their Kingdoms.

“All the people generally wear bracelets as big as a man’s finger upon each of their arms, and the like on each of their ankles, whereof one commonly is gold and two silver, and many of the women also

do wear great plates of gold covering their bodies and many bracelets and chains of great pearls.”

This and much more like it could not fail to arouse in the government an interest to colonize in this wondrously rich country. But the sworn statement was mild in comparison with the tales with which Ingram beguiled the crowds at the London taverns, when they gathered of evenings to enjoy their mugs of ale. His stories gained in the telling and he never lacked an audience ready to believe every word. It was easy to start him back over the 2000-mile trail from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of Maine, and when he reached the magic city of the Bashaba his listeners fairly held their breath.

The country wherein lies this marvelous city was a country of great rivers and waterfalls, so he told them. There was gold to be picked up with the sands of the sea; great stores of silver and copper in the rocks, to be had for the digging; pieces of gold in the rivers as big as a man's fist and fine pearls, which he himself had gathered but became tired of carrying and so threw them away. He had come upon a great crowd of people gathered by the shore to feast on the quahog, a strange fish on which they gorged themselves for several days together, until there was left nothing but enormous shell heaps. Ingram may, in truth, have seen such shell heaps, for remains of them are still to be found along our Maine coast.

These natives, he further related to his fascinated listeners, were finely dressed in soft skins, with ornaments of gold and with strings of pearls, in which the rivers abounded. He had been most courteously treated by them, and their chief men,

who were called Sagamos, had insisted on his accompanying them eastward to their Bashaba. While yet far distant, his eyes had been dazzled by the roofs and towers of the wonder city, Arembec, which glowed like living coals above the tree-tops, by reason of the gold that covered them.

He had made the journey to the marvelous city by canoe and the great Bashaba, having been informed of his approach, had sent an escort down river and, when he arrived, had received him with all honors. I could not begin to give you the description of the Lost City of Norumbega, as Ingram gave it, or of the Bashaba's palace, whose roof, he informed them, was upheld by twelve great pillars of polished silver and whose entrance was of solid crystal inlaid with precious stones, leading into a great hall, whose walls were lined with the finest gold to the ceiling which was of silver. He told of the rugs and coverings of the choicest skins and furs, which were everywhere under foot, not only in the palace of the Bashaba, but in the dwellings of the natives as well. There was probably some foundation for this part of the story, for the Indians never lacked for skins as long as animals were abundant and easily killed by their arrows.

The houses along the main street of the city were white and shining, with roofs, some of silver and some of copper, with wonderful entrances of crystal, hooded with beaten silver and with doors of burnished copper. Such a house the Bashaba bestowed on Ingram, with a squaw to cook his food, rich skins to replace his tattered shreds of clothing, and a supply of bows and arrows, bidding him stay as long as he liked.

Being tanned by sun and wind to a copper color, when dressed in native costume Ingram's appearance mightily pleased the Bashaba, so he affirmed, and the ruler of all Norumbega had insisted on his remaining and becoming one of the tribe and even now he might have been there, had he not got wind of the white man's ship upon the St. John's, and his longing for a sight of home got the better of his admiration for a country where gold was more common than lead was in England and where, in almost every house, was a bucket of pearls.

I fear that you will not recognize any part of your State of Maine from this description, and neither did the adventurers who later arrived there, after many difficulties. The city of gold and precious stones had disappeared, without leaving a trace of its magnificence, except in the fanciful mind of David Ingram.

There is no doubt, however, that Ingram's stories spurred on the adventurers and navigators of the times to investigate the land of riches and to start colonization. They stirred Sir Humphrey Gilbert to hasten preparations for his expedition, which turned out disastrously, and they even reached the ears of the French. It may have been these self-same tales which aroused Roberval, a favorite of the French king, to persuade King Francis to make him Lord of Norumbega, as well as Viceroy of Canada, with the right of raising a band of volunteers to found a colony, although he gave, as his philanthropic object, "the conversion of the Indians, men without knowledge of God or use of reason." Anyhow, the high-sounding title was actually conferred upon him.

The most renowned of the French explorers, who frankly made one of his objects the search for the fabled city of Arembec, was Samuel Champlain, who, as pilot, accompanied DeMonts on his expedition in 1604. This was noteworthy as the first expedition to the Maine coast, with the object of founding a permanent colony.

—*Emmie Bailey Whitney.*

MAINE'S FIRST CHRISTMAS OBSERVANCE

DID YOU know that the very first Christmas observance in New England, if not the first in our country, was in Maine? It was on a desolate little island at the mouth of the St. Croix River, about sixteen miles below Calais, called "The Isle of the Holy Cross" by the adventurous little band who had settled there.

You have read all about the first Thanksgiving day, appointed by Gov. Bradford to celebrate the first successful harvest of the Colonists on the Plymouth shore; but our school histories have nothing to say about the first Christmas, celebrated, not by the Massachusetts colonists, who did not approve of Christmas merry-makings, but by a little band of Frenchmen, headed by DeMonts and Champlain, sixteen years before the coming of the Pilgrims. We may feel sure that this was the first Christmas celebration, for it was the first settlement attempted by white men, even for a few months, on our shores.

The Maine Christmas of 1604 was as different as possible from the Christmas days you know. To begin with, there were no women or children to take

part in the festivities and what is Christmas without the little folks? There was no Christmas tree—although trees were the most abundant things the island afforded and easily could have been cut—but what would have been the use of a tree when they had no presents to hang on it and no children to admire and exclaim over it? The usual Christmas dainties were lacking, too, as you might expect, where men must do all the cooking and there were no shops from which to purchase supplies. Yet we read that they had a feast and you who know the delicious taste of a roast haunch of venison or a savory rabbit stew, may believe it was very good indeed, for game was plentiful. There were a few luxuries, too, brought from the old country, for they had not yet felt the need of hoarding their food supply.

It was a white Christmas, such as we in Maine know so well. Snow came early that year and covered everything with a thick, white blanket while the river was filled with ice. What if the wind did roar through the trees and whistle down the flues! Their houses were well built and there was plenty of wood to heap upon the fires. These gay, light-hearted and venturesome Frenchmen, always ready for laughter and jest, were quite different from the sober and serious-minded Pilgrims of Plymouth. Fortunately, they could not foresee the terrible severity of the winter and the sufferings they must undergo before spring, and they celebrated their holiday in merry and care-free mood.

But first, they attended solemn services in the little chapel, just completed. There were probably two services, one for the Protestants, conducted by

their minister, the other for the Catholics, with a priest in charge. The older men gathered in the large hall, built for recreation and meetings, around the blazing fires, and told stories of previous adventures and recalled happy days in France. The young men went skating upon the river and rabbit-hunting along the shores.

Later came the feasting and merry-making. A special feature of the entertainment was the reading of a little paper, called the "Master William," which enlivened their spirits during the winter. Of course it was written instead of printed, and there was but one copy, which was passed around from one to another or read aloud before the company. It contained the daily events and gossip of the settlement, and we may be sure the witty Frenchmen worked in some bright jokes at each other's expense. It is a pity no copies of this first American newspaper were preserved. However, Champlain makes mention of it in his journal.

While DeMonts was commissioned the head of the expedition to form a colony on the North American shores, Samuel Champlain, historian and navigator, was the real, live spirit of the party and responsible for much of the Christmas gaiety. It was he who led the explorations, who gave courage and ambition to the men and even to the leader, DeMonts, himself, and who made the first reliable and fairly accurate maps and charts of the Maine and Massachusetts coast. No more gallant and picturesque character is to be found in our early history than this "true Viking."

Probably you know Champlain best in connection with the lake which bears his name, on the



One of Champlain's Maps, Showing DeMonts' Colony on St. Croix Island

western border of Vermont, and as the founder of Quebec. You may never have thought of him in connection with the history of your own State. The general histories of the United States seem to have neglected that part of his career, but Champlain himself thought it of sufficient importance to give many pages of his journal and his "Voyages" to descriptions of the Maine coast and his temporary settlement at St. Croix.

They are still to be seen—these curious journals of Champlain, written in French, in stiff, precise handwriting, something like that you see in very old copybooks, generously illustrated with colored pictures of the ports, islands, harbors and rivers he visited, besprinkled with the beasts, birds and fish that inhabited them, all drawn as your small brother might draw them and with quite as entire disregard of the rules of drawing. However, when Champlain drew pictures of Indians feasting, dancing and scalping their victims, he left no room for doubts as to what his pictures represented.

Champlain was born in 1567, in the little French town of Brouage, on the Bay of Biscay. His father was a captain in the royal navy and one of his uncles was pilot in the king's service. So you see he was familiar with boats from his childhood. He was equally familiar with warfare, for all through his boyhood, civil and religious wars were going on in France, and Brouage was an important military post. He saw his home town frequently attacked, captured, restored and re-captured, and soldiers and the noise of battle were matter-of-course to him. There were periods of peace, however, and then

Samuel attended good schools and learned to write fluently, to draw maps and think for himself.

Of course Samuel fought for his king. He was made a quartermaster, but little is known of his army life. He also took every opportunity to travel and on one voyage visited the West Indies and finally explored inland as far as the city of Mexico. He stopped at Panama and the idea occurred to him that a ship canal cut thru the Isthmus would be a great institution and "shorten the voyage to the South Sea more than 1500 leagues." Such a canal, as you remember, was opened to the world but a very few years ago—more than two centuries and a half after Champlain thought of it.

On his first trip to North American shores, Champlain sailed up the St. Lawrence River as far as Montreal. Returning with a wonderful narrative of his adventures, he found King Henry and his viceroy, DeMonts, planning the founding of a colony in Acadie, on the northern shores of America.

What more natural, in looking for a pilot for the expedition, than that they should turn to Champlain, an experienced and courageous navigator, who was both soldier and sailor and who combined bravery with prudence and determination with light-heartedness.

So, in the early spring of 1604, Champlain sailed with DeMonts in one of his vessels. Pontgrave, with whom Champlain had made the trip up the St. Lawrence the year before, followed a few days later, with supplies for the new colony.

Picture in your mind the quaint little vessel, no larger than the fishing smack of today, gliding under the frowning crags of Grand Manan, on a beautiful

morning in early summer, and up the river which marks today the boundary of Maine and New Brunswick. Crowded on the decks was as curiously assorted a company as ever set out to found a colony. The best of France were mingled with the meanest. There were nobles from the court of Henry IV. and thieves from the Paris prisons. There were Catholic priests rubbing elbows with Huguenot ministers; there were volunteers from noble families and ruffians flying from justice.

While the company lacked the unity which made the famous Plymouth colony live, in spite of hardships, there were competent men as leaders and DeMonts had companions of his own kind. There were two of his old comrades in service, Jean Bien-court and the Baron de Poutrincourt; Samuel Champlain, skilled pilot and royal geographer; Sieur Raleau, DeMonts' secretary; Messire Aubry, priest; M. Simon, mineralogist, two surgeons and other men of education and position, who are mentioned by Champlain in his journal. Later, they were joined by Lescarbot, a jolly, good-humored fellow, who proved such a "good sport" that he added much to the cheer of the colony and he left some of the most entertaining accounts that have been written of any of the early explorations. He was a natural born story-teller and entertainer, a poet and familiar with classic myth and literature, as his writings show. Less matter-of-fact than Champlain, he had an eye for the humorous and the picturesque.

They had sailed but a few miles up the river of the Etechemins, when they came upon a small island, containing some twelve or fifteen acres, and fenced round with rocks and shoals. Both Cham-

plain and DeMonts were much taken with this island.

Anchors went overboard and all hastened to go on land. That very day a barricade was commenced on a little inlet and a place made for the cannon, the men working as fast as they could, considering the mosquitoes, for Champlain wrote: "the little flies annoyed us excessively in our work, for there were several of our men whose faces were so swollen by their bites that they could scarcely see."

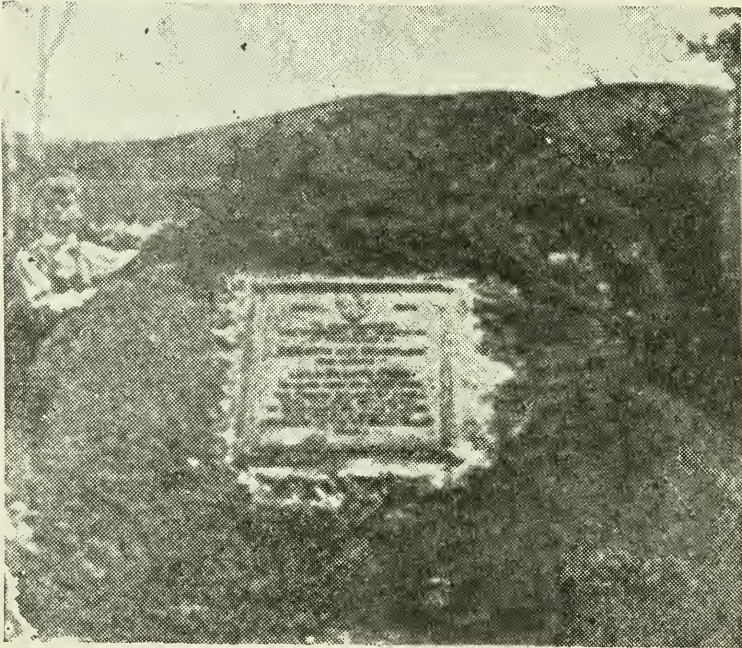
DeMonts named the island St. Croix because "two leagues higher there were two brooks which came crosswise to fall within this large branch of the sea."

According to all accounts, the island presented a very busy scene for the next few weeks. At its southern extremity, DeMonts planted the heavy guns. Not so many years ago cannon balls were dug out of the sward here, and, near the close of the eighteenth century, when the boundary between the United States and Canada was being settled, the commissioners traced the foundations of buildings long since crumbled away, the only remains of the first settlement on the Maine coast.

First there was the line of palisades to be established on the north side of the island. Champlain showed himself to be no less useful on land than on sea. He it was who drew the plans for the new colony. He located the buildings for sheltering its members, the workshops, a well and two great garden plats. When DeMonts had located the storehouse and seen it started, he gave his attention to a residence for himself, which, the chronicles say, was built by good workmen.

The end of August saw the work so well advanced that DeMonts sent his friend, Poutrincourt, back to France, he agreeing to return in the spring with reinforcements and supplies. DeMonts kept one ship with Capt. Timothee to command it, and seventy-nine men. This was three months before the Christmas day of which you have just read.

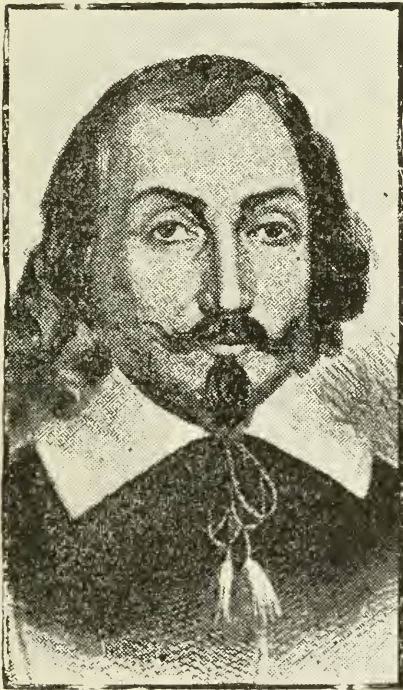
—*Emmie Bailey Whitney.*



DeMonts' Colony Memorial on St. Croix.
Unveiled June 25, 1904

ALONG THE MAINE COAST WITH
CHAMPLAIN

IT WAS right away after Poutrincourt's return to France that Champlain started out on an enterprise of his own. He had long cherished an ambition to search out the fabled city of Norumbega, which, he reckoned, could not be many leagues from St. Croix, and find out for himself how much truth there was in the glowing reports of David Ingram.



Samuel Champlain

I may as well tell you now that in this Champlain was disappointed. He confessed that "there are none of the marvels which some persons have described," although he visited the precise location of Pentagoet. He recorded with some disgust, "I will say that since our entry where we were, which is about twenty-four leagues, we saw not a single town nor village nor the appearance of one having been there, but only one or two huts of the savages where there

was nobody."

Marc Lescarbot, also, wrote in his usual blithe style: "If this beautiful town ever existed in Nature,

I would like to know who pulled it down, for there is nothing but huts here made of pickets and covered with the bark of trees or with skins."

It was the second or third day of September that Champlain set out with, some historians say, twelve, and some say seventeen men of the colony and two Indians as guides, in his "patache." This big, open boat, fitted with a lateen sail and oars, is pictured in Champlain's drawing of the St. Croix settlement.

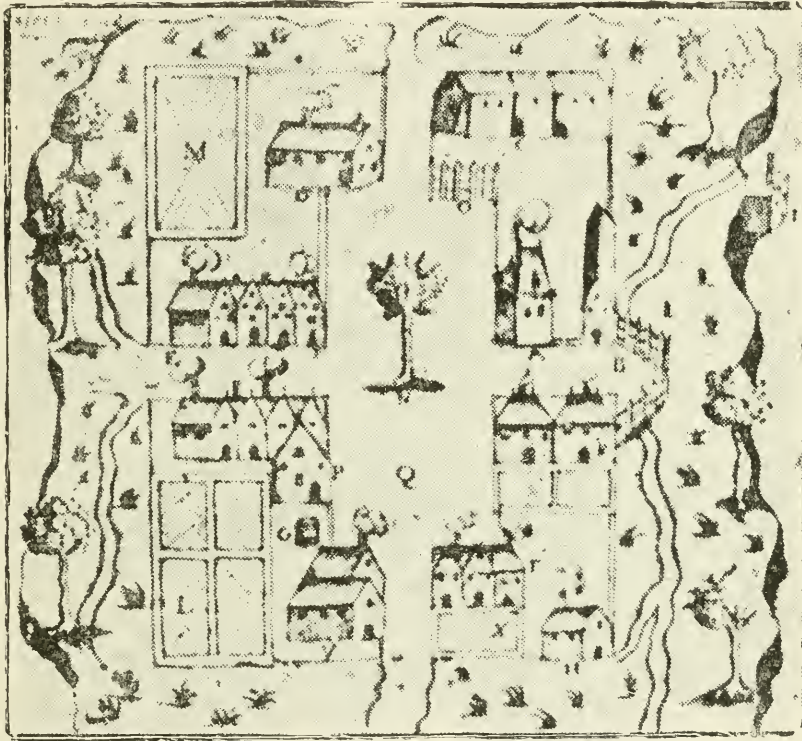
The second day out they passed an island some four or five leagues long. "The island is high and notched in places so that from the sea it gives the appearance of a range of seven or eight mountains. The summits are all bare and rocky. The slopes are covered with pines, firs and birches. I named it Les Isles des Monts Deserts," Champlain wrote. And this is the first account of the naming of Mount Desert island, on which is Bar Harbor, the now famous summer resort.

"On the third day the savages came alongside and talked with our savages. I ordered biscuit, tobacco and other trifles to be given to them. We made an alliance with them and they agreed to guide us to their river of Peimtgouet, so called of them, where they told us was their captain, named Bessabez, chief of that place."

The river was the Penobscot we know so well, and the stopping place, where the council with the Indians was held, was the present site of Bangor.

Champlain, continuing on his voyage of discovery, sailed down the river, passed out by Owl's Head and westward to the Kennebec, which he called Qinnibequy. He arrived at St. Croix, having been away just a month. They did not reach the settle-

ment any too soon. Snow fell that year as early as the 6th of October, and by Christmas, as you have already seen, winter had set in with unusual severity.



Champlain's Sketch of St. Croix Settlement

“Hoary snow-father being come,” as the poetical Lescarbot expresses it, “they were forced to keep much within the doors of their dwellings.”

When the north winds swept down the river and whistled through the rows of cedars, the sole protection of the island against the wintry blasts, the poor Frenchmen did not venture out-doors, but shivered around their fires and Champlain remarked

that "the air that came in through the cracks was colder than that outside." There were no cellars under the houses so vegetables and every liquid froze. Champlain mentions dealing out the frozen cider by the pound.

Their fare, too, was scanty. They ground their grain, as they needed it, in a hand mill, a tiresome process. They had salt meat only. This soon began to affect the health of the men. Scurvy broke out. The colony physicians had all they could do, but it is not likely that they had the proper medicines, and out of the seventy-nine men, thirty-five died before spring and others were bloated and disfigured.

It was not until the fifteenth of June, as the guard went his rounds a little before midnight, that Pont-Grave, so long and anxiously awaited, came in a shallop, with the news that his ship was but six leagues away, lying safely at anchor. There was great rejoicing at the settlement and little sleep for anyone for the rest of the night.

Two days after the arrival of Pont-Grave's ship, Champlain set out on a second voyage down the coast. With him were M. Simon and several other gentlemen and twenty sailors to man the boat, also the Indian, Panounais, and his squaw, as guides.

It was an eventful voyage and Champlain writes fully and entertainingly about it.

Near Prout's Neck more than eighty of the savages ran down to the shore to meet the strangers, "dancing and yelping to show their joy."

The Indians believed there was some magic about Champlain and his companions, who, they said, "must have dropped from the clouds." When Champlain was invited to a feast of the Indians, he

was told by his Indian guide that he must not refuse. So he took his place among them, "squatted on the skins spread for the guests of honor, around large kettles of fish, bear's meat, pease and wild plums, mixed with the raisins and biscuits they had procured in trade with the white men, the whole well boiled together and well stirred with a canoe paddle."

When Champlain showed great hesitancy in eating the portion set before him, we are informed in the chronicles that his hosts tried to tempt his appetite with a large lump of bear's fat, a supreme luxury in their estimation, whereupon he took a hasty leave, stopping only to exclaim, "Ho, ho, ho," which his guide informed him was the proper way of saying "please excuse me," to an Indian host.

On July twelfth, Champlain and his party left the Prout's Neck vicinity and steered their course "like some adventurous party of pleasure," we are told, by the beaches of York and Wells, Portsmouth Harbor, Isles of Shoals, Rye Beach and Hampton Beach, and into Massachusetts Bay, which they explored at their leisure. Champlain was the most troubled by the mosquitoes, which "pestered him beyond endurance," to use his own words.

DeMonts found no place on the Massachusetts coast more suitable for his colony than St. Croix and by July 29 they were back at the mouth of the Kennebec, where they had an interview with the Indian chieftain, who gave them news of another European ship on the coast. From their description it must have been the Archangel, commanded by George Weymouth, who was navigating the New England

coast at that time. It is the only reference made to Weymouth in any of Champlain's writings.

Provisions were getting low, so they steered once more for St. Croix. Aside from the killing of the sailor by the Indians, but one other tragedy marked the year of 1605. It was the killing, by the Penobscot Indians, of their faithful guide, Panounais. The body of the dead Indian was brought from Norumbega to his friends in St. Croix, where an imposing funeral was held. You may like to read Champlain's description of the savage ceremony. He writes:

“As soon as the body was brought on shore, his relatives and friends began to shout by his side, having painted their faces black, which is their mode of mourning. After lamenting much, they took a quantity of tobacco and two or three other things belonging to the deceased and burned them some thousand paces from our settlement. Their cries continued until they returned to their cabin. The next day they took the body of the deceased and wrapped it in a red covering, which Mambretou, chief of the place, urgently implored me to give, since it was handsome and large. He gave it to the relatives of the deceased, who thanked me very much for it.

“And thus, wrapping up the body, they decorated it with several kinds of malachiats; that is, strings of beads and bracelets of divers colors. They painted the face and put on the head many feathers and other things, the finest they had, then they placed the body on its knees, between two sticks, with another under the arms to sustain it. Around the body were the mother, wife and other of

the relatives of the deceased, both women and girls, howling like wolves.

“While the women and girls were shrieking, the savage named Mambretou made a speech to his companions on the death of the deceased, urging all to take vengeance for the wickedness and treachery committed by the subjects of the Bessabez, and to make war on them as speedily as possible. After this the body was carried to another cabin and after smoking tobacco together, they wrapped it in an elkskin likewise and binding it very securely, they kept it for a larger gathering of savages, so a larger number of presents would be given to the widow and children.”

Soon after this, DeMonts and Champlain moved the whole settlement to Port Royal. DeMonts soon sailed for France. The indomitable Champlain volunteered to brave another winter in the wilds and we are glad to read in his journal that “we spent the winter very pleasantly.”

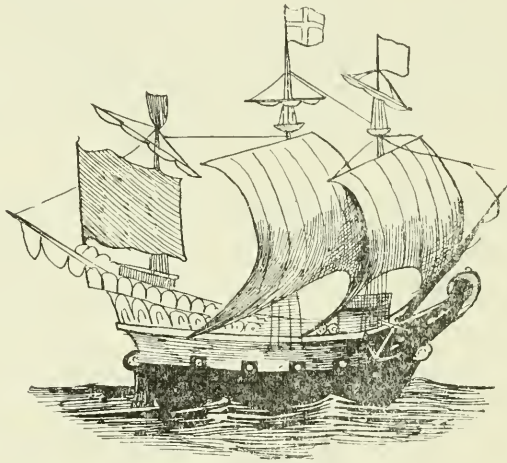
And now that you have followed Champlain's adventures along the Maine coast, you may want to trace them further, among the Indians of Vermont, New York and the Great Lakes region, and to learn how he became the father of Canada; how his blithe courage planted the fleur-de-lis on the rock of Quebec. There, on Christmas day of 1635, just thirty-one years after his Christmas celebration in Maine, he died, striving to the last for the welfare of his colony, “for the glory of France and the church.”

As for St. Croix, which he first helped to settle, it was never after deserted for long at a time. It remained the most southern foothold of the French until the cession of Canada to the English in 1763.

—*Emmie Bailey Whitney.*

THE VOYAGE OF THE ARCHANGEL

ON A PLEASANT day in May, 1605, more than three centuries ago, a white-winged ship came to anchor off the rocky shores of the island now known as Monhegan. It was the Archangel, commanded by George Weymouth, forty-five days out from England.



The Archangel

Fuel and water being scarce upon the ship, Weymouth, with several of his men, went on shore to procure these necessaries. "Mayhap we shall see some of the savage people whom others have seen on these shores," said one of the men as they neared the coast. No trace of human habitation could be seen. Where now may be found the gray fish-houses, piles of lobster-traps, neat cottages, and the great lighthouse standing over all like a lone sentinel which never sleeps, then were only great, gray rocks half hidden beneath riotous masses of wild rose and yew, and an unbroken stretch of primeval forest.

When the Englishmen had obtained wood and water sufficient for their needs, they made their way toward the shore. Suddenly one of them stopped near a pile of loose stones. "What have we here?" he cried. "Look! these are the ashes and charred remains of a fire. Those who built it must have fled at our approach."

All eyes eagerly scanned the landscape, but no unfamiliar face or form appeared. Amid the screaming of seagulls, they planted a cross, naming the island St. George, then rowed back to the Archangel.

The Archangel remained at her anchorage that night, and on the following day, because the vessel "rode too much open to the sea and winds," Weymouth weighed anchor and brought his vessel to the other islands nearer the mainland in the direction of the mountains.

With great interest Weymouth and his crew landed upon one of the islands (probably what is now known as Allen's Island, in St. Georges Harbor.) Very soon a discovery was made by the mate, Thomas Cam, which brought all around him. "Here has been a fire!" he exclaimed, "and see the great shells lying all about!" Pieces of large shells and bones littered the ground; evidently a feast had been held there not long ago. A careful search, however, failed to reveal any further trace of human beings.

The next week furnished plenty of work; the building of the shallop went speedily forward. The neighboring islands were explored. On the twenty-ninth of May, the shallop was finished and, leaving fourteen men on the Archangel, Captain Weymouth,

with thirteen others, started on an exploring expedition inland.

“There does not seem to be much treasure on these islands,” said Thomas Cam to one of his comrades, Owen Griffith, as they gazed from the side of the ship over the island-dotted expanse of water which Weymouth, because of the season, had called Pentecost Harbor.

“Neither of treasure nor of people have I had a sight,” replied the man Griffith, “and yet the fires would show the land to be inhabited. Perhaps the sight of our goodly ship has filled them with fear, so that they flee from us.”

“’Tis a noble land in which the king may build a powerful empire,” said the other, “and mightily enrich himself in so doing.” Suddenly he stopped, shading his eyes with his hand. “Ha, Master Griffith,” he cried, “at least one wish is about to be gratified; yonder come three canoes filled with savages!”

With excited shouts the crew lined the side of the vessel, watching eagerly while the savages landed on an island opposite, staring in wonder at the strange vision of the white-sailed ship and the white-faced, bearded men who stood upon its deck. Presently, in answer to the inviting gestures of the white man, a canoe in which were three natives was paddled boldly toward the ship. As they came alongside one raised an oar and pointed fiercely toward the open sea, at the same time exclaiming loudly in a harsh, unknown tongue.

“They do not seem to like our company,” said the mate, “’tis a pity we can not speak their

language. Show them some knives and glasses and the rings and other trinkets we have with us.”

These were quickly brought and displayed to the delighted eyes of the natives who brought their frail canoe still nearer to see these wonderful toys at closer range. It was now but an easy step to induce the three to climb over the side of the Archangel. Sounds of wonder and delight burst from them as they wandered freely about the vessel, one even venturing below. Food was offered them and they gladly ate the cooked, but the raw disgusted them. They hung joyously over a collection of combs, kettles and armor, but the sight and sound of the matchlocks filled them with unmeasured fear.

It was with equal surprise and pleasure that the Englishmen gazed at their strange visitors, representatives of this vast New World. They were well formed, of medium build, bodies painted black, faces red or blue and eyebrows white, and clothed in mantles and moccasins of deerskin. By signs the white men told them that they wished to trade knives and trinkets for furs, which seemed to satisfy the savages and with many a backward glance they at last took their departure.

About ten o'clock the shallop bearing Capt. Weymouth returned. He bore the news of the discovery of a great river and the stories which each party had to relate were heard with eager interest.

“To-morrow,” said Capt. Weymouth, “we will go on shore and trade. Let us do nothing to frighten these savages who seem peaceable enough.”

This plan of trade was carried out. The natives were delighted to exchange beaver and otter skins for worthless trinkets, and now wholly without fear

crowded closely about the white strangers. Presents were brought of tobacco, of which these natives cultivated small quantities and smoked it in pipes made of lobster claws.

“Let us show them some wonders,” said Weymouth, and, with the point of his sword previously touched by a magnet, he picked up a knife holding it high in the air. The wonder of the savages was intense. Presently one of the boldest seized the knife and drew it away, then hastily dropped it as if fearful of coming to harm. Holding the sword point close, Weymouth caused the knife to turn in different directions; the same bold native tried to imitate the act with his bone-headed dart, but failure of course resulted.

“Let us try to get some of them to go back to the ship with us,” said the mate to Weymouth. “Those who came yesterday went away much pleased and others will doubtless hold it a high honor.”

The captain agreed and with very little urging two of the natives entered the shallop and the crew returned to the Archangel. As they sprang upon the deck one of the ship’s dogs ran forward sniffing and barking furiously. With every sign of fear, the natives turned and seemed about to fling themselves into the sea.

“Tie those dogs!” roared Weymouth, then with kind tones and gestures reassured his dusky guests until their confidence returned and they wandered as freely over the ship as the visitors of the day before. Of the food offered them, peas seemed to please them most. By signs they expressed a wish to carry some back to their friends, and a quantity was given them in a metal dish which they returned

later with great care. At their departure others came and finally three were persuaded to remain on board all night, one of the white men being left on shore as a sort of guarantee of good faith, although the trust of the Indians was so great that none was needed.

That night Weymouth stood in the soft June starlight and gazed on the dark forms of the sleeping savages as they lay on the deck covered with an old sail. "How great would be the pleasure of the king and certain noble gentry of England to behold these strange people," he thought. "They are ever interested in tales of this great New World." Then of a sudden he smote his palms softly together and turned sharply to Thomas Cam who stood near. "Cam!" he said, "what say ye, shall we take some of these knaves with us when the Archangel turns her prow toward England? What easier task—see how the poor fools trust us!" and he gave a half contemptuous laugh.

The mate whistled softly in his beard. "'Twould surely bring us great notice and reward," he said at last. "His majesty ever listens eagerly to adventurers from over seas, and 'twere easy enough to be done; yet," he spoke hesitatingly, "it seems but a poor return and not half honorable."

"What know they of honor," cried Weymouth impatiently, "they are but beasts. Canst talk of honor with a dog? Be sensible, man, and think of the great good we may give our countrymen by thus turning their eyes to this new land."

"'Tis doubtless as you say," replied Cam, beginning to yield, "yet methinks even a dog knows gratitude and will repay treachery. However, if you

wish it, we are bound to obey your commands, and perchance no harm will come of it."

At this point one of the savages stirred in his sleep and tossed a dusky arm above his head.

"'Tis as if he held a weapon ready to strike!" muttered Cam drawing back a step.

"Away with such fears!" cried Weymouth striking his comrade a resounding blow between the shoulders. "What spirit is this for discoverers in unknown wilds! Come, let us discuss the plan."

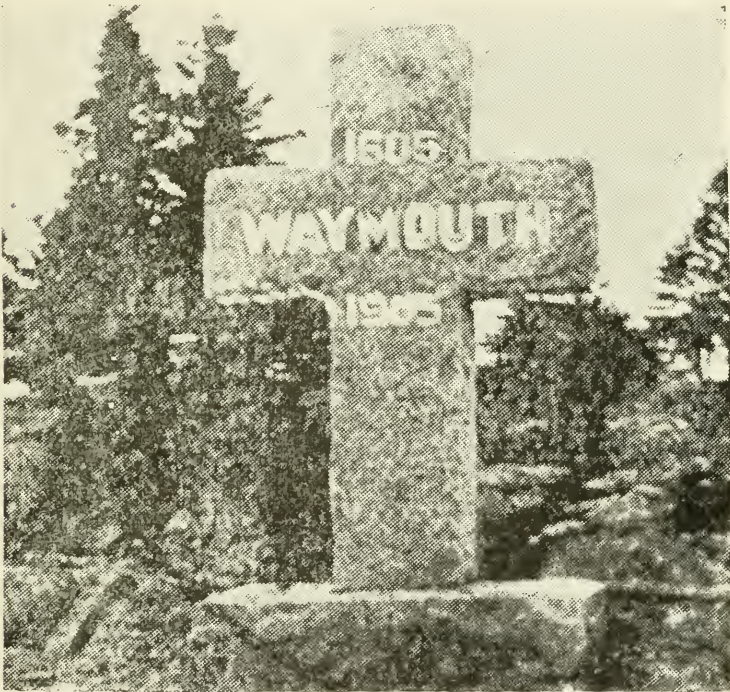
A week later the Archangel had completed her work and had shipped a large quantity of furs. The thoughts of all now turned homeward. One afternoon two canoes with three Indians visited the ship, while two other savages remained on the shore of a nearby island seated by a fire built on the rocks.

"This is our chance," said Weymouth to his men. "Get some of them to go below and do not allow them to come back on deck."

Two painted faces at that moment appeared over the side of the vessel. Griffith walked up to them with a pleasant smile. "Come below with me," he said, "I have something new to show you." The simple natives understood his signs but not his words and readily followed him below. The others would not leave their canoes. A plate of peas was passed down to them which they received with exclamations of pleasure and hurried to the island to share the dainty with their relatives. The peas were rapidly eaten and a young savage, seizing a pewter plate, leaped into a canoe and returned to the ship, joining the others below where he found himself a prisoner. Three other savages were now held captive on the Archangel. As this number did not

satisfy Weymouth, the shallop with eight men was sent to the shore as if to trade.

At their approach three of the natives retired to the woods, but the other two advanced and received the proffered gifts of some combs and another plate of their favorite eatable. All made their way over the rocks and seaweed and sat down around the fire.



Cross on Allen's Island

Erected on 300th Anniversary of Weymouth's Visit

Never had the white men been more courteous and peaceful in their behavior; never had the simple natives showed more fully their gratitude and trust.

Then as suddenly as the tiger springs upon its prey did the treacherous Europeans fall upon their unsuspecting hosts. As fear rushed in to take the place of confidence, it required the strength of all

the eight to hold the slippery, struggling bodies of their captives and bear them to the boat.

In high spirits Weymouth greeted the return of the crew. "This will be enough," he said. "Take them below with their comrades. I have just learned that one of them is a special prize—a chieftain named Nahanada. Now we will go home."

With despairing hearts these victims of Weymouth's treachery were dragged from the deck of the Archangel never expecting to behold their native shores again. How little could they imagine the strange life which for the next three years was to be theirs; to be transplanted to a foreign land and gazed at by the curious eyes of a great metropolis; then, when the new tongue was mastered, to relate to the wondering ear of royalty the story of a mighty land with its unbounded riches of sea and shore; and finally to be restored to their own people to act as guides to future voyagers!

NOTE.—Some authorities hold that the mountains seen by Weymouth, or Waymouth, as his name is often spelled, were the White Mountains and that the harbor into which he sailed was Boothbay and the river, the Kennebec. The White Mountains, however, are seen from Monhegan only under the most favorable conditions. There seems little doubt that the mountains were the Camden Hills, and the islands which the Weymouth party explored after leaving Monhegan were the islands in George's Harbor, near Thomaston, including Allen's and Burnt Island.

In July, 1905, the Maine Historical Society celebrated the tercentenary of Weymouth's voyage, and on Allen's Island erected and dedicated a memorial cross.

Could Weymouth have foreseen the acts of bitter revenge which were to be heaped upon the heads of the innocent as well as the guilty as the result of this unfriendly deed, perhaps he would have repented and released his captives to return to their forest homes. But repentance was now too late—the Archangel was swiftly cleaving her way through the blue waters toward the longed-for shores of old England.

Thus was committed, near the magnificent harbor of St. Georges, the deed which was to cause the Indians to regard all Englishmen with hatred and distrust; and was to turn the attention of all England to the splendor and riches of the coast of Maine.

—*Charlotte M. H. Beath.*

THE BOY AND THE BOAT

IT WAS getting late in the fall of 1607 and the beeches and oaks on the slopes running down to the Kennebec—or Sagadahoc as it was then called—had yellowed and reddened in the frosty nights and mellow sunny days of autumn while the pines, standing tall and straight, were darkening and beginning to sing their deeper notes.

Here the “Popham colony” had landed from their two ships “The Gift of God” and the “Mary and John,” and had almost immediately begun building the cabins and general storehouse of their town. They had named the settlement “St. George,” and already, in imagination, saw it growing into the metropolis of this western world.

And now, under the eye of their Governor, Mr. George Popham, and the supervision of Captain

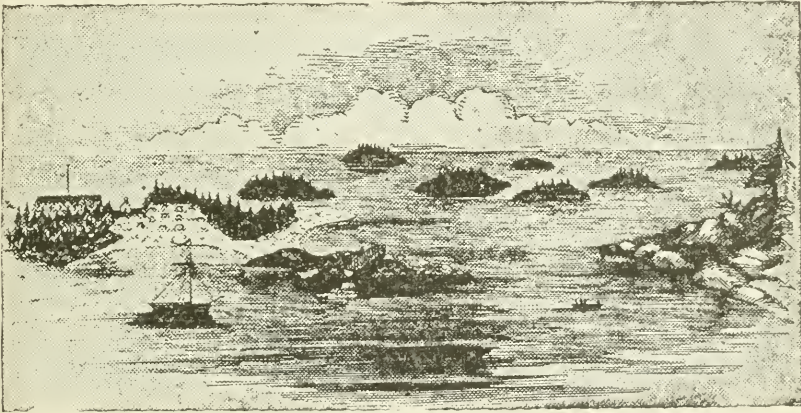
Raleigh Gilbert, navigator and shipbuilder, a crew of men were to build a small vessel to add to their fleet. For weeks a company of the men had been getting out lumber suitable for the timbers and planks of the pinnace. She was designed to be of only twenty-eight or thirty tons burden and was, after the fashion of the day, to be of broad beam, rounded bow and high stern—decked over for the most part—and with comfortable quarters and cargo room. Still she was styled a pinnace because of her small dimensions and the fact that she might be propelled by oars should need arise.

Captain Gilbert, who had planned the new craft, was a son of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. We all know how Sir Humphrey, more than twenty years earlier than this, had tried to plant a colony in Newfoundland and on his return voyage had gone down with all on board in the "Squirrel." Now his son had come out to be Admiral of the fleet, leaving his home and business in Plymouth, England, at the urgent request of Lord Popham and other members of the Plymouth Company. With him he had brought his orphaned nephew, Humphrey, a boy of fifteen. Humphrey Gilbert's father had been a quiet and studious young man, but Humphrey himself was boyishly in love with the stir and bustle and adventure of a sailor's life. He never tired of hearing of the voyages of his grandfather, Sir Humphrey, of his uncle, Captain Gilbert, and most of all of his grandfather's gallant half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, courtier, colonizer and officer in the navy sent against the Spanish Armada.

He begged and implored so hard to be included in the ship's company of the "Mary and John" that he

won his uncle's reluctant consent. By the time America was sighted the boy had become robust and sturdy. Ere long he was the busiest member of the newly-planted colony, and the life and spirit of the otherwise sober and staid company. Even Gov. Popham loved the manly, bright-faced youth, who was already taking a man's part in all the labors of the settlement.

Any boy can imagine with what interest young Humphrey watched the preparation of material for the boat, and with what eagerness he lent his aid in



The Virginia on the Stocks at Popham Colony

many ways. And today the keel was to be laid on the bank of the Sagadahoc, right before the little group of houses which formed the new town.

The short autumn days were full of the business of building this ship, as well as of completing the storehouse and dwellings. Hammer and maul resounded, fires were daily built for steaming the planks and ribs to be bent in the fashion required for the hull of the new ship. Stores of iron work, ropes

and other fittings and finally the canvas for the sails, all brought from England for this purpose, were assembled and in readiness for use on the new craft.

Ere the snows of winter came—that long winter which was to prove the last for so many of the company—the ship was built, standing ready for the running rigging and the sails which would be bent in the spring.

The crew had builded staunchly and well—and, all unconsciously, they had performed a labor the memory of which would not die. They had inaugurated a great industry, having built the first vessel constructed by English hands in all America—and launched the first ship into the Kennebec where in the centuries to follow shipbuilding would be a leading occupation.

What should the new boat be christened? Gravely the old governor and Captain Gilbert consulted over this, piously they bethought them of “Hope,” “Charity,” “Deliverance,” and “Divine Providence” as suitable; but young Humphrey Gilbert insisted that she be named the “Virginia,” not as a compliment to the English company at home or to the province, but for the now dead Virgin Queen, Elizabeth.

But now I must take you back to England and tell you how, seven or eight years before, when but a very little boy, Humphrey had seen Queen Elizabeth, and why he so much wished that the new boat should be named for her. From his home town of Plymouth, he had gone up to London with his uncle, Captain Raleigh Gilbert. To him it was a wonderful visit. He had seen London Bridge, the Tower, and the grand city houses with their overhanging

upper stories and balconies almost meeting over the narrow, muddy and unpaved streets. He had watched the lords and ladies of the court riding out in their carriages. He had seen Admiral Howard, who had commanded Elizabeth's fleet when it put to rout the great Spanish Armada. He had seen his father's uncle, Sir Walter Raleigh, riding amid a gay company of courtiers and, best of all, he had seen Elizabeth herself! In her state carriage, with her ladies about her, powdered and painted, and with her wig finely curled, she had looked so grand and regal to the little fellow that in all his long years of after life he was never to forget her, or cease to remember her as a heroine.

As he stood in the muddy street amid the bowing and applauding crowd, the queen's carriage passed so close that he might have touched it, and just then she glanced down to see the bright-haired little boy so gallantly saluting her. She had leaned forward and smiled upon him—a really sweet and womanly smile, such as perhaps had rarely come to the woman's lips in all her long, stormy years. And that smile won a courtier forever.

Now the old queen had been dead these four years, and Scottish James reigned in her stead. The lad's uncle, Sir Walter, was a prisoner in the Tower, because King James suspected him of sharing in a plot to place Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne. England was far across the ocean. But Humphrey still remembered and admired the great Virgin Queen and would name the new boat for her. So the "Virginia of Sagadahoc" she was christened, and was to start out in early spring to coast along the

shores, gathering furs from the Indians in exchange for knives and trinkets.

The winter closed in, long and severe, and their loneliness depressed the colonists. As the cold increased, sickness appeared among them and presently the first death. In the days and weeks following, many were laid in graves in this far, strange land. Early in February, Gov. Popham sickened and died and the stoutest hearts wavered. Courage ebbed and homesickness crept into the hearts of many.

Spring, coming late, found only half of the original company of one hundred twenty men ready for duty, while even among these some thought only of escape from this cruel, new land.

But the Virginia was fitted out and, with a company of five, set out on a trading trip westward along the coast. You may be sure that young Humphrey Gilbert made one of her crew, and so expert did he become in seamanship and so well had he spent his winter evenings in the study of navigation, that he seemed already qualified to take the Virginia on an ocean voyage, even without the presence of Master Bing, who commanded her, and whose mate Humphrey soon became.

The Virginia was on a third trip to Casco to complete the load of the "Mary and John," when a ship just out from England brought urgent summons to Capt. Gilbert to return home and attend to business left uncared for by the death of his partner in Plymouth.

He prepared to sail at once in the waiting "Mary and John," and when he made known his resolve, more than half the colonists decided to sail with him.

About forty of the hardier spirits—mostly fishermen and traders—remained to scatter among the fishermen at Pemaquid and Monhegan, intending also to return home in the autumn in the “Gift of God.”

When the Virginia, Master Bing, with his four companions and a load of peltries, returned to St.



Popham Fort and Trading Post

George, he found the place practically deserted—and it soon became wholly so. But this adventurous life had so charmed young Gilbert that he rejoiced in his freedom and this chance to spend another season in America. With the beautiful May weather, the place had again become a paradise, and the English fishing vessels, returning for the season,

brought companionship and chance news from over seas.

On one of the trips of the Virginia to the Piscataqua, Humphrey experienced an adventure which opened his eyes to an ever-lurking danger to all Englishmen. He had traded successfully with a little party of savages—seemingly very friendly—and was following them as they bore their load through the forest. Though the day was foggy and the sun obscured, Humphrey instinctively felt that their direction had been changed and that they were no longer moving toward the shore. Slipping his pocket compass out, he was horrified to find that they were heading northwest, directly into the dense forest and away from his floating home, the Virginia! Perhaps for a mile or more his guides had been leading him astray—doubtless meaning to steal his furs and kidnap him. What should he do? To show fear or distrust might bring the savages upon him at once.

Thunder had been muttering through the fog, and now a sharp flash of lightning was instantly followed by a heavy peal. Humphrey halted and the savages gathered sternly about. He was surrounded and flight was hopeless. So, holding his compass before them, he told them how it directed him to turn back from the death to which the arrow pointed—told them that the voice of the thunder threatened death if they did not obey him. They knew the power of the thunderbolt; but this little box which told even the child of the white man all their deceit and by which he could perhaps command the lightning, daunted them!

Sternly Humphrey turned them back. With a grunt from this one and that, they accompanied him in the direction of the shore. Soon, too, he heard his companions shouting his name in alarm at his prolonged absence in the tempest. Humphrey had learned his lesson and never again went into the woods with the savages.

The autumn proving warm, and the winter as mild as the previous one had been severe, the ships remained in America and the Virginia made many trips along the coast, even sailing south to the Jamestown settlement with salted cod.

When spring came again,—the spring of 1609, the “Gift of God” and the little “Virginia,” laden with valuable cargoes of furs and sassafras root, set sail for Plymouth, England.

One more adventure was to be Humphrey’s. After some days, a storm arose during which the “Gift of God” was disabled by the breaking of her topmast and the loss of some sails. This compelled her to heave to, while repairing. The “Virginia” sailed on, expecting the larger ship to overtake her. But she was soon alone upon the ocean and, Master Bing being helpless in his berth from an injury, Humphrey assumed all his duties of navigating the ship and directing her crew. So well did he shape his course and so true were his calculations, that they first sighted old England at Land’s End and, without a pause, slipped gaily into Plymouth harbor on a May morning, full five days before the arrival of the “Gift of God.”

You can imagine the joy with which Captain Gilbert greeted his young nephew and his pride in the boy’s courage and ability. The little pinnace almost

immediately set sail again for the land of her birth, this time in the fleet of Gates and Somers, with men for the Jamestown settlement. For more than twenty years she ran between England and Virginia, until a captain, older but less apt than Humphrey Gilbert, lost his reckoning and wrecked her on the Irish coast, where she went down with a full cargo of American tobacco.

Humphrey never saw America again; but after finishing his education, became his uncle's partner, and a wealthy merchant and ship-owner of Plymouth. Even as an old man, he was still fond of telling his grandson, not of any of the great ships he had sent out, or of the rich cargoes they had brought home, but of his first little ship, the "Virginia of Sagadahoc."

—*Mary Dunbar Devereux.*

THE PILGRIM FATHERS ON THE KENNEBEC

WHEN the Pilgrim Fathers made up their minds to start on that wonderful voyage in the Mayflower, across the stormy ocean, in order that they might find in the wilderness "freedom to worship God," they had to borrow money for the journey.

All the things required for founding a colony in the new world meant quite a large sum, even though the Pilgrims were as economical as it was possible to be. After trying a long time they succeeded in finding some merchants in London who were willing to let them have what they needed on the condition that the Pilgrims for seven years should give the merchants a one-half share of all profits they might

get in trade or by fishing or farming in the new country. So the Pilgrim Fathers and the London Merchants signed a partnership; a grant of land was obtained for the new colony from one of the great land companies which under the King controlled the western world; and in September, 1620, the Mayflower at last put to sea for her voyage across the Atlantic.

Everyone knows the sufferings of the little colony at Plymouth during that first cruel winter on the bleak New England shore. Far from being able to send any profits back to England in this spring of 1621, they had to borrow more money.

The Pilgrims did not all stay quietly in Plymouth, clearing their farms and raising their corn. They had brought over in the Mayflower a shallop, a small sail-boat such as would now be called a sloop. It had been stowed away in parts in the ship, and was put together by the ship's carpenter after they landed. Several years later, a ship carpenter, who had joined the colony, made them two good and strong shallops. In these the more venturous of the young men sailed up and down the coast, and worked up some trade with the Indians at different points.

One of these sailing trips was especially mentioned by Governor Bradford, in his history of the colony, because it led to important events.

It was in the fall of 1625, after their first abundant harvest, that half a dozen of the "old standards," as Governor Bradford calls them, loaded one of the two new shallops with corn for an expedition up the coast. They had laid a little deck over part of the boat to keep the corn dry, but the men had no

shelter from any storms that might come. Edward Winslow, one of the finest of the Pilgrim men, afterwards Governor of the colony, was skipper.

Northward and eastward they sailed up along the shore, by Seguin Island, which had no lighthouse then, and across Merry-meeting Bay, and entered a fine large river, called Kennebec. They sailed by a large island upon which was an Indian village, the home of an Indian sachem. They kept on sailing up the river between hills heavily wooded with pine and fringed with birches at the water's edge and did not stop until they came to the head of the tide, where the swift river current met and overcame the movement from the ocean.

Here, just below the first rapids, they found an Indian village, and were received in a most friendly manner. They unloaded the corn from their shallop, and the Indians brought beaver skins and other furs from the wigwams and traded the pelts for the corn. When the shallop came again into Plymouth Harbor, she carried seven hundred pounds of beaver fur, which the Pilgrims were happy to send to England by the next ship that sailed.

The Pilgrims were now having a hard time with their creditors, the London Merchants, who heaped reproaches upon them for their delay in paying their debts. They were now sending to England by every returning boat what little they were able to procure, a few clapboards they had made, or some furs they had taken in trade, and every now and then one of their number would go to London to make explanations and excuses, and to borrow a little more money if he could to purchase things to carry home. The whole of their borrowings made a large amount for

a handful of settlers in the wilderness, toiling hard to feed and clothe their growing families, to send over the sea in a few years. No wonder the thoughts of Edward Winslow and the rest of the "old standards" went often to the Indian village at the head of the tide on the Kennebec, and to the splendid furs that the Indian hunters brought down every year from the country up the river.

When Isaac Allerton went to England the second time, he obtained from the great land company which held all of New England, a grant or patent of the land upon which Plymouth Colony was settled, and also of a large tract of land lying on both sides of the Kennebec River, which the Pilgrims were anxious to control for the purpose of trading in furs with the Indians. The former patents had run to some one in England. This time the grant was made to William Bradford and a few men associated with him, as the responsible men of the colony. These men became, as it were, trustees for the colony until its debts should be paid. By agreement between themselves and the colony they were to control all its trade and to have the use of all boats until their trust was fulfilled.

So the Pilgrims of Plymouth became the owners of a large part of the Kennebec valley, the land upon which now stand some of the beautiful cities and villages of central Maine. What was much more important to them, they were able to control the valuable fur trade of the whole region, and to keep it from the fishing fleets which came every year from Europe to the mouth of the river. The patent in its final form was received in 1629, but a year before that the Plymouth men had built a trading-house, a

sort of combination of fort and store-house, upon the east bank of the Kennebec, just below the first rapids, and close to the Indian village where they had traded on their earlier trip. The Indian name of the place was Koussinoc.

As they had no boat big enough to be used in the Kennebec trade, and as the ship carpenter who had built the two shallops was dead, the house carpenter of the colony did his best to meet the situation. He selected one of the biggest shallops, sawed it in the middle, lengthened it five or six feet, strengthened it with timbers, and laid a deck over it. The result was a serviceable vessel, which was used for seven years on the Maine coast and up the Kennebec.

The Indians who lived neighbor to the Pilgrim trading-post in their little village of about five hundred inhabitants are sometimes called the Kennebec and sometimes the Canibas Indians, and were part of the great Abenaki nation of western Maine. They were a gentle people, and were on friendly terms with their neighbors from Plymouth. They lived in wigwams made by planting poles in a circle, joining them in the centre, and covering them with large sheets of bark. Their fire was in the middle, on the ground, and they laid rush mats on the earth to sit or lie upon. They dressed in skins or in red or blue blanket garments, and wore deerskin moccasins. In the winter they wore snow-shoes, and could travel long distances over the level snow of the river.

In spring and summer they fished for shad, alewives and salmon, at the rapids, gathered berries in the woods, or went down to the mouth of the river to fish and trade. In fall and winter they traveled up river, and hunted the forest and trapped along the

many streams that then, as now, bounded down from the hills to leap into the Kennebec.

Often they went as far as the great lake of the Moose, around whose shores they found beaver colonies in large numbers. When they returned to their village in the spring, they brought deer and moose skins, great black bear skins, fox skins, martin and otter skins, but by far the most valuable and numerous were the beaver skins. All these they were glad to exchange with the Pilgrims at the trading-house for corn which had come from Plymouth; for while the Indians raised some corn in their little clearings, they were too devoted to their hunting to raise as much as they needed.

But the Pilgrims kept on hand various other articles for trade. Governor Bradford mentions that they had coats, shirts, rugs, blankets, biscuit, pease and prunes. They had also hatchets and knives and English beads. Some of these things they imported from England; but some they bought from the fishing ships on the coast, paying for them with corn or with beaver. Once they purchased one half of the stock of a trading store on Monhegan Island, including the cargo of a French ship that had been wrecked, in which, among other things, were some Biscay rugs. This lot of goods cost them £500.

But the Indians were most ready to sell their furs for wampum, which the Pilgrims were able to get from the Indians of southern New England, the Narragansetts and Pequots. This wampum consisted of white and purple beads made out of parts of shells clipped into small, round pieces, ground and polished, and then pierced so as to be strung. These beads were very ornamental, and were prized for

necklaces and bracelets, and for the embroidery and fringe of belts. The chief value of wampum, however, came from the fact that it was used for currency by the Indians in trading with one another. The Pilgrims got hold of a large quantity of wampum, and offered it to the Kennebec Indians in payment for beaver. It was nearly two years before the northern Indians, to whom it was a novelty, were willing to receive wampum, but when they had once done so, they were eager to get all they could, and this convenient currency made them more prosperous.

It was natural that the young men of Plymouth should have charge of the trading-post. John Howland, the young man who was thrown overboard from the *Mayflower* in mid-ocean by a sail, and was saved by catching hold of the topsail halyards and being dragged back into the ship with a boat-hook, seems to have had the management of the post for a time. It must have been a hard experience for him to spend the long months of the winter at Koussinoc, alone, in those first years, or with just one or two companions, in order to have the first chance with the Indians when they brought the season's trophies down the river in the spring. We can imagine that they made their log camp as comfortable as possible, with a big fireplace at one end, made of stones from the bed of the river, a black bearskin in front of it, and the walls hung with furs and bright blankets.

But when the soft, warm days of spring came and the ice went out of the Kennebec, John Howland's eyes must have turned often down stream, looking for the shallop from Plymouth with one of his friends at the helm. It might be John Alden, the handsome

young cooper who married Priscilla and became one of the colony's leading men, or it might be Captain Standish, who didn't get Priscilla; for both these men came at different times to the trading-house at Koussinoc. Governor Winslow was also a frequent visitor, and I feel quite sure that Governor Bradford came there, as well as most of the younger men of the colony.

Nowhere else in New England was there such a profitable trade in furs as at Koussinoc. In five years the Pilgrims shipped to England 12,500 pounds of beaver, besides other furs. Beaver was so abundant that it came to be used as a sort of currency in Maine. People would say, such a thing is worth so many beaver skins, and payment would be made in them for work done or for goods purchased.

So the Pilgrims prospered on the Kennebec. They paid in full the debt of the colony to the London Merchants and all its other debts. After about a dozen years, Governor Bradford and his associates, like the honest men that they were, deeded the land occupied by the Plymouth colony and the Kennebec tract as well, to the freemen of New Plymouth. But the same men who had been managing the trading-post at Koussinoc kept on doing so, leasing the trading privilege from year to year. For more than thirty years trade was carried on by Plymouth men at Koussinoc on the Kennebec to the great profit of the colony. Then came hard times in the fur trade. The Indians learned something about the value of their furs, and that a handful of corn or a string of shell beads was not enough for them. Other traders competed with the Pilgrims, who finally got tired of carrying on at so great a distance from home a busi-

ness that had become unprofitable. So, in 1661, the colony of New Plymouth sold its tract of Kennebec land to certain men of Massachusetts Bay Colony.

This finishes the story of the Pilgrim Fathers on the Kennebec. The new owners did not carry on the trading-post and its buildings fell into decay. Indian wars arose, cruel and long; and for well-nigh a century the Kennebec valley was deserted by white men. The Indian village also was abandoned, and the forest grew over the ground where the Indian and the Pilgrim had lived as neighbors and traded with each other. For many years the spot was marked, as one looked upon it from the river, by the lower tree growth on the shore. Then, as the trees grew bigger and higher, the last trace of the Pilgrims vanished. Nothing was left to tell the story of how on these shores had walked the famous men of Plymouth, Winslow and Standish, Alden and Bradford, who here worked out the salvation and built up the prosperity of their colony. But I think the more ancient pines and birches, which remembered the older days, sometimes whispered to one another tales of the Indian village and the trading-house, and of Indian mothers crooning lullabies to their babies while the braves dickered in beaver and wampum with the white-faced strangers.

It came to pass after very nearly a hundred years, when the Indian wars were about over, that the descendants of the purchasers of the land on the Kennebec formed a company, and induced settlers to come up the river, and to clear farms and make homes upon its banks. A fort was built on the spot where the old Plymouth trading-house had stood, and in the course of years a beautiful village grew

up at that place. The capital city of the State of Maine stands on land that the Pilgrim Fathers once owned, and covers the very ground where for so long a time they carried on a successful trade, and in that way saved from ruin their colony of New Plymouth.

—*Louise H. Coburn.*

THE TREASURE SHIP

THE BAYS of Monseag and Sheepscot form a little peninsula on which the town of Woolwich is situated. This strip of land was bought by the first white settlers for a hogshead of corn and thirty pumpkins. It was here some three hundred years ago that James Phips and his good wife built their pioneer home.

Dame Phips must have felt at times like the old woman in Mother Goose who had so many children she didn't know what to do, for her brood numbered twenty-six, all of them boys but three.

William was one of the youngest. His father died when he was a mere child, and on the mother the family cares must have weighed heavily. Probably she had little time to dream and we doubt if even in wildest fancy she could have imagined the career which awaited one of her boys. There was nothing about William to single him out from the others for special favor. Yet she lived to see him honored by kings and princes, made royal governor of Massachusetts, and the hero of one of the most romantic adventures ever recorded in history.

William was an active, restless boy, ever fond of feats of daring. As the settlers in those days lived in constant fear of the Indians, William's courage and fearlessness were often put to the test in fighting back the tomahawk. Like all boys he loved to hunt and fish, and living so near the Kennebec River, he met many a talkative old "salt" whose sea tales made the boy impatient for a life of perilous adventure.

While tending the sheep, for this was his part of the family work, he would imagine himself a captain, sailing the broad seas and many was the conflict he fought in imagination with pirates.

William from early childhood always insisted to his playmates that he would not remain long at home, that the big world was calling him. At the age of 18 years, he told his mother that he was done with acting as shepherd to the flocks. He was going to be a sea captain, he said. So he was apprenticed to one of the shipbuilders of the town and spent the next four years learning this trade. Then, in spite of his mother's tears and his brothers' entreaties, he set forth for Boston. There had been no time for schooling at home and not till he reached Boston did he have opportunity to learn to read and write.

A year after reaching Boston he wooed and won a fair widow, Mary Hall by name, who also was born in Maine, near Saco. She had a fair fortune for those days and this brought to William Phips more opportunities.

His first big undertaking was to build a ship. He secured the contract from persons in Boston and returned to Woolwich to do the work. The ship grew fast under his hands and finally he was ready

for a lading of lumber. Just as all seemed to prosper him, the Indian war whoop was heard and a murderous assault was made on the little settlement. Young Phips, forgetting his own fortune, offered his ship as a refuge to his people and furthermore agreed to take them to Boston free of charge.

In spite of this set-back to his fortunes by the loss of the profit from his lumber, Phips still was firm in his belief that a great future awaited him. "I shall yet be the captain of a king's ship and I shall have command of better men than I now account myself and I shall build for you a fair brick house in the Green Lane of North Boston," he used to tell his wife.

At that time, Spain was winning fortunes from the West Indies and South America, and all Europe and New England were fired with these stories. Vessels loaded with silver and gold and precious stones were often captured by daring pirates. These stories young Phips heard as he went among the sailors in the shipyards.

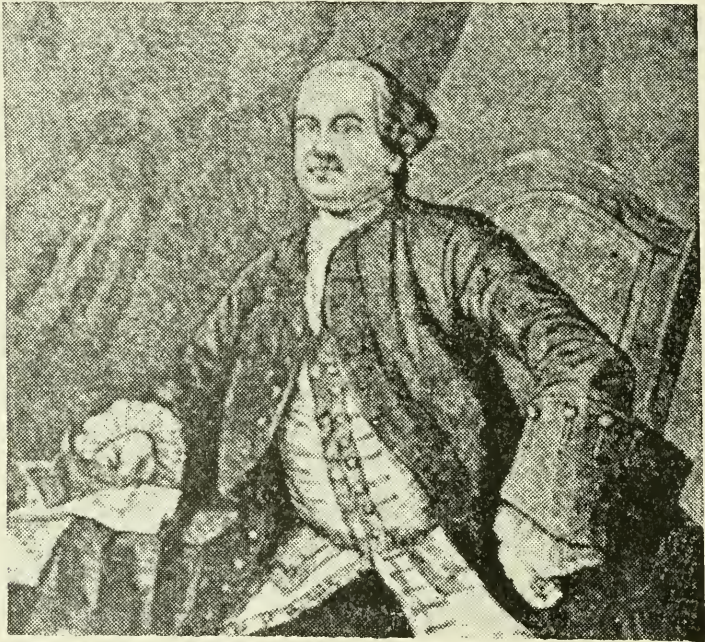
One day came the story of the wreck of one of these treasure ships off the Bahamas and this excited wild hopes in Phips' heart. Why not find the sunken wreck and recover the treasure?

So one fair day he sailed thither. Little success rewarded him, except that he was furnished an opportunity to journey to England. Before he left the West Indies, he had heard from an old ship captain of another sunken Spanish wreck wherein was lost a mighty treasure.

In due season young Phips arrived in England. He was a stranger in a strange land with only his wits to help him. Yet he won his way to the King,

told him his dream of recovering the sunken treasure and actually made King Charles II. take stock in the yarn, and, more than that, the King promised to give the young adventurer a chance to prove his mettle.

It was in the year 1683 that Phips again set forth—this time in a King's ship—you remember his prophecy to his wife, "I shall yet be captain of a



Sir William Phips

King's ship." The Algier Rose was a frigate of eighteen guns and ninety-five men.

To relate all the dangers through which Phips passed while year after year first one thing and then another delayed the success of his undertaking, is too long a story. There were many hardships, and, growing weary of the monotonous days, the crew

became restless. They thought a treasure more easily won by turning pirates. So they plotted and schemed and one day, deeming the time favorable, with drawn swords in their hands, they suddenly approached the captain on the quarterdeck and commanded him to join with them in running away with the King's ship to drive a trade of piracy. Capt. Phips, although he did not have so much as an ox goad or a jaw bone in his hands,—for those were the common weapons of those days,—rushed upon the men and, with the blows of his bare hands, felled some and quelled all the rest.

For a time all went well, but the discontent soon broke out again in a more serious mutiny. The ship was at anchor near an uninhabited island to undergo repairs. The crew, while in the woods on shore leave, plotted to seize the ship. If the captain resisted, he was to be put ashore with those of the crew who proved faithful to him. The mutineers would then sail away and turn pirates.

The ship's carpenter, through a pretense of sudden illness, succeeded in warning the Captain of the danger and when the crew returned to the ship that night, they found their way blocked by a cannon which threatened them should they attempt to go aboard. Capt. Phips called to them that he knew their foul plans and that it was he who proposed to sail away and leave them to starve. The mutineers suddenly became very penitent. Yielding at last to their entreaties, Capt. Phips took them aboard the ship but lost no time in sailing for Jamaica, where he discharged the men he had learned to distrust and secured a new crew.

All this had taken two years time. The Algier Rose badly needed repairs, so Capt. Phips decided to return to England and make a new start.

James II. was now King of England and he was none too secure on his throne. Invasion of his kingdom was threatened and it was necessary to have all his frigates at home, so he told Capt. Phips that no ship could be spared for treasure hunting. The man from Maine was not one bit discouraged. He soon found a powerful friend in the Duke of Albermarle, a nobleman of great wealth, who interested his friends in the adventure and together they furnished the money for a second ship.

Before many months had passed, Capt. Phips was again at Port de la Plata in Hispaniola, and the treasure hunt began anew. Every morning Capt. Phips would send his sailors out in their small boats to skirt the nearby shoals and reefs to search for some sign of the sunken Spanish galleon. A bit of floating wood or seaweed would be carefully examined and eager eyes would search the waters beneath. One day a sailor spied a bit of seaweed growing out of what looked to be a crevice of a rock. An Indian diver was sent down. In bringing up the seaweed, the diver told a strange story. He said he had seen a number of great guns where he found the seaweed. The men sent him down again and this time he brought up a great lump of some heavy substance. The sailors washed off the lime and barnacles and to their astonishment, it proved to be a bar of silver,—a sow they called it, worth perhaps some 300 pounds. Then they knew that they had found the long lost wreck.

Marking the spot with a buoy, they hurried back to the ship. The men agreed at first to report no success to Capt. Phips, as usual. They gathered around the table for evening meal and as they talked of the uselessness of continuing the search, Capt. Phips showed much spirit and declared that he would still wait patiently the will of God. Then the sailors showed him the bar of silver.

When he realized what it was and what it meant, Capt. Phips said, "Thanks be to God, we are made."

The days that followed were full of feverish excitement. There seemed no end to the treasure. In a little while they had brought up 32 tons of silver. There were huge junks of what looked to be limestone. These the men broke open with iron tools and whole bushels of rusty pieces of Spanish money would fall from the broken mass. Besides this there was incredible treasure in gold and pearls and jewels. Thus did they fish until, their provisions failing, it was time to be off.

Seeing all this pile of wealth, the sailors felt that they were not going to get their just share, and they became morose and threatening. Capt. Phips assured them that they should be treated fairly even if he had to divide his part with them, and he kept his word.

Capt. Phips arrived safely in London in 1687 with his precious cargo to the value of £300,000 or \$1,500,000 in our money. The King was so elated with the success of the adventure that he conferred forthwith upon Capt. Phips the honor of Knighthood, the first native-born American to receive this distinction. The Duke of Albermarle, who saw vast wealth added to his estates, sent to Lady Phips a

golden cup worth £1,000 (\$5,000). Phips' share in the treasure was less than £16,000 (\$80,000).

Possessed of abundant wealth, the time was now ripe for Sir William to return to New England and to build "the fair brick house in Green Lane, North Boston." In due time the house was finished and it was one of the show places of the town. The walls were as thick as those of a fortress and it became the favorite gathering place for fashionable Boston.

One of Sir William's first public acts on his return home was to give a splendid feast to the ship carpenters of Boston. He was not ashamed of his lowly origin or of the fact that he had made his own way in the world. He had the true American spirit of respect for honest toil.

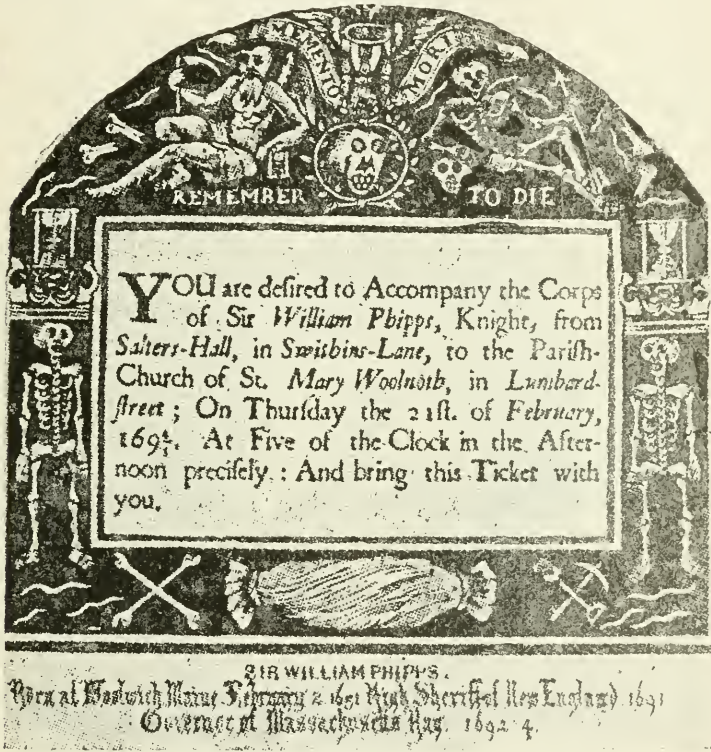
Honors came thick and fast to Sir William. He added to his renown by the capture of Port Royal and all Acadia from the French and although he subsequently led an unsuccessful expedition against Quebec, he was little blamed for its collapse.

In due time Sir William became Governor of Massachusetts which then included Maine and soon after he built the fine fort at Pemaquid, Fort William Henry, for he knew the great need of some strong defense against the Indians, having as a boy experienced the horrors of Indian assaults.

Gov. Phips often made trips along the Maine coast inspecting its defenses. When sailing in sight of the Kennebec River, he would call his young sailors and soldiers upon deck and speak to them in this fashion: "Young men, it was upon that hill that I kept sheep a few years ago; and since Almighty God has brought me to something, do you learn to fear God and be honest and mind your own busi-

ness and follow no bad courses, and you don't know what may come to you."

Little did Sir William think at that time that his memory would be perpetuated on this coast in the name of a township not far from his birthplace. It



The King's Invitation to Funeral of Sir William Phips
Received by New England Relatives

is said that an old Phippsburg family holds as its greatest treasure one of the original invitations to Sir William's funeral, issued by the King of England.

For it was on a visit to England that Sir William died on Feb. 18th, 1695, having been stricken with a

malignant fever. His body lies buried in the little church of St. Mary Woolnoth in London. Not until May 5th did the news of his passing reach Boston and "the evening guns" were fired to announce the sad tidings to his people.

—*Anna Ladd Dingley.*

WHEN JEAN VINCENT FOLLOWED THE TRAIL

Chapter I

MANY years ago in the year 1652, a little boy was born in Oleron, France. His mother died when he was less than two years old. His father was a rich and powerful baron of the land. He owned many houses scattered through the provinces near the Pyrenees Mountains. He was not an unkind father, but he was always too busy to spend any time with his children, so he left them to the care of servants, nurses and the Jesuit Priests.

When this boy was very little, he trotted about the castle after his older sister and watched the women embroider and weave by hand yards and yards of glistening silk made from the worms that fed on the mulberry trees which grew around the castle grounds. As he grew to be older, that was too tame a life for him, so with his older brother, he rode on his spirited little pony, a falcon on his wrist and half a dozen dogs barking at his heels. He even followed the hounds and saw them kill the wild boar, whose fierce tusks gored the dogs as they pulled him down. In the evening, when the lords and barons joined his father at supper, he was allowed to remain

and toss off his glass of wine and give his toast to the fair ladies present, as if he were grown up.

Once his father took him to Paris, where reigned one of the most powerful monarchs of all Europe,



Jean Vincent (The Baron Castine) in Youth

King Louis XIV. Jean Vincent, for that was the little boy's name, was dressed in his best doublet or jacket of blue velvet, slashed on the sleeves, with white satin puffs showing through the slashes. His trousers were velvet, too, and he wore white silk

stockings and pointed leather shoes with gold buckles. His hat was of felt with a long, white ostrich feather, fastened on with another buckle, also of gold, while lace ruffles hung over his hands,—not much of a costume for a boy to wear to climb a tree! O, yes, he wore a long pointed knife called a dagger or poinard, such as a noble wore to kill if he were attacked by thieves. Often he used it to thrust or prick a servant who did not move quickly enough to carry out his orders.

The King liked the looks of Jean Vincent and told his father that when the boy was twelve, he should be made one of the gentlemen of the court.

The next year the boy's father died. His older brother became the baron, taking, as was the custom, all the lands and houses. Then the sister married and most of the gold and jewels went for her marriage dot. There seemed nothing left for Jean Vincent but to go up to the Court at Versailles and remind his Majesty, King Louis, of his promise. When he arrived at Court, Louis XIV. readily agreed to take him into his service, saying, "Little Jean, I will soon give you a chance to become a great warrior in our next war with England."

An ancient court was a bad place for a lad of twelve, for many reasons. First, in the King's household lived so many noble gentlemen that there was not enough work for half of them. They spent their time playing dice, drinking, teaching cocks to fight, and ferrets to catch rats, and in doing even worse things. Jean grew very tired of it. He wanted leather buskins and jerkins and a good stout helmet on his head.

The French were having trouble with their colonies in Acadia, the new world over the big ocean. Louis and his great Cardinal decided to send one of the King's crack regiments over seas to settle all difficulties. So the Carignan Salieres were shipped to Quebec. Jean Vincent, though only fourteen, belonged to that regiment. It was a beastly trip across the ocean and even the noblemen were crowded like cattle in the small cabins of the vessels transporting them.

While Jean Vincent had a fine swagger and felt himself every bit as brave as the colonel, there were days when he could not lift his head and wished himself either back at court or at the bottom of the ocean, anything to get rid of that dreadful *mal de mer*, as the French call sea-sickness.

At last Jean Vincent found himself in Quebec, glad enough to be ashore and starting real life. Like the boys of this century, he was fascinated by pirates and the Red Man. The lure of the wild drew him and this odd little New World town, so like and yet so unlike the towns of his own dear France, enticed him.

The year that followed was exciting enough to suit him. His regiment was continually engaged in skirmishes around Quebec. He saw the many horrors of Indian warfare. At first, to be sure, he turned sick at the cruel practice of scalping. A painted, half-naked Indian Chief, with his snaky war bonnet of feathers waving down his back, was not a pleasant sight to see standing over some poor French soldier, especially if he raised his tomahawk to bury it in the skull of his young victim.

Chapter II

AT LAST the Indian trouble was settled. The Salieres were disbanded and that was why Jean Vincent found himself, at fifteen, left stranded in New France with little money or training for a pioneer life. In his possession was one other asset which proved to be the very best thing in his whole life. It was the royal grant of a considerable tract of land in a wild country many miles south of Quebec and no way to get there.

Other young ensigns of his regiment had been given land nearer Quebec. In the neighborhood of the fort where Jean Vincent lived, was a holy mission of the Jesuit Priests. Jean had heard them talking about this settlement which had been given him by the King. Scarcely any one lived there but a tribe of Indians called Abenakis. Jean had often been to the chapel to confess his sins, for he was a good Catholic.

One day in the late summer he gathered all his belongings at the barracks and put them in a stout sea chest which had a rude lock. He sent this over to the cabin of Father Bigot, meaning to ask him if he would send it by the first French ship sailing for Pentagoet. Jean, that youngest ensign in the Salieres, was certainly good to look at, as he stood tapping at the Jesuit's cabin door. He had the dash and dare of youth, the "devil-may-care" and imperious way of the French nobility of that date. The bright uniform of the already disbanded King's regiment gave an added glitter and authority to his boyish figure.

At his knock the holy man opened the door.

“Bon soir, Reverend Father,” said young Jean, making the sign of the cross as he spoke.

The priest, a man of delicate frame, clad in a long black robe with a cord tied about his waist, motioned for the lad to enter. Jean Vincent stood near the table.

“Father Bigot, they tell me in the parish of St. Anne, that you are the only one now in Quebec, who knows about the shores of Pentagoet which is to be my new home. I have come to ask you how I may best arrive at that settlement.”

“Be seated, my son,” said the priest. “God has directed your footsteps here at this opportune moment. Tomorrow at dawn three Algonquins who belong to the Abenaki tribe will start for Pentagoet. They are Indian runners who brought messages to our Governor that a band of the Iroquois are on the war path. I will send a message by them commending you to their powerful chief, Mataco-nando. They will also show you the way to your new possessions.

Jean expressed his thanks and the holy father continued:

“My son, you are over young, yet. Carry yourself with humility, make a good accounting to his Majesty by the manner in which you rule your land and the savage tribe which is settled there. See that you lead them to God.”

Chapter III

THE NEXT morning, at the first cock’s crow, from the little cabin of the old Indian woman, Monique, who lived beneath the shadow of the Jesuit mission, silently started two

stalwart Indians, followed in single file along the trail by two lads. The younger was Jean Vincent. He wore knee breeches of stout cloth, heavy leather gaiters with moose-hide shoes. To be sure, a soft blue silken shirt or blouse tied by a black kerchief was next his skin, but it was completely hidden by a thick leathern jerkin. He was slender, about five feet nine in height. He had good features, dark brown hair, a keen blue eye and a laughing mouth full of strong white teeth. He appeared to have the bright, joyous disposition usual with the French. On his back he wore a pack done up in a blanket, an arquebus or old-fashioned musket was slung over his shoulder. In his belt was a hunting knife and a small hatchet.

The lad walking behind him so silently, was larger, a handsome Indian of seventeen. He, too, had a pleasant mouth with big white teeth, but he marched along without saying a word or even giving a smile. He wore a full Indian suit of deer skin, slashed and fringed. Slung beside his pack was a strong bow and a quiver of cruel arrows. A scalping knife was in his belt.

Only occasionally did the Indian runners ahead turn to speak to them. Most of the conversation with Jean Vincent was carried on by signs. They knew a few words of French and he knew some words of the Iroquois language which they understood. So they filed on through the Plains of Abraham until they reached the banks of the St. Lawrence. Quietly, the head Indian drew out his canoe from its hiding place. He motioned to Jean Vincent to take the seat arranged for a passenger. The others, kneeling, plied their paddles with swift, sure

strokes, until they reached Port Levis, eleven hundred yards across on the bank opposite Quebec. They carried around the Falls of Chaudiere which fell, one magnificent leap of 135 feet, and began the ascent of the Chaudiere River.

The sun was bright and the September air was fresh with tonic. Jean Vincent was enjoying the canoe ride, but why such gloom? His companions made him weary. O, for a jest with a fellow-officer of his regiment!

About sundown, they reached a small stream, branching from the main river, winding like a shining snake through fields growing sere and brown. The sheltering knoll of hemlocks and red cedars was perfect for a camping ground. The packs were unstrapped. One of the older Indians took out a line and fish hook which he had carved from bone, lighted his pipe and began to smoke as he fished from a neighboring rock. The other Red Man took two sticks which he rubbed very briskly together and soon a tiny spark fell to the little heap of dry pith he had gathered, and in a moment more a fire of bark and twigs burnt merrily.

The lad had found some saplings growing against a big boulder, facing the water. He bent these over and fastened them for an Indian shelter called a wickie-up. He cut a few boughs from the hemlocks and cedars and threw them into the little hut. At first, Jean Vincent stood doing nothing, then he began to help the boy cut boughs. When their work was done, he pointed at the Indian boy and said to him, first in French and then in Iroquois, "What's your name?"

Without a smile the older lad said, "Wenamouet."

"Where do you live?" ventured Jean Vincent.

"Pentagoet," said the other.

"I like you," said Jean, "and I am going to live there, too. Please be friends with me."

To his surprise Wenamouet's features flashed into a dazzling smile.

"I like you now. I talk little French. Father Bigot, he told me."

Thus began their friendship.

They helped the fishermen until they had a string of perch, which they broiled over the live coals of the fire. Then they flung their tired bodies on the sweet hemlock boughs. For a moment Jean Vincent watched the twinkling stars shining between the branches of their shelter and soon was deep in sleep.

Chapter IV

SO THEY went on for a week or more. Up the Chaudiere to Sartigan, from there to the Big Pond (Lake Megantic). Partridge and game were plentiful and the rivers teemed with fish. All three Indians knew both by instinct and experience, where to get the best fish. The French lad was happy in the life on the trail and friendship was slowly but surely cementing between him and Wenamouet. The day they completed the passage of the chain of lakes in the shadow of Mt. Bigelow before making the trail for Dead River, Jean Vincent and Wenamouet left the older men fishing and went deeper into the woods to follow a red-winged

blackbird and see what small game was at hand. They had lost their trail on the border of a swampy stretch, when a long, piercing yell sounded across the tops of the swaying pines.

“What’s that?” said Jean in a hushed voice.

“H’st!” said Wenamouet, with his lips close to Jean’s ear, “Iroquois war whoop. I have seen signs all about. They trailed here today.”

On their return to their camping ground, they found it deserted, except for a broken arrow and an Iroquois mask over which they stumbled. The mask was a strange bit of wood neatly fitted with two halves of a copper kettle, with two holes left for eyes. Their Indian runners had surely been taken captive by the hostile tribe and all food, blankets, and even the canoe had disappeared.

Two sorry lads sat among the boughs that night, not daring to have a fire, scarcely daring to breathe. They were on the alert at the crackling of every twig. The forest was alive with noises. Amid the sobbing of the wind in the branches, sounded the lonesome call of the loon in the bog. A wolf raised his hideous voice from the fastnesses of the mountain. Every now and then came the weird, blood-curdling whoop of the Iroquois as they wound their way along the carry with their sullen, half-dead captives, the sound ever growing fainter as they left the Abenaki’s trail to go westward to seek the Mohawk trail.

Toward dawn Jean fell asleep. Not for several hours did he wake to the peaceful twitter of small birds and the dancing sunlight through the interlaced branches. His young friend stood over him, gently shaking him.

“Arise, sluggard, it is time to eat,” said Wenamouet, pointing to a wild duck which he had just brought from the marsh. In a moment Jean Vincent was ready to help. They plunged the bird into the brook until its feathers were dripping wet, then buried it in the hot coals of the fire which the Indian boy already had made. In a short time they pulled it out, easily skinned off the outside and the meat was done to a turn, without scorching.

All day they wandered over the carry, often losing the trail, then finding it again, until they reached Dead River. The French lad had been considering all day their dilemma. Not a sign of human habitation, no canoe, no supply of food, no definite trail, what would become of him if anything should happen to his young friend? Could the Indian boy find the trail so blindly blazed?

“Wenamouet, can we ever get to Pentagoet alone?” asked he, wistfully.

“I think I lead right,” said the Indian.

“Have you ever been over it before?” queried Jean Vincent.

“Ninny, how come Wenamouet at Quebec?” he answered.

“Where do we go now and how can we go up this river, you call Dead, without a canoe?” insisted Jean.

“Indian show stupid paleface,” laughed the copper-colored lad. “Come help me now,” he continued, “I command, too. My father heap big chief, before he went to Happy Hunting Grounds. I have right to wear eagle feathers in hair just as much as little French lord.”

He led the way into the deep woods, where he selected six good-sized logs which were lying rotting on the ground. They managed to drag them out, one at a time, to the river bank. There Wenamouet cleared the decayed leaves from the hollow inside, placed the logs together, tied them securely with stout thongs, which he unwound from under his deerskin hunting jacket. They made a good firm raft. With their hatchets and hunting knives, they hurriedly shaped a passable paddle and a pole. On this frail craft, they launched forth down the river, Wenamouet paddling and Jean Vincent helping with the pole at all dangerous turns. Barring an occasional upset, they made good time in reaching "The Forks" where Dead River meets the Kennebec. Here the trail divided. The Abenaki's course lay up the river to Moosehead Lake. The trail that Benedict Arnold covered a hundred years later was down the Kennebec.

Chapter V

AFTER several days of paddling the raft on the river and of nights spent in the woods along the bank, they came to Moosehead. Jean Vincent was appalled at the thought of venturing on the rough water with that tiny log raft. Even the Indian boy shook his head thoughtfully when he saw the great waves crested with foam kicked up by the October winds sweeping over the mountain tops.

Then a piece of luck came their way. Wenamouet found, under a low spreading willow near the lake's outlet, a good, strong canoe with two new paddles. It was the first time Jean had seen him

express any emotion. Wenamouet began to tread the measure of an Indian dance. Clapping his hands, he grunted, "Ugh, my father, he ask the Great Spirit to help his son," and he repeated some sort of prayer in a dialect that the French boy could not follow.

With this help in a time of great need, the two boys continued swiftly on their way. Wenamouet realized how much more of the trail remained to be covered and he was anxious to hasten along before November ushered in her ice and snows. The nights were growing cold. They had but the thin blankets about their packs.

It was a short carry from the top of Moosehead Lake to the West Branch of the Penobscot. A long paddle followed to Chesuncook Lake, where they were obliged to carry at many impassable places until they came to Lake Pemadumcook. By this time November was at hand. The nights grew bitter and only their roaring campfires kept them from freezing. They were now in the land of the Abenakis and were no longer afraid of hostile tribes.

The rabbit had changed its brown coat for its winter one of white. The squirrels and all small animals had drawn into their winter holes. Food grew very scarce. Two days and nights went by without a morsel of any kind to eat. Then they found some withered acorns, so bitter, but something to ease the gnawing pangs of their hunger. Jean Vincent was ready to give up. Then passed two more days absolutely without food. Wenamouet saw Jean Vincent chewing at a piece of leather cut from his leggings. The Indian stomach is accus-

tomed to long winter fasts in hard years, but not so the French.

“*Sacre Bleu!*” said Jean in quaint French oath, “Wenamouet, shoot me with this arquebus as soon as you will, but I beg of you don’t scalp me.”

Faint, dizzy, unable to stand or drag one foot after the other, the boy threw himself on the ground and began to moan in his agony. Wenamouet wanted to comfort him, but he knew they must keep on. Death was staring them in the face. If only they could reach some Indian village, where they could get food and a bit of rest.

Then Wenamouet uttered a cry of glad surprise and Jean opened his eyes to see his companion run to a rock which showed through the light coating of snow. Wenamouet began to peel off some moss, having a red, shell-shaped leaf, covered with caterpillars and spiders. He took a piece of bark and made a dish to hold water. Then, from the camp fire which he had made to warm Jean, he took red-hot rocks and these he dropped into the water until it boiled and from the moss and hot water he made an insipid tasting soup, which was nourishing enough to bring renewed life and hope to Jean.

Then Wenamouet taunted him to get the boy’s courage back, saying, “Shall I tell the pretty squaws at Pentagoet, that the French blackbird showed the white feather on the Abenaki trail? Come, little brother, take heart once more and I will tell you the story of the Great Moose.”

So all the way to Mattawamkeag, the true friend, the Indian lad, kept Jean’s mind from his bodily ills by stories of Indian lore. All the way from Quebec he had been teaching him woodcraft, how to blaze a

trail, the habits of game, where the best fish hide, all the things the Indian learns through his early boyhood.

At Mattawamkeag, the Sagamores of the Indian village welcomed them with hospitality. They gave them food and let them rest in the wigwam until their strength returned. Wenamouet accused Jean Vincent of taking notice of the handsome Indian girls, who wore their hair braided in a becoming style and wore deerskin dresses, richly embroidered with porcupine quills and shells. He confessed they did make an attractive picture to a lad lost in the wilderness for two months.

Straight down the grand old Penobscot, still in their borrowed canoe, they paddled. A carry at Bangor, a tussle with the wind and rapids at Bucksport narrows and Jean Vincent as he came out into the glory of the broad, open bay, felt as if he must be nearing the ocean. Wenamouet steered their birchen craft with long, graceful strokes through the back cove and into the narrow channel between the red-green marshes, around the sandy point into the deep, blue harbor. Jean saw the gently curving beach, fields sloping to the water's edge, a babbling brook lined with small fruit trees, and, back against the cool evergreens, a hill sloping each way to a white beach; a fort, a chapel, a house or two, and here and there in quiet domesticity, a wigwam with a thin line of smoke floating peacefully upward.

"What place is this?" asked Jean Vincent.

"Pentagoet," said Wenamouet.

As Jean Vincent, Baron Castin of St. Castin, stepped from the canoe to the beach, hope and happiness filled his boyish soul with a sweet content.

. How he ruled his Abenakis, how he gained a wife and what befell his friend Wenamouet is a story that has already been twice told.

—*Louise Wheeler Bartlett.*

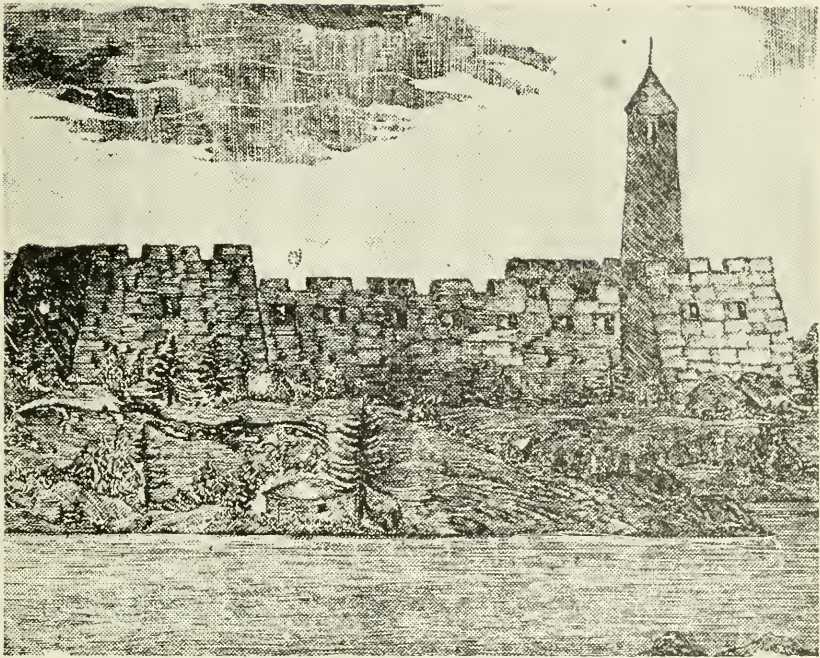
FOUR FORTS OF PEMAQUID

FORTS, Pirates and Indians!! Are there any three words which would grip the average boy harder and hold before him better the Great Adventure? Where were these four wonderful forts, is the first question. If you will follow the jagged coastline of Maine from Portland to beyond where the Damariscotta River flows into the ocean, you will find a long point of land marked Pemaquid, at the south end of which stands a noted lighthouse. This point is about three miles long and extends to the mouth of the Pemaquid River where that meets Johns Bay and forms the inner harbor and nearly surrounds a small peninsula of about eighteen acres upon which the four forts have been erected. Here, too, were found the buried paved streets, of which no one knows the history, and hundreds of walled cellars, which have been mostly filled up. That little spot holds more history to the square foot than any town in Maine. This point forms the east side of the great bay, which with its island in the centre, was named by the celebrated Capt. John Smith of Pocahontas fame when he was sent to this country by the King of England in 1614, six years before the arrival of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. A few men had come there and built rough cabins for a bare shelter while they traded in fish and furs—bartered

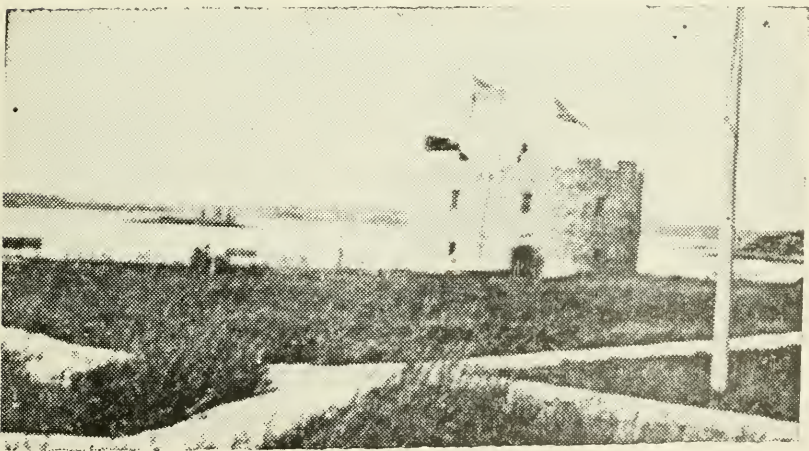
from the Indians in exchange for beads and bits of finery. Later other men came really to settle there; to build small houses; to farm the land as well as to engage in fishing.

The Indians, at first friendly, had been brought into the troubles between England and France, who in those days were always fighting each other. For the most part the tribes of Maine sided with France in the quarrel. The English had cheated them a bit more and had been much more cruel to them and now were trying to drive them away from the coast to the inland forests. The Indians, angered by these acts, often attacked small groups of settlers. Thus the pioneers at Pemaquid found they must have some protection against wandering bands of Indians, so they built a house called a block house. It was round without windows, but with loop-holes through which to put the muzzle of their muskets to fire on the foe. It was large enough to hold all the men, women and children of the settlement, though of course they were crowded. Around it was a high fence called a stockade which enclosed a yard where there was a well in case of siege.

Ten years after this fort was built on what is now called Fort Rock, while Captain Shurt was in command, there was an attack. Remember it was built to keep away the Indians and who do you suppose made that attack? Did you ever hear of Dixy Bull? All along our Maine coast were little schooners gathering up the fish caught and cured by the fishermen and the furs sold by the Indians and taking them either to Plymouth Colony or to the Mother Country (England). Every little while a pirate ship flaunting its black flag would sail along the



Old Fort Frederic, Pemaquid



Fort at Pemaquid as it Looks Today

shores, making an attack sometimes on a fishing boat and sometimes on the poor settlers. One of the boldest of these pirates was the famous Dixy Bull and in 1632 he swooped down on Shurt's fort, plundered it and plundered all the farms near. He was the leader of the whole pirate crew and lost but one man in this attack.

When Gov. Winthrop at Boston learned of Bull's wicked deeds, he sent four small vessels with forty men aboard and others joined in the pursuit, determined to drive all pirates from the Maine coast. However, this time Dixy was quick enough to escape. Some years after he was captured and taken to England where he was severely punished.

* * *

The second fort at Pemaquid was called Fort Charles. It was built in 1677 under the direction of Sir Edmond Andros, then colonial governor of New York. Like the first fort, it was built of wood, two stories high, with a stockade or high fence around it. It also was built to keep the Indians away.

On Penobscot Bay at a place called Pentagoet (Castine) lived a Frenchman, Baron Castin, who owned a trading house there with a fort and Catholic Mission. In 1689 France and England were not in open war but were constantly making raids against each other. The year before, Andros had pillaged Castin's house and now the Baron plotted revenge on Andros' fort at Pemaquid. He easily secured the help of the Indians because he had married the pretty young daughter of the celebrated chief, Madockawando, which made him a member of their tribe.

Castin sent three canoes ahead to see that the way was clear and the plan was for them to wait two leagues from the fort, probably at what is now Round Pond. After landing, they marched, with great caution, toward the settlement. On their way, they took three prisoners, from whom they learned that about 100 men were in the fort and village.

One of the three captives was named Starkey and, in exchange for his own liberty, he told the Indians that at that particular time only a few men were in the fort, as Mr. Giles, with a party of fourteen men, had gone up to his farm to work, three miles up the Pemaquid River. The Indians, thereupon, divided their little army. Part, going up to the Falls, killed Giles; the rest started for the fort and took their position between the fort and the village, so as to cut off the men as they came in from the fields where they were at work.

The firing between the Fort and the Indians ceased only with darkness, when the besiegers summoned the commander to surrender the fort and received as a reply from someone within that "he was greatly fatigued and must have some sleep."

At dawn, the firing on both sides was renewed; but soon the firing from the fort ceased and Lieut. James Weems, the commander, agreed to surrender. Terms were made, the commander soon came out, at the head of 14 men, all that remained of the garrison. With them came some women and children with packs on their backs.

The terms of surrender included the men of the garrison and the few people of the village who had been so fortunate as to get into the fort, with the three English captives who had previously escaped

from the Indians. They were allowed to take whatever they could carry in their hands and to depart before, from Capt. Padeshall, who was killed as he was landing from his boat. All the men and women and children of the place who had not been in the fort and had not been killed in the fight, were compelled to leave with the Indians for the Penobscot River. They made the passage, some in birch-bark canoes and the rest in two captured sloops. The whole number of captives thus taken was about 50; but how many were killed no one knows exactly. The number of soldiers killed was about 16. Weems himself was badly burned in the face by an accidental explosion of gunpowder.

One of the captives was Grace Higiman and the following story of her experiences in captivity will interest you.

“On the second day of August, 1689, the day Pemaquid was assaulted and taken by the Indians, I was there taken prisoner and carried away by them, one Eken by name, a Canadian Indian, pretending to have a right to me, and to be my master. The Indians carried away myself and other captives (about 50 in number) unto the Fort of Penobscot. I continued there for about three years, removing from place to place as the Indians occasionally went, and was very hardly treated by them both in respects of provisions and clothing, having nothing but a torn blanket to cover me during the winter seasons, and oftentimes cruelly beaten. After I had been with the Indians three years, they carried me to Quebeck and sold me for forty crowns unto the French there who treated me well, gave me my liberty, and I had

the King's allowance of provisions, as also a room provided for me, and liberty to work for myselfe. I continued there for two years and a halfe."

* * *

In 1692 after Sir William Phips, the first Colonial Governor of Massachusetts, of which Maine was then a part, had captured Port Royal, he came to Pemaquid to arrange to have a strong fort built which should maintain the rights of England to that eastern territory and prevent attack of the Indians on the western settlements. He knew this part of Maine well as his boyhood had been spent here. The new fort was built of stone, about 700 feet square. It had fourteen mounted guns, about half of them 18 pounders; the sea wall was 22 feet high with a round tower somewhat taller toward the west, built around the great rock at the west corner which the Indians had used to capture Fort Charles; two hundred cart-loads of stone were put into the building; sixty men were left for its defence. This fort was a great annoyance to the Indians as it was on their direct line of travel on the sea coast.

Another trouble was arising between two French frigates and two British ships sent out to capture them. D'Iberville, commander of the French, allied himself with Baron Castin who brought with him two hundred Penobscot Indians. D'Iberville had one hundred more aboard his ships, while Villieu, a French officer with twenty-five French soldiers, joined them. The three ships made sail for Pemaquid, the Indians covering the distance in their canoes.

The next day, August 14th, they ordered the fort to surrender. Its captain, Pasco Chubb, a born

fighter, sent back word "If the sea was covered with French vessels and the land with Indians, I would not surrender."

During the night the French came ashore with guns and the next day from a high bluff began throwing bombshells inside the fort. The soldiers and the people gathered within the fort probably had the surprise of their lives. Here, then, were bombshells, brought into use, probably, for the first time in the history of warfare in this country. It is certain the English had no bomb-proof covers for the protection of those within the fort. Consternation and despair came with this new shrieking element of destruction; for it seemed that they were gathered like a helpless flock of sheep, to perish together.

Then Castin sent a letter into the fort, which informed them that if they would surrender, they should be transported to a place of safety, and receive protection from the savages; but if they were taken by assault, they would have to deal with the Indians and must expect no quarter.

Terms of surrender were agreed upon by the officers of the fort. All marched out and were taken to one of the islands near by for protection from the Indians while Villieu, with sixty French soldiers, took possession of the fort. They found an Indian confined with irons in the fort, who had been a prisoner since the previous February. He was in pitiable condition.

* * *

The fourth fort was named Fort Frederic, in honor of the young Prince of Wales. It was built in the spring of 1729, by David Dunbar, who came to Pemaquid from England for that express purpose,

bringing his family with him. He had a royal commission as governor, from the British government, authorizing him to rebuild the fort, as the Massachusetts government had failed to do it.

Many bloody tales of warfare might be related, concerning Fort Frederic, stirring tales of adventures and records of trials endured by these hardy border settlers. One of the tales handed down, relates how the Indians, on one of their unexpected visits, found a mother with her two daughters, picking berries some distance from the fort. All fled for protection toward the fort and the mother and the older girl reached it, barely escaping with their lives. The younger girl, not more than eleven years old, was seized and scalped. And now comes the remarkable part of the story. The savages threw the little girl, whom they supposed to be dying, on a pile of rocks, where the sun shone directly down on her unprotected head. The kindly, healing rays of the sun quickly dried the blood and stopped any further flow and her life was saved. And so she lived to grow up, one of the very few who ever survived the scalping knife.

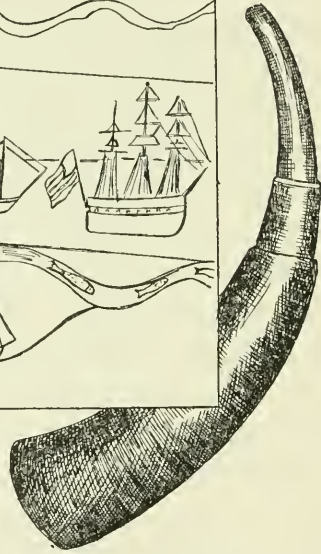
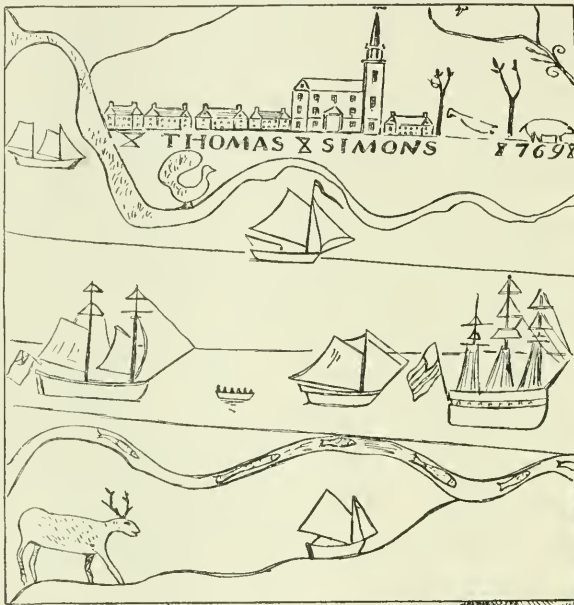
* * *

When the French and Indian war closed with the fall of Quebec, in 1759, the usefulness of the fort was ended. After a few years of peace, in 1762, the great cannon were carried away to Boston.

When the Revolution began, April 19, 1775, Pemaquid people became alarmed and, in town meeting, voted to tear down the old fort, so that the British could not use it against them.

Today, near Pemaquid Beach, you may see the ruins of the old fort, marked by the old Fort Rock of

Pemaquid, with the date of 1607 upon it. This is the date of the landing of the Popham colonists, the first English people at that place, August 8 and 10, 1607, thirteen years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock.



Horn presented by the Indians to the commander of Fort Frederic. The accompanying sketch was carved on the horn, and is supposed to picture historic scenes at Pemaquid. The tall spired church as an emblem of English worship, indicated a religious community; the water sketchings of the little river Pemaquid with varied navigation afloat, indicated the commercial aptitude and business of the Fort Frederic Settlement in the early period of English life there; the turkey cock, fish and deer are indications of the resources in game and the industries in furs and fisheries—fishery predominating.

Fort Rock is now surrounded by the old castle, restored on the original foundations and with most of the original stone of which it was first built by

Sir William Phips in 1692. This foundation was discovered in 1893, in good condition, after being buried and forgotten since the American Revolution.

Here, also, is the old Fort House on its beautiful peninsula, with its "field of Graves," the site of the ancient capital of Pemaquid, with its paved streets, which had been buried for centuries and only discovered by accident, to remind us of a people long ago forgotten.

NOTE.—The material in this story is from Cartland's "Twenty Years at Pemaquid."



The Pine

Let others have the maple trees,
 With all their garnered sweets.
Let others choose the mysteries
 Of leafy oak retreats.
I'll give to other men the fruit
 Of cherry and the vine.
Their claims to all I'll not dispute
 If I can have the pine.

I love it for its tapering grace,
 Its uplift strong and true.
I love it for its fairy lace
 It throws against the blue.
I love it for its quiet strength,
 Its hints of dreamy rest
As, stretching forth my weary length,
 I lie here as its guest.

No Persian rug for priceless fee
 Was e'er so richly made
As that the pine has spread for me
 To woo me to its shade.
No kindly friend hath ever kept
 More faithful vigil by
A tired comrade as he slept
 Beneath his watchful eye.

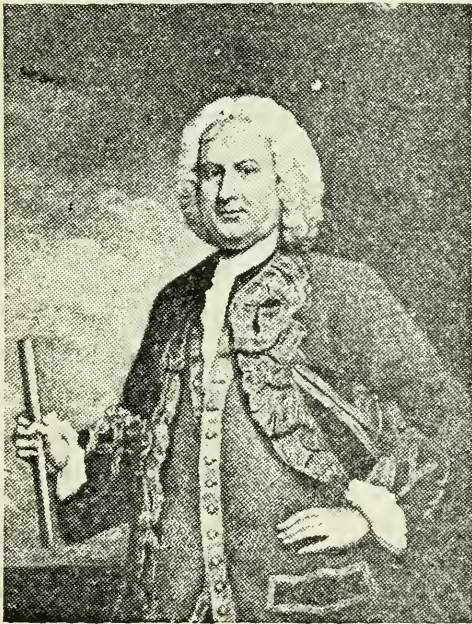
But best of all I love it for
 Its soft eternal green;
Through all the winter winds that roar
 It ever blooms serene,
And strengthens souls oppressed by fears,
 By troubles multiform,
To turn, amid the stress of tears,
 A smiling face to storm.

—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

THE COLONIAL PERIOD—FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

WITH PEPPERRELL AT LOUISBURG

WHAT American boy or girl whose grandfather served in the Civil War or whose father was a soldier in the war with Spain, has not climbed upon his knee and begged him to tell the story of his wonderful adventures in camp or on battlefield? And if no relative was a veteran, how eagerly have the children listened to stories told by Grand Army men at annual camp-fires on Memorial Day or at Fourth of July celebrations!



Sir William Pepperrell

It was just the same with the O'Brien boys whose father, Morris O'Brien, fought with the colonial militia that captured the fortress of Louisburg in 1745, then the strongest fortification in America.

There were six boys in the O'Brien family, Jeremiah, called Jerry, being the oldest. Then came Gideon, William, Joseph, John and Dennis. These boys had three sisters, Martha, Joanna and Mary.

From the time Jerry was a sturdy lad and Dennis a mere toddler, these boys were never happier than when, gathered about the big fireplace in their home in Scarborough, their father related the story of General Pepperrell and the siege of Louisburg. Before he could begin the story of the great expedition, the boys always insisted that their father tell about his voyage across the sea in one of Pepperrell's ships and his landing at Kittery where the first thing he saw was the General's fine mansion as it stood on the hillside facing the sea.

"You must know, my lads, that although I was bound out to a respectable tailor of Cork, my old home in Ireland, and had well learned his good trade, I was not satisfied to pass all my days cooped in a shop stitching away with thread and needle and pressing seams with an iron goose. I yearned to be out in the world, where brave deeds were being done and where a young man might win a fortune, such as was never made in a tailor's shop.

"One day an American sea captain came to our shop and ordered a suit of clothes to be made within two weeks, when his ship would be ready for the homeward voyage. That was like the Americans, I thought, always wanting things in a hurry. But the master took the order, and gave the work to me, which, by dint of hard labor, I was able to finish at the appointed time.

"During the two weeks the captain was much at our shop, for he was most particular as to the set of his garments; and while I measured, fitted and stitched, he, being a genial man, talked much of his life on the sea, of his ship and her owner, William Pepperrell of Kittery in the Massachusetts Colony.

“When my work was finished, the captain had a suit of which to be proud, and so he seemed; for when he paid the master he slipped a half crown into my hand, saying that America was just the place for a young man who had so well learned his trade.

“From that day I determined to go to America, and the summer following, being twenty-five years old, I took passage with the same captain in another of the Pepperrell ships making her maiden voyage.

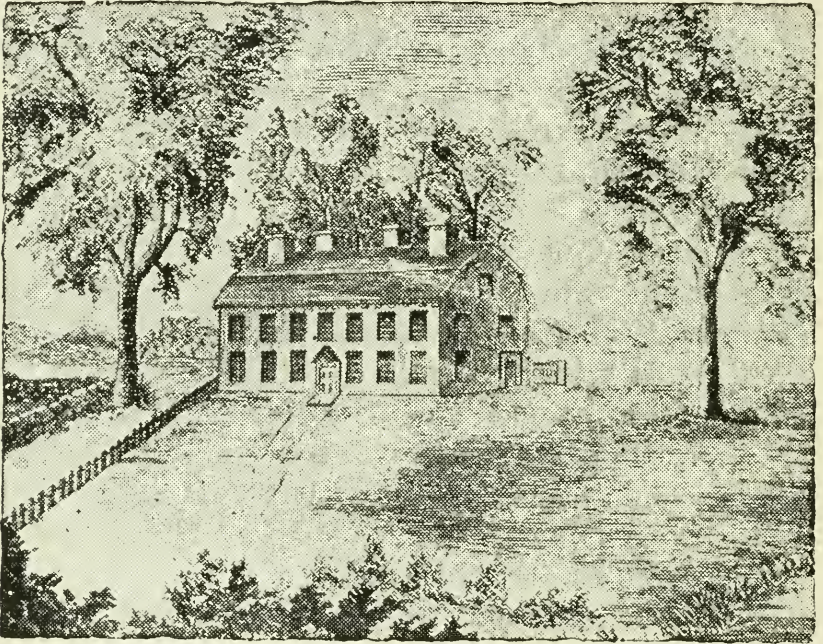
“I had many talks with the captain before we reached this side of the ocean and came to know much more concerning William Pepperrell, his ships and warehouses, his great estate including several towns and hundreds of acres of virgin forest between the two rivers, Saco and Piscataqua, whence came the timber of the vessels built in his own ship-yards at Kittery. I learned of the splendid mansion, Pepperrell’s home, with the carved furniture and rich hangings, from whose windows the owner might see his ships discharging valuable cargoes from foreign lands and still other ships ready to launch from the nearby yards.

“When I reached America, I soon found that all the captain told was true. William Pepperrell was not only the richest man in the colony but also one of the most respected and beloved because of his noble character, kind and genial manner toward all, his devotion to the public welfare and the wisdom and faithfulness with which he performed every duty. The generous hospitality of his beautiful home was dispensed alike to neighbors and to guests of high degree.

“When a young man he had been appointed to responsible civil and military offices and now was

president of the Governor's Council and Lieutenant Colonel of the York County regiment of militia.

“Often did I see the Colonel walking about the streets of Kittery dressed in a rich suit of scarlet and gold, with lace frills at wrist and neck and gold buckles at the knee. More often was he to be seen



Pepperrell Mansion, Kittery.

As it looked in the days of Sir William. It still stands, but has been remodelled

riding in his great coach with gay outriders and attendants.

“One Sabbath, soon after my arrival, I went with others of the village to the Pepperrell mansion to listen to the famous Parson Whitefield, a great friend of the Pepperrells and a frequent visitor at their home. The Colonel welcomed each guest on

entering the great hall, and when he knew I was a stranger but lately come to Kittery bade me a friendly welcome and wished me well. From that moment I would have served him gladly, even at risk of my life.

“However, I did not remain long in Kittery, there being no need for another tailor. Upon looking about, I came to Scarboro and here at Dunstans’ Corner I have had my shop all these years, busy years and happy too, for soon I met your mother and now you children are all here. Only once have I parted from home and dear ones and that was at the time when I went with other men of Scarboro to help capture the great French fortress at Louisburg.”

Chapter II.

“Tell us about Louisburg,” the children pleaded.

“That is a long story,” said Morris O’Brien.

“The news that France and England had declared war reached Louisburg several weeks before it was known in Boston and the French Governor soon sent out a party of soldiers and Indians who captured the village of Canso in Acadia, burning the dwellings and taking eighty prisoners back to Louisburg,” Morris O’Brien continued.

“When this became known in New England, the people, who remembered the last war with the French, were filled with terror at what might befall their homes and families at the hands of these French war parties.

“Our Colonel Pepperrell sent word to all his captains to be prepared for attacks and added, ‘I hope that he who gave us breath will also give us courage

to behave ourselves like true-born Englishmen.' This message encouraged the people, but all felt that so long as Louisburg was a French stronghold there was no promise of safety.

"Moreover," O'Brien continued, "merchants like Pepperrell, who had many vessels engaged in the fisheries and in trade with Europe and the West Indies, knew they would meet great losses; for the French warships would sail out from that safe harbor and capture their vessels, crews and rich cargoes.

"For these reasons, the people of the Colonies longed to see Louisburg captured and were willing to help reduce it. Our Governor Shirley and others were planning how this might best be accomplished when the Canso prisoners, who had been kept at Louisburg for several months, were sent to Boston, as the French had promised them.

"These men were eagerly questioned by the officials who wished to know more about the place and the strength of the fortifications. They replied that although the fort was strong and well fortified with powerful guns, the garrison was mutinous, the supplies of food were low and no more could be obtained until the ships came from France in the spring.

"So it was plainly seen that even a small army might capture Louisburg, if it attacked just as the ice was breaking up the following spring, before help arrived from France. And this was the plan decided upon by the Colonial authorities.

"When Governor Shirley called for volunteers and we heard that our beloved Colonel Pepperrell had been appointed to lead the expedition, there was

excitement and enthusiasm everywhere, for we believed that, with Pepperrell as commander, we should be successful.

“You may be sure I was among the first of the Scarboro men to enlist and was in the first company of the General’s own regiment.

“It was early in February when enlisting began and so rapidly were the regiments recruited and supplies obtained that within two months the forces were on transports in Boston Harbor ready to sail for Louisburg.

“Meanwhile a fleet of thirteen armed vessels had been collected and, with Capt. Edward Tyng of Falmouth as commodore, sailed in advance of the transports to capture any French vessels that might try to get into Louisburg with supplies. The expedition was also joined by a small squadron of the Royal Navy, which had wintered in the West Indies, commanded by Sir Peter Warren. This proved of great importance during the siege, for with the colonial fleet a strict blockade of Louisburg Harbor was maintained and several French ships captured.

“It had been planned to surprise the French if possible, but when we reached Canso it was found that an immediate attack was impossible, for the waters around Cape Breton Island were still ice-bound. So the troops were landed at Canso. Here we passed three weeks impatiently waiting for the ice to clear. We used this time to good advantage in building a battery and block house, preparing necessary supplies and in daily drill.

“On April twenty-sixth word was brought by one of the cruisers that the ice had left Gabarus Bay

and three days later we sailed for Cape Breton Island.

“Of course it was impossible to surprise the French, for they had seen our fleet and sent a force of soldiers from the fort to prevent our landing. General Pepperrell easily deceived them as to the place by sending out several boats towards Flat Point, but, when near to the shore, they suddenly turned and came back toward the transports. Other boats then joined them and they pulled at top speed for a small cove two miles above the point, and reached it some time before the French could march around by land. When they did arrive, enough of our men were ashore easily to drive the French back to Louisburg. Thus we were unopposed, and during the day landed two thousand men.

“General Pepperrell lost no time in finding out all that could be learned regarding the region around Louisburg. That first afternoon he sent Colonel Vaughan, one of his most fearless and resolute officers, with four hundred soldiers to reconnoiter.

“At night Vaughan sent all except thirteen of his men back to camp with his report, but he and the thirteen passed the night in the woods.

“In the morning occurred the most fortunate event of the siege. When Vaughan and his little company of men, on their return, came opposite the Royal Battery, nothing was to be seen of the garrison. One of his men, a Cape Cod Indian, was sent forward to investigate and found that the French had abandoned the Battery during the night after spiking the guns.

“Vaughan and his men took possession of the Royal Battery which the French had abandoned,

and William Tufts, a lad of eighteen, climbed the flag-pole and fastened to its top his scarlet coat as a substitute for the British flag.

“This Royal Battery was indeed a prize for it not only commanded the harbor, and if held by the French could easily have kept off our blockading ships, but it contained thirty-five cannon of which we were in sore need. These had been hastily spiked, but Major Pomroy, a gunsmith by trade, soon had them drilled open and before night they were ready to use against the fortress.

“Soon a tremendous difficulty presented itself. General Pepperrell had ordered a battery of our guns, which had been landed from the transports, placed on Green Hill, the first in the range north of the fortress. This hill was two miles from our camp and the intervening land was a low, wet swamp. When we tried to drag the first gun across this swamp, the wheels of the carriage at once sank to the hubs in moss and mud, and, before long, carriage and gun had disappeared. What could be done? Our difficulty was solved by Colonel Meserve of the New Hampshire regiment. He had been a ship-builder and his knowledge of such work now served a good purpose, for he ordered built rude sledges of heavy timbers and on these we placed the guns. We had no oxen or horses to haul the sledges, nor would they have been of much help for they also would have sunk in the spongy soil. So we formed great teams of two hundred each, and, harnessed to the sledges with rope and breast-straps and traces, we dragged the guns along, wading to our knees in the muck. In this manner with prodigious labor we got the guns into place and in four days or rather

nights, for we had to work under cover of darkness to escape the French cannon balls, a battery of six guns was planted on Green Hill and began at once to return the French fire.

“As all other means had failed, it was decided to try a midnight attack. Four hundred men under Captain Brooks, on the night of May twenty-sixth, put off in boats from the Royal Battery and nearly reached the island before they were discovered by the French. At once shot and shell fell upon the boats as the guns of the French battery were turned on them. Although some of our men reached the island and made a dash for the works with scaling ladders, they were driven back by the terrific fire of the enemy and many were killed. Others were driven into the sea and drowned, but the largest number were made prisoners, only a few returning safely to the Royal Battery. This was our severest loss of the siege and proved that the Island Battery could not be captured by a sortie. So another plan was tried.

“At the right of the harbor entrance just opposite the Island Battery and only half a mile distant, a new battery was planted under command of Colonel Gridley. As this point was too far from camp to drag the guns by the team method, it was necessary to take them around by boat, then hoist them up the steep, rough cliffs and so get them into position. By June fourteenth six guns were ready, and at noon they joined with all our other guns in a salute in honor of King George, that day being the anniversary of his accession to the throne.

“On the day following Commodore Warren came ashore for a council with General Pepperrell and his

officers. It was planned by them to make a combined attack upon the fortress; the fleet coming into harbor and bombarding while our forces attacked from the land. Just as Sir Peter was about to return to his flagship, Duchambon, the French commander, sent out a messenger under flag of truce, asking for suspension of hostilities and terms of surrender.

“On May seventh, when the siege had but begun, Pepperrell and Warren had sent Duchambon a summons to surrender. He had replied that his king had confided the command of the fortress to him and his only reply must be by the mouth of his cannon. Now, however, he was ready to surrender for the French were in a perilous condition. The accurate and incessant fire of our guns had wrought appalling destruction to the walls and gates of the fortress. The town was a ruin. Reinforcements from Canada had not arrived and the ships sent from France with supplies of food and ammunition had been captured by our cruisers. Sensing all this the French could do naught but capitulate, accepting the terms offered by our commanders who assured them of ‘humane and generous treatment.’

“That was a happy day for us you may be sure, and a proud one, too, for we had accomplished that which the French had considered impossible. In six weeks the strongest fortifications in America had fallen, not to veterans with trained leaders, but to a small force of raw, provincial militia commanded by a merchant. Yes, our victory was complete. No longer could Louisburg shelter our enemies or endanger our liberties.

“King George showed his appreciation of Pepperrell’s services by creating him a Baronet of Great

Britain, and of Warren's services by making him a Rear Admiral. Later Pepperrell and Governor Shirley were made Colonels in the British Army, though never called into active service.'

When Morris O'Brien finished his story he arose and took from the high shelf over the fireplace the only relic of the siege that he had brought back from Louisburg. This was a brass mortar and pestle which some French housewife had left in her hasty departure from the town.

Perhaps listening to this story made the O'Brien boys brave and daring, for after the family had moved to Machias and Jerry and Gideon had become young men, they were leaders in the capture of the British cutter "Margaretta" in Machias Bay, June 12, 1775, the first naval battle of the Revolution.

—*Beulah Sylvester Oxtou.*

SAMUEL WALDO, SOLDIER AND COLONIZER

WHEN, in response to the teacher's question, we name the counties of Maine, two in that list should remind us of two of the State's great men, Henry Knox and Samuel Waldo. Knox was, perhaps, the greater general; but Waldo, though two generations earlier, was the more active in the development of our State. Oddly enough, General Knox married the grand-daughter of General Waldo, and, partly by purchase, partly by inheritance, acquired the whole of the Waldo Patent.

Samuel Waldo had an interesting ancestry. His father, Jonathan Waldo, or von Waldow, was a German nobleman, who had established himself as a

merchant in Boston. Samuel is said to have been born in London, but his boyhood was passed in Boston.

He spent some time in the Boston Latin School, but at eighteen had left his books and was acting as clerk in his father's office. Later, he tried a business venture with his brother Cornelius, trading to Europe and the West Indies.

His education did not cease here. He went to Harvard, and then was sent to Germany to finish his training. It is said that he entered the body guard of the Elector of Hanover, later George I. of England, and went with him to London.

On his father's death, Waldo returned to Boston to take charge of the business. His military training was soon recognized, and he was made Colonel of Militia. Later, by his conspicuous services in the capture of Louisburg, he earned the title of general.

Equally as successful in business as in war, he soon acquired large tracts of land. The Patent which bears his name was obtained in a particularly interesting way.

In 1630, the Plymouth Council, fearing that it might be dissolved, made various hasty grants of land. Among these grants was one called the Muscongus Patent, including the present counties of Knox and Waldo, as well as a part of Lincoln. This grant was made free of cost to John Beauchamp of London and Thomas Leverett of Boston, England, in the hope that its settlement would increase the value of the other wild land. The Patent finally fell into the hands of one of Leverett's descendants, who formed a company, known as the "Thirty Proprietors." The "Thirty" in 1731 got into difficulties,

and sent Samuel Waldo to England to get them out. He succeeded so well that on his return the proprietors gave him half the Patent for his pains. Later, he purchased the other half, and the tract became known as the Waldo Patent.

Getting settlers, however, was not so easy as getting land. A few Scotch-Irish were induced to settle near St. George's, and a still smaller number of English at Medumcook, now Friendship. Something must be done to get colonists. Waldo bethought him of his German kin, who had proved such good colonists in Pennsylvania. In 1738, he made a trip to Germany and spread broadcast circulars promising land and prosperity to all who should cross the seas. A few families made the crossing in 1739, and more, perhaps forty families from Brunswick and Saxony, in 1742. These colonists landed first at Marblehead, Massachusetts, then made their way to Broadbay and laid the foundation of the present town of Waldoboro.

They had encountered almost as many delays and discouragements as did the Pilgrims. They met at Manheim, from this point proceeding to Mulheim, below Cologne, where they waited several weeks for ships. Again they were delayed at Rotterdam, so that they did not reach the New World until October. They were welcomed in state by Governor Shirley and several Assemblymen; but this reception was the only good the New World was to offer them.

They reached Broadbay in November, to find, instead of the fields and village the circulars had led them to expect, only an uncleared wilderness, and winter coming on. They feared to hunt and knew

not how to fish. Terrible were the privations which they endured. When that winter of famine and danger passed, and spring brought a ray of hope, the survivors petitioned Governor Shirley for help, which was refused. Some left the settlement, others were killed in Indian raids, and for two years the land lay unbroken.

In 1748, following the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, settlement was resumed in the Patent. Thirty more families came to Broadbay that autumn, to meet even worse conditions than their predecessors had faced. With the rudest of log huts and insufficient supplies, they faced the rigors of a Maine winter. Many died from exposure, some few survived. Later, other families joined the remnant, and a thriving town grew up. Educated men were among the colonists, so church and school followed. The quaint old church in which these men of Broadbay worshiped still stands in Waldoboro Village, though not on its original site.

Waldo has been bitterly criticised for his treatment of these colonists and for his glowing promises unfulfilled. Perhaps, however, much of this blame was undeserved. He may not intentionally have misled them as to conditions in the Patent. Be that as it may, the colony he founded in time became part of the State's strength.

General Waldo must have been a man of striking personality. How he looked, we know; for his portrait hangs in Bowdoin College. Tall, dark, commanding, he breathed power. Enterprising and adventurous he surely was, for he crossed the ocean no less than fifteen times.

His death, like his life, was out of the ordinary. He had ascended the Penobscot to a point near the present town of Brewer, in order to settle the question of the boundary of his patent. After landing, so the story goes, General Waldo stepped back a few paces on the bank, and, looking about him, cried, "Here are my bounds," and instantly fell dead. His body was buried in King's Chapel Burying Ground, Boston, the spot marked by a simple tablet. Thus passed one of the builders of Maine.

—*Jessica J. Haskell.*

WHEN JOHN ALDEN WENT TO JAIL

LET it be said at the outset that the stay of John Alden in jail was a short one; that he was there not as a convicted felon, but as the result of charges, and that he was found absolutely blameless of these charges, which involved nothing less than the crime of murder. This, for the sake of the multitude of Americans who are proud to trace their ancestry back to the stalwart youth of Plymouth, whose wooing the demure Priscilla encouraged; also for the sake of the peace of mind of that greater number who honor John Alden as one of the noblest of that Pilgrim band which laid the corner-stone of the nation.

But the imprisonment of John Alden in Boston, as the result of a fatal shooting affair in the far-off wilderness of Maine, is an event in his life which has been ignored or lightly touched upon by most writers; and the tragic affair itself is given such brief mention in most of the chronicles of early New

England that it almost seems to belong to the misty realm of legend and tradition.

The reason for this is that the story of the Pilgrim Fathers on the Kennebec has never been given its due prominence. As a matter of fact, the Pilgrims maintained a trading-post on the Kennebec, where Augusta now stands, from 1627 to 1661, and by the profits of this trade—and only by these profits—were they able to pay their burdensome debt in England, and save the colony from ruin. For over a third of a century, winter and summer, the leading men of Plymouth were in turn in charge of the trading-post at Koussinoc, as it was called, and were as familiar with that region as with Plymouth itself. Yet so little emphasis has been placed upon this important chapter of Pilgrim history that even the school-teachers of Maine, in telling their pupils the ever new story of the "Mayflower," fail to mention that the head of the tide on the beautiful Kennebec was visited, not once, but through many years, by Myles Standish, John Alden, Edward Winslow, John Winslow, John Howland, and the others whose names are usually associated only with Plymouth Rock.

It was in the early spring of 1634 that John Alden sailed from Plymouth to the Kennebec with supplies for the trading-post, of which John Howland was then in charge. The extent of the trade carried on with the peaceful Abnaki Indians may be imagined when it is stated that in this year, 1634, no less than twenty hogsheads of beaver skins, not to mention other furs, were shipped to England. Rumors of this profitable business had aroused the jealousy of the English on the Piscataqua, and they sent John

Hocking as their representative to claim a share of the Kennebec.

Hocking's arrival at Koussinoc was bound to precipitate trouble. John Howland at once ordered him to return down-river, and a stormy colloquy followed. Hocking, "with ill words," refused to leave, and in token of his assumed rights, and also that he might intercept the fur-laden canoes coming down to Koussinoc, he anchored his craft in the river above the post. John Alden was a witness to what followed, but does not appear to have had any part in the exciting drama.

With four men in boats, John Howland put out into the stream and again ordered Hocking to depart. Again there was a contemptuous refusal, and Howland directed his men to cut the cables of the intruder's boat. As they were about to do this, Hocking seized the gun which he had ready, and threatened their lives.

"Shoot me, not them!" cried the intrepid Howland, springing to the rail of his boat. "They are only obeying my orders!"

But Hocking fired at short range at one of the men, Moses Talbot, as he cut the rope, and Talbot fell dead in the boat. Upon this one of the others promptly fired at Hocking, and he also fell, shot through the head, and died without a word. The old chroniclers discreetly fail to mention the name of the man who thus avenged Talbot's death. In his brief account of the affair, Governor Bradford simply says that it was "one of his fellows that loved him well," and distinctly states that John Alden, although present, "was no actore in ye business."

Naturally, when the news of the affair reached

the Piscataqua and Plymouth colonies, there was intense excitement. Massachusetts Bay, moreover, felt called upon to interfere in behalf of the Piscataqua plantation, and bitter feeling was aroused between Boston and Plymouth. When John Alden, having returned from the Kennebec, went to Boston on business, he was seized by the authorities of that town and put into prison. Capt. Myles Standish hurried to his rescue and tried to secure his release, but the Boston magistrates insisted on a hearing of the whole case. Winslow and Bradford appeared in behalf of Plymouth, and Winthrop and Dudley in behalf of Massachusetts Bay. The Piscataqua plantation did not even bother to send a representative. It was finally made plain that the Plymouth traders were on the Kennebec by virtue of a royal patent covering that region, granted in 1672, and that the shooting of Hocking had been an act of self-defense, after he had killed Talbot. Whereupon John Alden was allowed to depart in peace to the anxious Mistress Priscilla and the children, and the men of Plymouth enjoyed undisputed possession of Koussinoc and the Abnaki trade until the game became so scarce and the red hunters so few that the post was abandoned. Its decaying ruins were visible a generation later.

It is from Father Gabriel Druillettes and other Jesuit missionaries, who came down through the wilderness from Quebec, and who maintained for many years a mission on the Kennebec, a mile or two above the trading post at Koussinoc, that we learn most about the life of the Pilgrims there. Possibly one reason why the Pilgrims themselves wrote so little about it is that they did not care to have the

world of that time know too much about the nature and extent of their business on the Kennebec. They had no trouble with the Indians, but they made no attempt to civilize or Christianize them. They welcomed the Jesuit mission, and Father Druillettes and John Winslow were particularly warm friends.

There is a story that one Englishman who came to Koussinoc frequently worshiped at the little mission chapel above the post. It is assumed that this was Myles Standish, who came of a Catholic family in England, and who never joined the Pilgrims in their church relations. It rather upsets the popular notion of the bigotry of those times to read that Father Druillettes went from Koussinoc to Plymouth and Boston, where he was most cordially received. He was even allowed to celebrate mass in a Puritan home, and was hospitably entertained by John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians.

The precise spot upon which the Koussinoc trading-post stood has been in dispute among historians. It was near an island at the head of the tide, and most authorities have located it on the plateau at the east end of the bridge at Augusta, where historic Fort Western, which is still standing, was erected in 1754, almost a century after the post was abandoned. There are many things to support this idea. Others have located it a little farther up the river, and although in the minority, they stoutly maintain their position.

A few years ago an Augusta antiquarian, Dr. W. Scott Hill, in exploring some of the many Indian graves near the river, two or three miles above the city, came across two graves close together, which were plainly different from the others. Only a rusty

discoloration of the soil remained of what had once been human bodies; but there were strands and shreds of cloth which quickly crumbled when exposed to the air, and a number of shot, discovered by a minute examination, offered a suggestion of tragedy. Moreover, in one of the graves there was a pipe of peculiar make, of which there is an exact duplicate in the collection of Pilgrim relics at Plymouth. These things convinced Doctor Hill that the graves of John Hocking and Moses Talbot had come to light after more than two centuries and a half, and that the scene of the 1634 tragedy, and consequently the site of the post itself, was thus definitely located at a point several miles above old Fort Western. It is known, however, that the shooting occurred above the post, but how far above can never be known.

—*John Clair Minot.*

THE STORY OF LOVEWELL'S FIGHT

○ ON A MORNING in May of 1725, the peace and beauty of the Saco River Valley was suddenly broken by the appearance of mighty Paugus, chief of the Pequawket Indians, with Wahowa and a band of eighty warriors, returning from a scouting trip down the Saco. They were bound for their homes, the wigwams of Pequawket, the only settlement for many miles in this wilderness, with the exception of a small one on Lake Ossipee. This was in the great bend of the upper waters of the Saco, near where the village of Fryeburg is now located. The Pequawkets were a branch of the Sokokis tribe,

driven north from the mouth of the Saco into the interior, by the coming of the English settlers. Their name means crooked place, which exactly described the location of their settlement.

Paugus and his men were armed with guns, knives and hatchets, their mighty forms and savage faces telling of cruel and relentless purpose. Their hearts were filled with bitterness toward the hated white men, who had driven their people from the land they had occupied.

As they came within a few miles of their wigwams, suddenly Paugus halted and gazed at the ground. Instantly Wahowa followed his look and saw a mark on the soft ground just at one side. "White man! Trail!" his fierce look said, and his men knew there was danger.

They advanced slowly, reaching a small brook, when suddenly the leader saw in the distance, under some tall pine trees, the packs of their enemies. From his hiding place, Paugus could count the packs, and found there were thirty-four. His heart leaped for joy when he found that his warriors far outnumbered those of the white men. When no movement was made, Paugus sent several of his men to bring the packs.

Suddenly, in the distance, a shot rang out, followed by several others. These shots came from Capt. John Lovewell and his thirty-four rangers from Dunstable, Massachusetts, 130 miles from the Indian village of Pequawket. How did these men happen to be in the enemy's country, so far from their homes?

Capt. John Lovewell was a fighter, known and feared by the Indians, as he and his band of rangers

had been on various expeditions and had killed and scalped many of the red men.

Years before, some of the settlers had cheated the Indians. The hatred of Squando, one of the chiefs of the Sokokis tribe, had been aroused by a cruel act of some sailors, who, just to see if the papoose could swim, tipped over the canoe in which his squaw and papoose were coming down the river. The child sank to the bottom of the river, the mother rescued him, but the little boy soon sickened and died, and Squando and his tribe swore vengeance on the white man. Thus a few thoughtless and cruel men brought the hatred of the Indians upon the white settlers.

So many white settlers had been killed that John Lovewell and other men asked permission to form a company of rangers to hunt and kill Indians. The Legislature of Massachusetts granted their request and agreed to pay them one hundred pounds, or \$500 in our money, for every Indian whose scalp they brought home. John Lovewell was made captain of the rangers. Their uniform was like that of woodsmen, and each was armed with a firelock and a hatchet, carrying under his right arm a powder horn, and at his waist a leather bag for bullets. To each officer was given a pocket compass.

Chief Paugus of the Pequawket band had been called The Scourge of Dunstable, because he had made raids on the settlement and with his warriors had killed many of the men and women. Paugus was a mighty man, tall and strong. He could run like a fox and howl like a wolf, and do many other wonderful things. Capt. Lovewell and his rangers decided to go into that country and see if they could not kill some of the Pequawket Indians so as to pre-

vent their coming to the settlements. So they started forth, a little band of forty-six men. Some became sick and were sent back. Those who were still active decided to build a fort on the west shore of Ossipee Pond, in New Hampshire. They planned to return thither after the battle, for protection. Only thirty-four men went on to the Pequawket country.

Twenty-two days after they left their homes in Dunstable they came to a pond near which they camped. It was later named Lovewell's Pond in honor of the captain of the rangers.

The next morning, May 8th, while they were still at prayers, they heard a gun, and, on going out to look, saw an Indian on the other side of the pond, shooting ducks. Suspecting some trap, the Captain said to his men, "Shall we go forward or wait behind the trees until the Indians come this way?"

The men talked it over and then said: "Let us go forward!"

Skulking behind trees they advanced cautiously about a mile and a half and surrounded the Indian, whom they had seen shooting. Shots were exchanged and the Indian succeeded in wounding Captain Lovewell and one other man before being killed by the rangers.

These were the shots which Chief Paugus and his warriors had heard, while they were examining the packs which Lovewell's men had left hidden among the trees in the deep ravine of the brook.

Captain Lovewell, although wounded, tried to make the rangers think he was not badly hurt and led the way back to the place where their packs had been left.

The rangers had just reached the brook, when, suddenly, the air was filled with the hideous yells of the savages, as they darted from behind trees and rushed upon the white men. Though taken completely by surprise, the rangers quickly formed into groups and ran toward the Indians. Paugus ordered his men to shoot high at the first volley, so that none of the rangers were injured, but the rangers aimed straight at the Indians and killed nine of them.

Paugus withdrew his men toward the ravine, but soon rushed out upon the rangers, firing when twice a gun's length away. The rangers were driven back. Captain Lovewell and six of his men were killed and several others wounded.

"Take quarter?" asked the Indians, holding up ropes, which meant they would bind the white men as prisoners.

"Only at the muzzles of our guns!" replied Ensign Wyman, who was in command after the other officers were killed.

The rangers fell back to the shore of the pond. From the protection of a bank, they shot at the Indians, who returned the fire. The sun rose higher and higher, but it was not very light in the thick woods. The men were faint and famished, having had no food since early morning. Only twenty-five of the rangers were capable of shooting, but they scattered as best they could and kept on firing wherever an Indian appeared from behind the trees or rocks.

The terrible battle lasted until sunset. The Indians kept yelling and howling, barking like dogs and making all kinds of wild and hideous noises. The rangers replied with yells and cheers.

Once the Indians held a pow-wow to keep up their courage. The rangers heard them beating the ground and uttering unearthly yells. Ensign Wyman crept up behind the trees and, taking careful aim, shot Chief Paugus through the heart. As it became dark, the Indians withdrew, leaving fully half of their number dead under the trees and beside the brook.

The rangers dared not move. They thought the Indians were planning to return and kill them all. The wind came up and, blowing through the pine trees, added its sighs to the anguished moans of wounded and dying men. At last, as the Indians did not return, the rangers tried to assemble their men. They had no food, for the Indians had taken it. They had no extra ammunition, for the Indians had emptied their packs. Their blankets also had been carried away and the night was cold. Of the twenty-two brave men surviving, two were so badly wounded they could not be moved and eight others were suffering from wounds.

A harrassing question arose. Should the able-bodied leave their friends alone to die or to be captured by the Indians in the morning, or should they remain and all share the same fate? The wounded urged their comrades to go while escape was possible. One asked to have his gun loaded, so that he might protect himself if the Indians came before he died. All spoke bravely and sent messages to the dear ones at home.

With many misgivings and sick at heart, a remnant of the brave band of rangers started about midnight on the journey to the fort, nearly 40 miles away. Chaplain Frye, their beloved young com-

rade, staggered along for a short distance, then sank down to die. They divided into three parties, so that the Indians could not trail them. Only nine were unhurt. Eleven were suffering from wounds of various kinds. Four were left along the way, the others promising to send men from the fort to assist them.

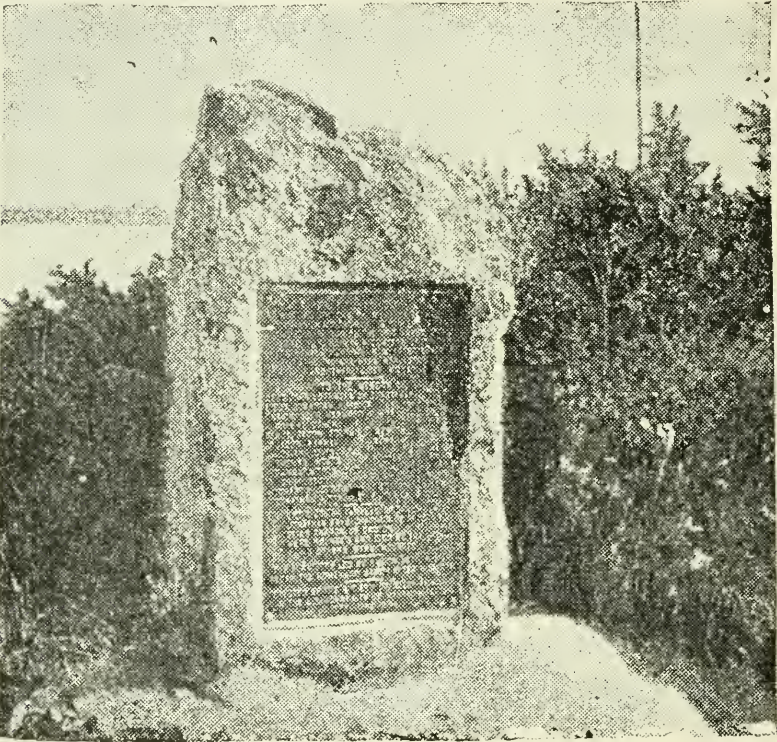
They were cheered on the journey by the thought of relief and refreshment at the fort. What was their bitter disappointment to find, on arriving there after several days' journey, that it was empty. Later on, they found that one of their number had deserted at the first of the battle, terror-stricken, and had returned to the fort and told such terrifying stories that the others had fled. They left behind a birch bark message saying that Lovewell and all his men had been killed by the Indians.

The little remnant of Lovewell's band found shelter, however, and a little food and after they had gained sufficient strength, they began to make preparations for returning home. What was their surprise to see one of their comrades whom they had given up as dead, coming into the fort. He had received several wounds but would not stay and be scalped by the Indians, so crawled along the shore of the pond until he came to a canoe, in which he floated down the lake to a point near the fort, to which he finally managed to crawl.

Twelve of the men reached their homes in Dunstable. Several days later, four others came in. They had had no food for four days, excepting two mouse squirrels and some partridges which they had roasted. A party was organized to go to the assistance of the men left on the way, to visit the battle-

field and to bury the dead. This party was not attacked by the Indians.

The Pequawkets never rallied from this terrible battle. Only twenty-four of their warriors survived and these sadly left their village and retreated toward Canada. Their spirit was broken and while



Bronze Tablet Erected in Memory of Lovewell's Fight, on Shore of Lovewell's Pond

there were other battles between the Indians and the white men, in other places in Maine, the reign of terror of the Pequawkets was over.

Should you visit Lovewell's Pond, a short distance from the village of Fryeburg, on the shores of which this battle took place, you will find, on the

battle-ground, a bronze tablet, in honor of Capt. Lovewell and his band of rangers. This was erected by the Society of Colonial Wars in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, June 17th, 1904.

Sometime you may motor along a part of the trail which these Indians traveled, and which it is very likely Capt. Lovewell and his rangers followed on some part of their journey. It is known as the Pequawket trail, running along the banks of the Saco River and into the heart of the wonderful White Mountain region.

—*Eva E. Shorey.*

SEBASTIAN RALE

LONG AGO, when the Abenaki roamed the forests of Maine, there occurred in the Indian village of Narrantsouk or Norridgewock, events so tragic that poet and historian alike have told the tale for future generations. The village, seventy-five miles from the mouth of the Kennebec, was for the time and the race, rather pretentious. It consisted of a square enclosure, 160 feet on each side, walled in by a palisade of stout logs, nine feet in height. In the middle of each side was a gate, and the two streets connecting these gates met in an open square in the centre. Within this enclosure, on either side of the two streets, were twenty-six wigwams, really huts, built of round, hewn logs, "after the English manner." Outside, only a few yards away, stood the chapel. It was of hewn timber, surmounted by a cross. The bell of that ancient church is still in existence, in the rooms of the Maine Historical

Society, Portland. Within, the rough chapel walls were hung with pictures, among them the Crucifixion. The communion service was of silver plate.

We ask why so much of order and even of beauty should be found in an Indian village in the forests of Maine. But for thirty-four years, these Indians had been taught by Father Sebastian Rale, a Jesuit priest. Whittier describes the scene most effectively.

“On the brow of a hill which slopes to meet
The flowing river and bathe its feet—
The bare-washed and drooping grass,
And the creeping vine, as the waters pass—
A rude, unshapely chapel stands,
Built up in that wild by unskillful hands ;
Yet the traveler knows it's a place of prayer,
For the holy sign of the cross is there ;
And should he chance at that place to be,
Of a Sabbath morn or some hallowed day,
When prayers are made and masses said,
Some for the living and some for the dead,
Well might that traveler start to see
The tall, dark forms that take their way
From the birch canoe on the river shore
And the forest paths to that chapel door ;
And marvel to mark the naked knees
And the dusky foreheads bending there,
And, stretching his long, thin arms over these
In blessing and in prayer,
Like a shrouded spectre, pale and tall,
In his coarse white vesture, Father Rale.

To add to the effectiveness of the service, a choir, gowned and trained, had been formed of forty of the braves. At dawn and again for vespers, the bell rang to summon these dusky worshipers to prayers.

Father Rale, pastor of this unusual flock, was a Jesuit priest who had come to Canada with Frontenac. He was of illustrious French family, and finely educated; but he was content to give up all that he might have enjoyed in France, and to suffer hardship unspeakable in order to teach the precepts of religion to the Indians of the New World.



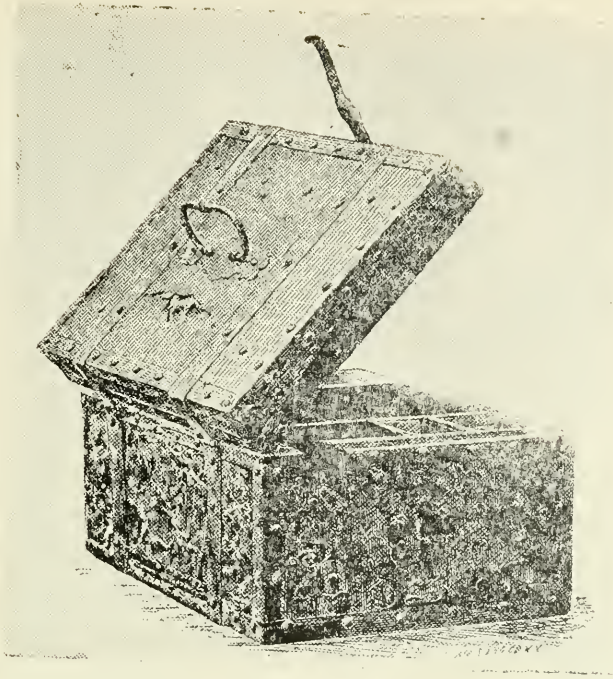
Father Rale's Chapel

(By Courtesy of John Francis Sprague Author of Sebastian Rale.)

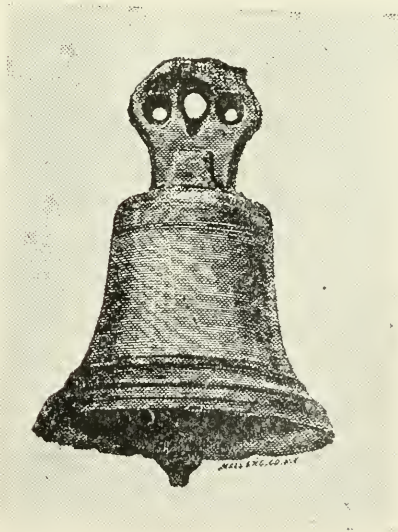
In the Abenaki village to which he was finally assigned, all of Rale's various acquirements were of use. He was carpenter, gardener, and physician, as well as priest. Nor was he less the scholar. He prepared a vocabulary of the Abenaki tongue that is now preserved in the Library of Harvard College, and he was at work on an Indian dictionary at the time of his tragic death.

But not all of Father Rale's activities met the approval of his English neighbors. For one thing, the French claimed the Kennebec as their western boundary, while the English insisted on a river which we call the St. John, the present boundary between Maine and the Dominion of Canada. They declared that Rale and his Indians were trespassers on English soil. But they accused Rale also of something worse than simple trespass. They declared that he was guilty of inciting the Indians to attack the English settlements. It was in that period of bitter feeling known to us as the French and Indian Wars, and, as we know, the Indians of Maine had been merciless in their attacks, both with and without their allies, the French. Small wonder that feeling in Massachusetts ran high and a price was set upon Rale's head. Just how far these attacks were due to Rale, history has not decided. Certain it is that the priest did translate and forward to the Governor of Massachusetts the Abenaki's declaration of their right, as first settlers, to the land they dwelt upon and hunted over.

In 1723, matters came to a crisis. After a series of blood-thirsty raids by the Indians, an expedition under the leadership of Captain Moulton of York was sent to Norridgewock to seize the hitherto elusive priest. This expedition failed in making the capture. Though the English surprised the Indian village, Rale escaped, and the only trophy Moulton could bring back was the priest's strong box. This contained, among other papers, correspondence with the Governor of Canada that showed Rale to be to some extent responsible for the outbreaks against the English. Doubtless Rale thought himself justified,



Father Rale's Strong Box



Bell from the Indian Chapel
Now in the Possession of the Maine Historical Society

because of the possible peril to his mission at the hands of the English Puritans.

In August, 1724, a second expedition, commanded by Captains Moulton and Harmon, ascended the river. On the way they saw three Indians and shot at them. One, who proved to be the noted chieftain, Bombassen, was killed; the other two, his wife and daughter, were taken prisoners.

“Bomazon from Tacconock
Has sent his runners to Norridgewock,
With tidings that Moulton and Harmon of York
Far up the river have come;
They have left their boats—they have entered the wood,
And filled the depths of the solitude
With the sound of the ranger’s drum.”

So wrote the poet Whittier of their approach. But, in actual fact, so silent and swift was the advance, due to information extorted from the captive wife of Bombassen, that the Indian village was surrounded and surprised.

At the first volley, the Indians rushed from their wigwams, fired, but too high, and fell in confusion before the better-aimed English bullets. No more than sixty warriors were in the village at this time. These, in spite of the odds, for the English force is variously estimated at from two hundred and eighty to eleven hundred, did their best to the last to cover the retreat of the old men, the women and children. Many of these were caught in the river, as they attempted to cross, and were slaughtered.

Rale fearlessly presented himself to his assailants, hoping to gain some measure of protection for his people, but in vain. He fell, shot through the head, and the few braves who had endeavored to

protect him shared his fate. Among the slain was Mogg, an old and famous chieftain. The rangers burned and plundered, then retreated down the valley with their burden of scalps.

Father Rale's mutilated body was tenderly buried by the remnant of his sorrowing people; but the strength of the Norridgewocks was broken. The few survivors of the tribe sought other hunting grounds, and Narrantsouk was left desolate.

“No wigwam's smoke is curling there;
 The very earth is scorched and bare,
 They pass and listen to catch a sound
 Of breathing life, but there comes not one,
 Save the foxes' bark and the rabbit's bound.”

In 1833, a monument was erected to the memory of Father Rale on the site of the chapel where he had ministered to his savage converts. It consists of a granite shaft, eleven feet high, on a base five feet in height. The whole is surmounted by an iron cross. On one side an inscription is cut in Latin. Translated, it reads:

“Rev. Sebastian Rale, a French Jesuit missionary, for many years the first evangelist among the Illinois and Hurons, and afterwards for thirty-four years a true apostle in the faith and love of Christ, among the Abenakis,—unterrified by danger, and often by his pure excellent character giving witness that he was prepared for death, this most excellent pastor, on the 23d day of August, 1724, fell in this place, at the time of the destruction and slaughter of the town of Norridgewock, and the dangers to his church. To him, and to his children, dead in Christ, Benedict Fenwick, Bishop at Boston, has erected and dedicated this monument, this 23d day of August, A.D. 1833.”

—*Henrietta Tozier Totman.*

SOME MAPLE SUGAR

KING PHILIP, second son of Massasoit, and the most remarkable of all the New England Indians, was dead; but "King Philip's" war went on. For after his death in the Rhode Island swamp fortress on that August night in 1676, many of his warriors fled to the Province of Maine and joined the Abnaki Indians in their efforts to annihilate some six thousand white settlers, whose hamlets or isolated cabins clung tenaciously to the coast and the mouths of the principal rivers. The tomahawk and torch threw a deadly blight over the land.

The Wells settlement was constantly harrassed. The Abnaki, thanks to Baron de Saint-Castin, were well equipped for war; and the sturdy home-makers were in despair as the planting season drew near and there was no surcease in the vigilance of the red foe. Yet despite the horrors of the predatory warfare paralyzing the land, the two Haskins boys, William and John, and Abner Grover, their chum, were determined to enjoy life. The three were accustomed to pioneering and accepted savages as a part of the daily routine.

Like all lads they had a "sweet tooth." Their daily diet consisted of game and fish and, in season, a few vegetables. When Indian raids interfered with hunting, the family existed on short rations of the coarsest foods. The one relief from the monotonous menu was afforded by the delicious maple syrup and maple sugar.

The spring following King Philip's death brought ideal weather conditions for "sapping";

clear, cold nights and bright, mild days. As the boys gathered in Abner's home, Nature coaxed and called them to visit the maple grove a mile away. Imagine their delight when Mr. Haskins came in and announced to his family and the Grovers that he had made a wide circuit to the north and east without finding a single sign of an Indian.

The following day, to their great joy, Captain Petts, a veteran of Indian wars, returned from making a wide reconnaissance and confidently reported the Indians had left the vicinity of Wells. To clinch this reassuring news, a messenger arrived from Portsmouth with word that the Indians had expressed a willingness to talk peace with the English commissioners.

With a shout, Abner sped away to find his friends and impart the great news. "Now we can go to the brook and tap the maples," he exulted.

However, the boys bided their time until one day Mr. Haskins and Mr. Grover held an earnest consultation with the other men.

"Boys," abruptly called out Abner's father, "your elders have decided that you may go to the grove to boil sap. You're to start for home each afternoon in time to arrive here before sun-down. Some of us will try to come to meet you. Every other day one of us will range between the grove and the Big Woods, and should you hear a gun-shot, you're to drop your work and make for home. You will take two guns with you and you're not to fire them unless you see Indians."

Early the next morning the boys tied a big kettle to a home-made sled and lashed on the settlement's available supply of buckets and wooden spouts, or

spiles. Long before they arrived at the brook they had apportioned the work. William was to tap the trees with John arranging the spouts and buckets. Abner was to hang the kettle on a green sapling, suspended between two forked posts, and clean out the small log shed, built two years before. All three were to turn to and accumulate the necessary fuel.

The grove followed the brook for two miles, ending at a wide opening. Beyond this opening the Big Woods began. Long before it was time to eat their mid-day lunch, the buckets were in place, the shed cleaned and enough wood for a day piled near the kettle.

Notwithstanding their display of unconcern, the boys each experienced the same emotion when beholding the mighty expanse of the Big Woods; a fear of the unknown, the sensation of being watched by malignant eyes. This depression quickly vanished, however, once the flames began crackling and John commenced calling out there were several inches of sap in each bucket. Lugging the kettle between them they made the rounds, and after drinking in turn, they placed what was left over the fire to boil. This was "finished off" late in the afternoon and carefully poured into a bucket.

At the end of the week no one in Wells felt there was danger of a surprise attack; and it was voted to keep all the men at work for the next three days. Two days without scout protection passed uneventfully, but on the third, the glorious weather changed and the boys knew a storm was brewing and that it might be necessary to do the boiling in the shed. The wind was from the north and carried a keen edge.

“If it starts snowing today we’d better go home early,” said Abner. “Some men from Portsmouth are on the way and I want to be there when they come. The storm will hurry them up.”

Arrived at the grove, John, with his usual exuberance, started to examine the buckets and William whittled some shavings from a pine stick preparatory to starting the fire. For some reason unknown even by himself, Abner was downcast; when William finished pouring the sap into the kettle and began rallying him for not aiding in the work, he started convulsively and stared with wide eyes at something at the end of the shed. It was scarcely discernible in the clutter of tracks left by the boys, and yet it had not been there up to the time of their leaving the day before.

William chattered on. Abner glared at the alien foot-print. No settlement foot-gear had left that impress, it was made by an Abnaki moccasin. Slowly lifting his head and endeavoring to conceal his alarm, he swept his gaze about in a circle. He fully expected to behold dark forms flitting towards them through the maples; and his heart thumped rapidly as he saw little John making towards the north end of the line of buckets.

Picking up two buckets he gave them to William and said, “Put those in the shed for me.” William was a bit puzzled but stepped inside. Abner halted in the door, and now that no lurking savage could observe his friend’s alarm he quickly explained, “I’ve seen Injun tracks. Don’t make a sound. Whistle something. If they’re watching, they mustn’t know we suspect. Straighten out your face. Now listen; you must come out and get John and tell

him to help you bring sap from the other end of the line. Act careless until you get to the opening—then run for your lives and warn the settlement. Now, come out.”

“But you?” huskily whispered William, a terrible fear creeping into his eyes.

“If we all leave they will suspect something. I’ll stay and give you two a start. I’ll keep both guns as you’re to run, not fight. Get John now but don’t let him know.”

William ran after his brother, but John was loath to turn back. Then William made a snow-ball and threw it and challenged the youngster to catch him. This bait was irresistible and John started in full pursuit. Abner by the fire cheered them on, crying, “Catch him, John! You can catch him!” He saw John make a rush which William easily eluded. Then they passed behind some trees and were out of sight.

Overhead the gray clouds were racing towards the sea. The wind began spitting snow. The boy felt strangely alone and helpless. The sap was bubbling. He piled on more fuel until the syrup boiled. Still believing he was being watched, he began piling the fuel in tiers, whistling as he worked. Entering the shed, he peeped through a crack between the logs. He gave a little choking cry as he saw three bowed figures approaching the rear of the shed. They came on in a zig-zag, darting from tree to tree. He snatched up one of the guns but at once realized it would be useless for him to fire at such elusive targets. Then, before he could prepare for it, the three warriors were at the back of the shed to spy upon him.

Abner felt his lips tremble but managed to resume his whistling. He knew their sharp eyes were following every movement he made. Ignoring the guns he stepped to the door, and, in doing so made sure that the bar was in place. He believed the Indians would come around the corner and seize him, and to prevent this he called out, as though hailing the boys, and waved his hand and beckoned them to join him. He hoped the Indians would be deceived and remain quiet, thinking to bag three instead of one.

No sound came from the rear of the shed. The sap boiled over and gave Abner an inspiration. Drawing on his mittens of deer-skin, he seized the bail, removed the kettle and placed it on the piled-up fuel. He had made the tier some three feet high, and by standing upon it he believed he could attack the enemy in a surprising fashion. Leaping up beside the kettle he seized it with both hands, and with a mighty effort of his strong, young arms, hurled it over the edge of the sloping roof.

As he leaped to the ground and jumped through the doorway, pandemonium broke out back of the shed. With horrible screeches the three savages plunged into the snow to ease the pains of the scalding sap. Their clamor was answered by wild war-whoops deep in the grove. Abner closed the door, made it fast and stepped to a small loop-hole with one of the guns. Three dark forms were groaning and writhing in the snow close by. Other figures, but vaguely visible because of the gathering storm, were rapidly drawing near. Aiming at these he fired, snatched up the second gun and fired again, then hurriedly reloaded.

Instantly the woods became deathly quiet except for the noise of the storm. The scalded Indians vanished with the first shot. The boy knew they were circling the cabin, but so adroitly did they maneuver that he caught no glimpse of them. Then there came a crashing volley, followed by the cheers of white men. In another minute his father was shouting his name. He threw open the door and stepped out and beheld not only the settlers but a score of strangers; and he knew they were the men from Portsmouth. Whatever might have been the designs of the Indians, they were not seen again, although their trail was followed for many miles towards the Kennebec.

—*Hugh Pendexter.*

Maine

You're just a rugged, homespun State
 Perched on the nation's edge,
 A stretch of woods, of fields and lakes,
 Of ocean-pounded ledge.
 But rugged deeds and rugged men
 You've nurtured for your own:
 Much good the world has harvested
 From broadcast seeds you've sown—
 And so, we love you, rugged State,
 We love your smiling skies,
 We love you for your deep-piled snows,
 Your jagged coast we prize.
 We love you for the lofty seat
 You've reared 'neath heaven's dome:
 But best of all, we love you, Maine,
 Because you're Maine—and Home!

—*Lester Melcher Hart.*

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

THE SOLDIER BOY OF THE REVOLUTION WHO WHIPPED THE FUTURE KING OF ENGLAND

IT WAS the summer of 1774. The Royal George, the flagship of the line, had weighed anchor in the sunlit harbor and, with all sails set, was speeding gaily toward England with her freight of Revolutionary war prisoners in irons. This was the same Royal George, the man-of-war of one hundred and eight guns that, on August 28, 1782, went down while refitting at Spithead. Under strain of shifting her guns, she keeled over and sank with her commander, Admiral Kampenfeldt, and nearly one thousand soldiers, marines, visitors, and the usual crew.

The prisoners, whom we see at the time our story opens, taking their airing on deck, were captured on board a privateer which had been doing much damage to the King's ships. They were the most noteworthy men on board, unless we except the young heir apparent to the English throne, the Duke of Clarence, son of George III., or, as he was more familiarly called by both English and Americans, "The Young Midshipman."

According to the usual custom in royal families, he was serving his apprenticeship in the King's Navy under the tutelage of the best of admirals, in order to become familiar with danger and acquire the courage requisite for the duties that might come

to him later in his career as King of England. He afterwards did become king, on the death of his father, under the title of William IV. His short reign immediately preceded the long and glorious reign of Queen Victoria, his niece and next of kin, in the line of British sovereigns.

We left the prisoners in irons, on the deck under the scornful eyes of the whole ship's crew. Behind them, growing more and more indistinct in the distance, were the primeval forests of the New World. They could still discern in the strong sunlight the King's arrow glistening on the trunk of many a sturdy tree. The King's arrow! How many things of value it used to claim and set apart for the reigning majesty! Now it is seen nowhere except on the coarse, green, prison garb.

Presently the strong young voice of the Duke of Clarence could be heard speaking insolently of the "rebels" and the land of the rebels, they were leaving behind.

Young Nathan Lord, a rebel and a leader of rebels, like the brave hero that he was, turned as quickly as his shackles would permit, and said, "If it were not for your rank, Sir, I would make you take that back."

"No matter about my rank," said the royal midddy, "I am ready to fight. If you can whip me, you are welcome to."

So "standing over a tea-chest," as the tradition has it, "they had a famous fight, with nobody to interfere," for the English, whatever may be their faults, do love fair play—and Nathan Lord, a youth from Berwick, won.

The royal midddy shook hands, admitted that he

was fairly beaten, asked Lord's name and home and promised not to forget him. The sequel proves that the word of the next King of England was as good as gold and would be honored always at its face value.

When they reached England and anchored in the harbor which was their destination, all the prisoners of war were marched to prison to join other earlier captives in the war. There was one exception—Nathan Lord. He was summoned by the Admiral, who told him that his Grace, the Duke of Clarence, son of his Majesty, the King of England, begged his pardon and had left a five pound note at his disposal, which he was free to use to take him home to the Colonies, for his Grace could never think of holding, as a prisoner of war, a man who could whip him.

The brave, sturdy Berwick boy lost no time in getting home and joining his blessed rebels, with whom he did good service. The following year he joined Benedict Arnold's famous expedition to Quebec. He died there in 1775 in young manhood, not as he would have chosen, in battle line, his face to the foe, but from wasting disease, contracted in a noisome, polluted prison.

—*Fanny E. Lord.*

"THE LEXINGTON OF THE SEAS"

○ ON THE nineteenth day of April, 1775, the intrepid farmers of Lexington fired the "shot heard around the world," and on the twelfth day of June, five days before the battle of Bunker

Hill, a sturdy Irishman on the easterly coast of the province of Maine, with a handful of brave lumbermen, river-drivers, farmers and sailors, their hearts burning with the same flame of patriotism, successfully fought the first naval battle of the American Revolution, captured the first British war vessel, was the first to haul down the British flag and bring to death the first of her captains of the sea, in that great conflict for human rights.

One whose name will be forever interwoven with the story of that stirring event was Capt. Ichabod Jones. In 1765 he was a ship-master living in Boston. During that summer he made a trip in a schooner, eastward, stopping at Mount Desert. While in that port he learned of the Machias settlement and went there, where he disposed of his cargo to good advantage, loaded his vessel with lumber and returned to Boston.

He made other voyages from Boston to Machias and subsequently entered into a partnership with Benjamin Foster and others and built a saw mill. All this time he was in command of one or two vessels engaged in the lumber trade between Machias and Boston.

He did an increasing and thrifty business until 1774 when the English Parliament passed the "Boston Port Bill" which prohibited merchandise of any kind from being landed at, or shipped from wharves of Boston.

The spring of 1775 found him at Machias, loading his two sloops, the Unity and the Polly, with lumber; but giving Captain Horton of the Polly orders to touch at Salem and Cape Ann instead of Boston

for a market, and, failing there, to proceed to some port in Connecticut.

On arriving at Salem Captain Horton found the whole coast in an uproar and ready for almost anything except trade and lumber, so he put into the port of Boston where he met Captain Jones. These two then concluded to return at once to Machias with their families, their own household goods and also a quantity of merchandise for the people there who had become in a great measure destitute by reason of the unsettled state of business. In order to leave Boston Harbor, Captain Jones was obliged to have a permit from Admiral Graves, granted only upon condition that he return from Machias to Boston with lumber which the British desired to purchase for barracks for troops, and he also must submit to making the trip under the protection of an armed schooner, the "Margaretta."

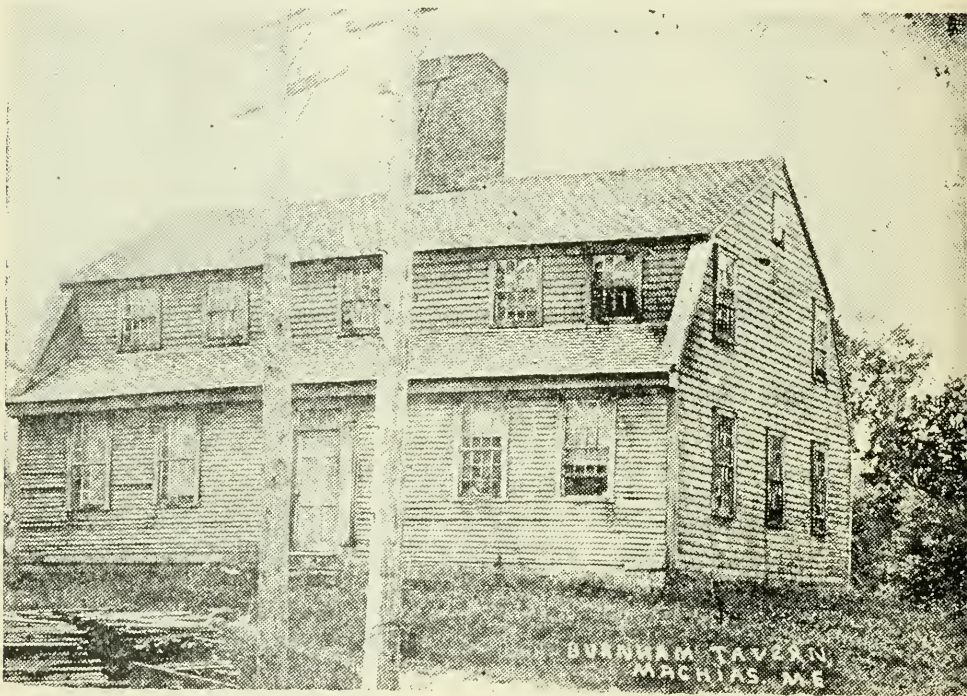
Captain Jones feared the ire of the Machias patriots when they should discover him in their port under the protection of the English flag. However, the two sloops, convoyed by the armed Margaretta flying the British flag, sailed into Machias Harbor, June 2, 1775.

For some time past the inhabitants had been lounging around the shores and wharves, waiting and watching for the return of Captain Jones' sloops with the much-needed provisions.

Their feelings of consternation may be imagined when they discovered that their friend of the seas, whose coming for days they had awaited with anxious hearts, was escorted by a British war vessel flying the hated British flag. Whether they had knowledge that the Massachusetts patriots had

begun a revolution before Captain Horton informed them, or not, they certainly knew it then and the fire of revolt was kindling in their breasts.

Exactly what was the final cause for the battle which ensued is somewhat uncertain. Perhaps the



Burnham Tavern, Machias

Where Plans were Made to Capture the *Margaretta* and the *Two Sloops*

citizens of Machias feared that the lumber then being loaded on Jones' sloops was intended for the use of the British troops, and were determined that the *Polly* and *Unity* should never return to Boston with their cargoes. However, after due deliberation in open town meeting, it had been voted to permit this

to be done and it is probable that the permission would have been carried out in good faith had not the captain of the *Margaretta* unnecessarily provoked a quarrel with the inhabitants in ordering them to take down their liberty pole; for the people of Machias had done what hundreds of other little communities throughout the colonies were doing, erected a "Liberty Pole." This was a tall, straight pine tree with a tuft of verdure at the top, the best emblem they had at command of the flag for which they desired to fight, live and die.

One thing is certain, the culmination of their suspicions, fears and apprehensions resulted in the formation of a plan to prevent the return of the sloops to Boston, laden with lumber.

Benjamin Foster and Morris O'Brien and his sons, with some others, favored taking possession of the partly laden sloops of Captain Jones and making prisoners of the officers and men. While their counsels were divided, Foster and the O'Briens finally prevailed. It is said that Foster, weary of debate, crossed a stream known as the O'Brien brook, near which they were standing and called out to all who favored the capture of the *Margaretta* and the two sloops to follow him, and in a few moments every man stood by his side.

A plan of attack immediately was agreed upon. This was on Sunday, June 11, 1775. It was known that the English officers would attend the religious services of good Parson Lyon in the meeting-house that morning and it was decided to surround the church and seize them during the services. Before the meeting opened they had quietly secreted their arms in the building, John O'Brien hiding his mus-

ket under a board and taking his seat on a bench directly behind Captain Moore, ready to seize him at the first alarm. This well-prepared scheme would undoubtedly have been successful if they had taken the negroes of the community, or at least one of them, into their confidence.

London Atus was a colored man, the body servant of Parson Lyon, and, while the parson himself and about every other member of the congregation, except the intended victims themselves, had knowledge or suspicion of what was afoot, Atus was entirely innocent of the dynamic atmosphere about him. From his hiding place in the negro pew he could see armed men, Foster's band, crossing a foot-bridge and coming toward the meeting-house. He gave an outcry and leaped from the window, wild with excitement. This broke up the meeting and the officers, believing that an attempt was being made to entrap them, followed the example of the negro and made their escape.

They hastened to their vessel and by the time Foster's force reached the meeting-house they were aboard their vessel and weighing anchor, and Jones, who was to have been made a prisoner, fled to the woods where he remained secreted for several days.

They then resolved to seize Jones' sloops and pursue the cutter. One of these, the Polly, was not in available condition, but they took possession of the Unity, and during the remainder of Sunday and that night, made preparations for the attack. They sent scouts to the East River village and neighboring plantations for volunteers, arms and ammunition.

A messenger was dispatched to Chandler's river to procure powder and balls and as the men of that

settlement were all absent two girls, Hannah and Rebecca Weston, nineteen and seventeen years old, procured forty pounds of powder and balls and brought them to Machias, a distance of twenty miles, through the woods, following a line of blazed or "spotted" trees, but did not arrive there until after the battle was over.

In the early dawn of the following morning, June 12th, the expedition started down the river in pursuit of the *Margaretta*. The crew of the *Unity* numbered about forty, and one-half of these had muskets with only about three rounds of ammunition; the rest armed themselves with pitchforks, axes, heavy mauls, etc. For provisions they had a small bag of bread, a few pieces of pork and a barrel of water. They chose Jeremiah O'Brien as captain and Edmund Stevens, lieutenant. Understanding that they had no powder to waste, they determined to bear down on the enemy's ship, board her and decide the conquest at once.

The *Unity* was well into the bay when the *Margaretta* was first sighted off Round Island and, being the more rapid sailer, was soon along her side. The helmsman of the *Margaretta*, who was Captain Robert Avery, had fallen from a shot fired by an old moose hunter by the name of Knight, on board the *Unity*, and an immediate volley of musketry from her deck astonished and demoralized the enemy. The bowsprit of the *Unity* plunged into the *Margaretta's* mainsail, holding the two vessels together for a short time. While they were in this position, one of the O'Brien brothers, John, sprang upon the *Margaretta's* deck, but the vessels suddenly parted, carrying the audacious John alone on board

the British vessel. It is said that seven of her crew instantly aimed and fired muskets at him, but he remained unscratched. They then charged upon him with their bayonets and again he escaped by plunging overboard and amidst a storm of bullets from the enemy, regained his own vessel.

Captain O'Brien then ordered his sloop alongside of the *Margaretta*. Twenty of his crew were selected to board her, armed with pitchforks, and a hand-to-hand conflict on her deck resulted in the surrender of the *Margaretta* to the Americans, and Jeremiah O'Brien hauled down the British ensign flying at her masthead.

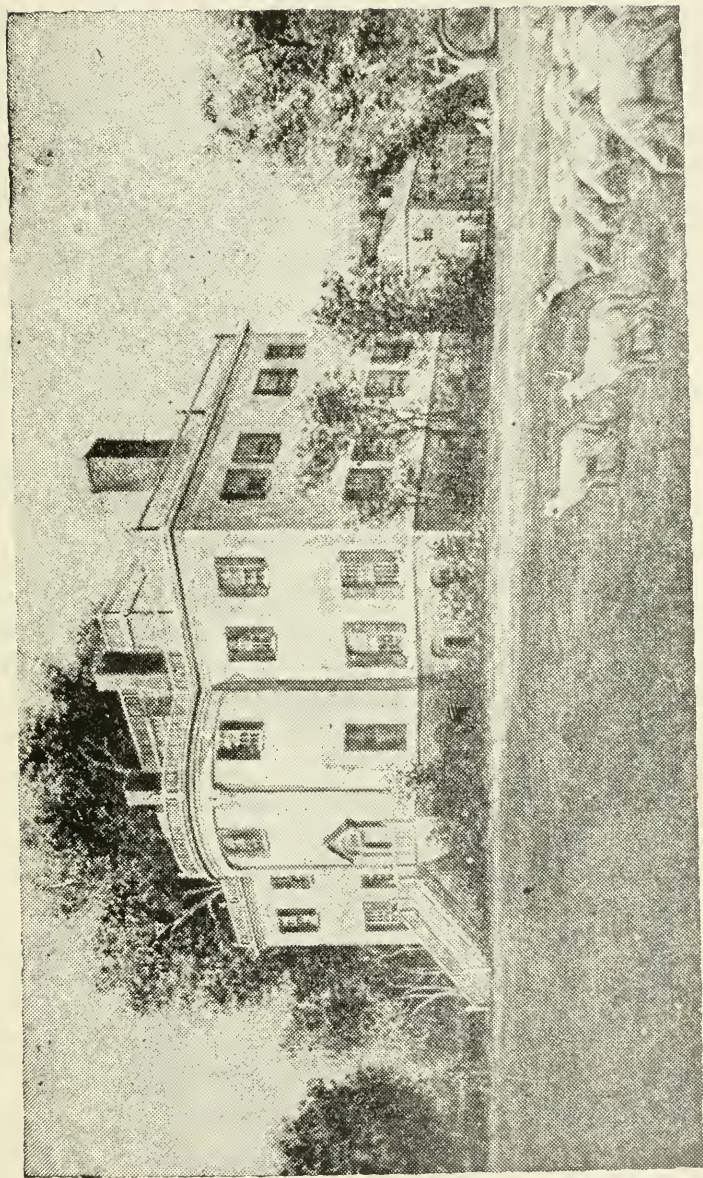
At about sunset the *Unity* returned, proudly sailing up the bay and river to Machias village with her valuable prize, reaching the wharf amid tumultuous cheering and shouting of the people. They made a hero of Captain Jeremiah O'Brien, as he certainly deserved for his brilliant achievement, and the rejoicing continued until long past midnight. The news of O'Brien's brilliant victory was heralded throughout the land and it had a great effect in stimulating the colonists everywhere to emulate his example.

—*John Francis Sprague.*

Note: So far as known, J. Fenimore Cooper, in "The History of the Navy of the United States," was the first writer to apply the name "Lexington of the Seas" to this battle.—J. F. S.

GENERAL HENRY KNOX

PASSENGERS on the Rockland division of the Maine Central Railroad, passing through the quaint little hamlet of Thomaston, may observe on the brick wall of the railroad station, a tablet, bearing an inscription to the effect that this structure was built by General Knox in 1793. This



“Montpelier,” General Knox’s Home in Thomaston

building was known as the "farm house" a century and a quarter ago, when Gen. Knox and his family lived in state at "Montpelier," a beautiful mansion, then the pride of Thomaston.

Situated on the crest of a hill near the river Georges, the mansion commanded a fine view down to the sea. The group of buildings was in the form of a large crescent, sloping back from the river, the mansion in the center and nine buildings on either side, including the farm house, stables and out-buildings. The mansion itself was a wonderful structure for those times. It had a basement of brick and two stories built of wood; a fourth story, a sort of cupola in the center, had a glass roof. Double piazzas extended on all sides of the mansion. The railings and columns enclosing these and the balconies displayed a great deal of fine work and skilful hand-carving. We can only imagine the original grandeur of "Montpelier," because many of the outward decorations had been removed before the first picture was taken.

The interior was decorated and furnished in a style unique for those primitive days. The wall papers resembled tapestry. The background of the hall paper was buff-colored. On the wall at the side of the wide stairway were large, embossed, brown paper figures of men carrying guns. On the library paper were pictures of ladies, reading. Here was Gen. Knox's collection of books, nearly sixteen hundred volumes. In the reception room, at the center of the mansion, was a portrait of Gen. Knox by Gilbert Stuart. A part of the furniture came from France. Mrs. Knox's piano was the first in that region. The Knox Street of today was Gen. Knox's

driveway. It opened from Main Street by a large gate surmounted by a carved figure of the American eagle.

Gen. Knox moved his family to "Montpelier" from Philadelphia in June, 1795. On July 4th, the doors of the mansion were opened wide that all who wished might meet the famous general, and view the splendors of his new and elegant home. His coming wrought much of change in the quiet life of Thomaston. "Montpelier" came to be noted for its lavish hospitality.

"Oh, welcome was the silken garb, but welcome was the blouse,

When Knox was lord of half of Maine and kept an open house."

Once General Knox had for his guests the entire tribe of Tarratine or Penobscot Indians, who enjoyed their visit and the bountiful repasts provided for them so well that they stayed for weeks. Indeed, they did not seem to think of going home at all, until the General said to the chief, "Now we have had a good visit and you had better go home."

Gen. Knox's estate included the greater part of what was known as the Waldo patent, originally the property of Mrs. Knox's grandfather, Gen. Samuel Waldo of Massachusetts. This land, lying between the Penobscot and Kennebec rivers, included nearly all of what is now comprised in the counties of Knox, Waldo, Penobscot and Lincoln. Gen. Knox had come into possession of this vast territory, partly through his wife's inheritance and partly by purchase. He planned to live here and develop the natural resources.

He began at once to set up saw-mills, lime-kilns, marble quarries and brick yards; he also constructed vessels, locks and dams. He converted Brigadier's Island into a stock farm, where he kept cattle and sheep imported from other countries. All these various enterprises gave employment to a large number of workmen, and caused a boom in the trade and commerce of Thomaston.

Although Gen. Knox was a fine soldier and had proved himself well versed in military tactics, he was without experience in any of the industries in which he now engaged. Disputes about the boundaries of the islands in the Waldo patent caused him to enter into costly lawsuits. The expense of carrying on so many kinds of business proved too heavy a drain on his resources and he became deeply involved in debt. Had he lived longer, he might have been able to overcome his financial difficulties, but that was not to be.

One day while eating dinner, he happened to swallow a small, sharp piece of chicken-bone. This lodged in such a manner as to cause him great suffering, ending in his death on October 25, 1806, at the age of fifty-six years.

Mrs. Knox spent her remaining years quietly at "Montpelier." As there were no funds available for repairs, the mansion gradually lost much of its former glory. After the death of Mrs. Knox in 1824, the estate was for several years in the hands of different members of the family.

When the Knox & Lincoln Railroad was built in 1871, it passed between the mansion and the servants' quarters. The mansion was then sold for \$4,000 and torn down. The executor tried to sell to

some one who would preserve it, but no one seemed to consider the historical value of the place.

Of course, we are interested to learn where Gen. Knox lived when he was a boy, and something of his life during the years given to his country's service. In his boyhood Henry Knox lived with his parents on Sea Street in Boston. He was fond of outdoor sports and was frequently chosen as leader by his playmates. But his school days were soon over. When he was twelve years old his father died, and Henry took upon himself the support of his mother and younger brother. He left the grammar school and went to work in a book store. His education did not end, however, for he studied by himself at odd moments from the books at the store. He was much interested in military matters and his studies were chiefly along that line. He learned to speak and write the French language, an accomplishment which proved useful in later years, when he came to meet Lafayette and other French generals of our ally across the water. He also took time for thorough drill in a military company.

When he was twenty-one years old, Henry Knox went into business for himself, opening "The London Book-Store" in Cornhill, Boston. Later he added book-binding to his business.

He had been in business only a few years when he felt that his country needed him and he did not hesitate to offer himself. A watch had been kept on the movements of Knox and of others who were known to be in sympathy with the colonists, and they were forbidden to leave the city. But, on the night of April 19, 1775, Knox disguised himself, and, accompanied by his wife, quietly left his home. Mrs.

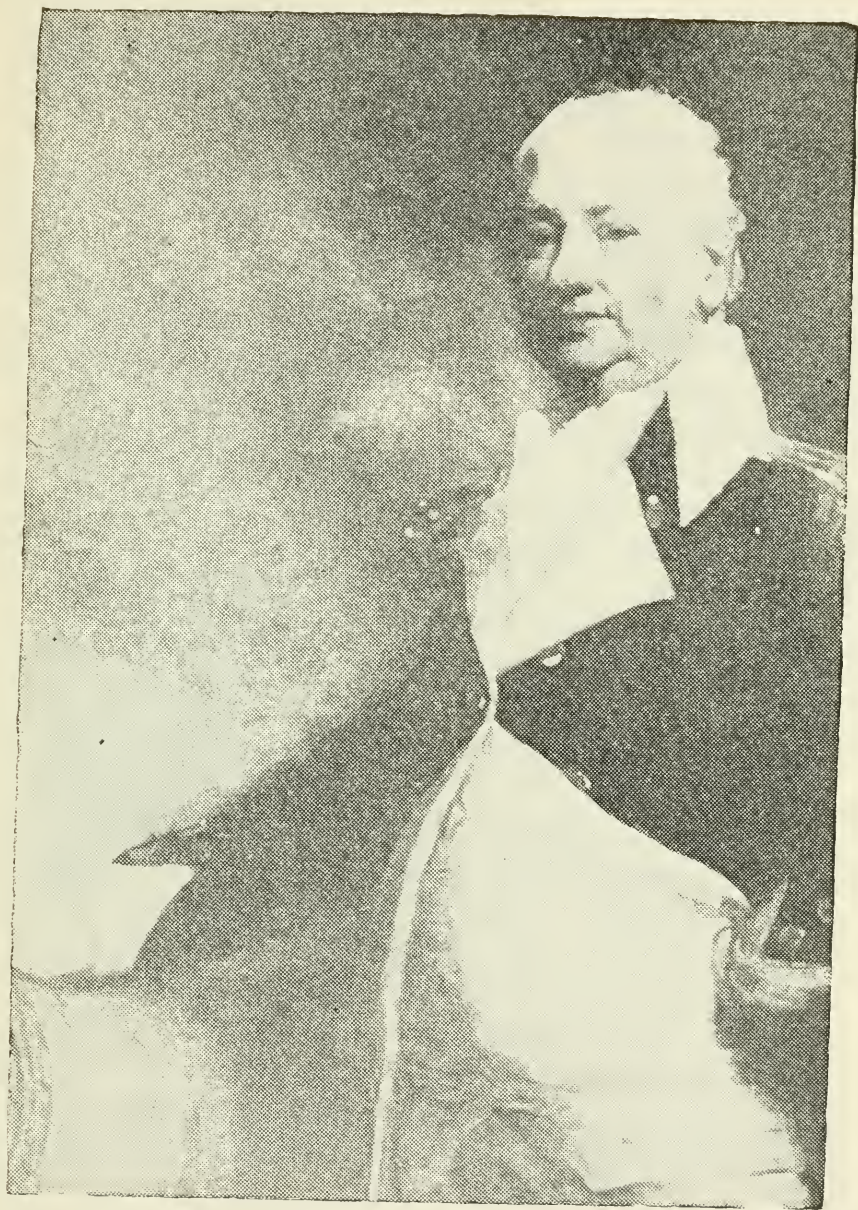
Knox had his sword concealed in the lining of her cloak. Knox went to the headquarters of Gen. Artemus Ward in Cambridge and volunteered his services.

One of his first assignments was to help in preparing for the siege of Boston. More siege guns were urgently needed but there seemed to be no way of procuring them. An idea came to the resourceful mind of Knox. Our forces under Ethan Allen had taken possession of a large supply of ordnance at Fort Ticonderoga captured May 10, 1775. Knox's idea was to transport that artillery, by the crude methods of those times, hundreds of miles across lakes, rivers and mountain ranges from Ticonderoga to the Heights of Dorchester. After thinking it over carefully Gen. Washington gave his consent to the plan.

Knox carried the undertaking to a successful conclusion and arrived in camp with the guns early in February. With this reinforcement of artillery, it did not take long for our army to persuade the British that Boston was too hot a place for them. On March 17, 1776, the British general, Howe, and his troops sailed away to Halifax.

On Nov. 17, 1775, Congress gave to Henry Knox the rank of Colonel and appointed him chief of the artillery of the army. His commission did not reach him, however, until after his return from Ticonderoga.

We hear of Col. Knox again and again and always as pushing forward. He encouraged the hardy soldiers on that bleak and stormy Christmas night when they were crossing the Delaware River amid cakes of floating ice, while hailstones beat upon



General Henry Knox

their backs. Gen. Washington gave much credit to Col. Knox for the victory won by our troops at Trenton the next day, Dec. 26, 1776. He was now made a brigadier-general, with the entire command of the artillery.

After the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, October 19, 1781, Gen. Washington complimented Gen. Knox on his skill in handling the artillery. On the recommendation of Gen. Washington, Knox was promoted to the rank of major-general dating from November 15, 1781.

The war over, Gen. Knox returned to Boston. On March 8, 1785, he was elected by Congress to fill the office of Secretary of War. Secretary Knox and his family moved, soon after, to New York, at that time the seat of the national government.

In 1789, President Washington re-appointed Knox to the office of Secretary of War. The management of the army, the navy, then in its beginning, and Indian affairs, were all in the hands of Secretary Knox. He influenced Congress to order the building of six frigates, the keels of which were laid during his term of office. One of these was the "Constitution" or "Old Ironsides."

After having served his country faithfully for nearly twenty years, Secretary Knox decided to withdraw from public life and devote himself to his family. He resigned at the close of the year 1794. Before this he had ordered the building of an elegant mansion on his estate in the District of Maine, to which, as we have said, he moved his family in 1795.

—Mrs. John O. Widber.

FROM THE LIPS OF ZILPAH

Part I. A Live Hero



General Peleg Wadsworth

It was the dusk hour of a winter's afternoon in the year 1818. Portland had been shrouded in snow all through the twenty-four hours and now the wind dashed the glistening snowflakes against the leaded panes, making the big room, lighted only by the warm glow of the logs burning in the great fireplace, seem a very cosy, sheltered spot.

A lad approaching twelve, lying on the thick hearth rug, pushed his book wearily aside. It was really too dark to see to read.

His blue eyes gleamed with an inner glow, while his thoughts followed Ulysses on his homeward journey to Ithaca, where Penelope sat knitting, as do the Red Cross women of today.

He heard his mother's soft footfall on the broad stair and, with innate courtesy, pulled the big, winged chair nearer the fire-side and, with a touch of

the long poker, urged the stout hickory logs to a warmer cheer.

“Mother,” said he, “if I only knew a real hero, I should be so happy. Horatius and Aeneas lived so long ago. Are there no heroes now?”

“Why, Henry, of course there are. I know one well,” she answered with a lurking smile.

“I mean a live hero who has done great deeds,” persisted the eager boy.

“Yes, a real live one, who is in this house at this very moment,” and Zilpah Longfellow drew her slender, little son down beside her in the big chair, sufficiently roomy for them both. She brushed back his yellow locks and looked into his eyes for the dawning recognition of her meaning. A fire grew in his glance, his hands clasped hers in his intentness.

“Mother, do you, can you, mean my very own grandpa?” rushed to his childish lips.

“Yes, dear lad, Peleg Wadsworth, gentleman, scholar and hero, my father and your grandfather. Do not make the grave mistake, my son, of thinking that physical courage or great strength alone makes a hero. The true hero has natural courtesy, tenderness and nobility of soul combined with courage and strength. Nestle here beside me, even if you are mother’s big boy, while I tell you how my father happened to be one of the heroes of ’76. We will call it the Story of Peleg. I will tell it as if you had never heard of such a man.

Part II. Story of Peleg

After graduating from Harvard at an early age, as was his custom Peleg Wadsworth taught school

in Plymouth. Even in those days he believed that every boy should be trained to military service, ready at his country's need. There were some twenty little boys in his private school, whom he supplied with wooden guns, with tin bayonets and bright tin swords and just a few drums. Each pleasant day he marched his little company up and down the yard at Plymouth Court House. One day, when he was doing this, he met a beautiful girl, Elizabeth Bartlett, whom he afterwards married.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War, he joined the Continental Army, leaving his baby and his wife with her mother. He fought the British soldiers sent over by King George to whip the American colonists, because they would not pay taxes on stamps and tea. He fought them in Rhode Island, he fought them in Dorchester and he fought them once again on the eastern shores of Maine. He was so brave that they made him first a Captain and then a Major in service.

One of the older generals, Solomon Lovell, was sent by the Continental government to drive the British from Maine. The British had control of Castine (then called Bagaduce). They had built a big fort there named Fort George in honor of their perverse old king. Gen. Lovell took Peleg Wadsworth as his second in command. Paul Revere was along, too, as captain in charge of the ordnance.

In a fleet of eight or nine sail, they went up Penobscot Bay as far as the mouth of the Bagaduce. Then Gen. Lovell thought it best for Major Peleg to set his men ashore in the small boats, to advance along the shore and climb the steep bank near Dyce's Head to storm the big fort. When, after

great difficulty, Major Peleg arrived near the fort, he discovered it was too strongly guarded to be captured. One of his look-out men sighted a big fleet of British men-of-war sailing up the bay. For fear they might be trapped and killed between the troops from the fort and the troops from the cruisers, Peleg took his men back to his own ships and they sailed further up the river to hide awhile from the enemy. The British saw them and soon began to give chase. To make sure that the fine American ships did not fall into the enemies' hands, the Americans, themselves, set fire to that pretty white-sailed fleet and landed by row boats on the banks of the Penobscot above Fort Point. They had a wretched time after they got ashore, for the woods were very thick. None of them knew the way and it was several weeks before they reached their homes. Peleg knew something about woodcraft, for he had been in the Maine woods before. Nevertheless, they almost starved and were obliged to eat roots and bad smelling sea weed and even their dogs.

The next year Peleg was given command of the whole Maine district, but he always found Fort George too strong for him to capture, although he made several attempts. Finally he decided to take a house in Thomaston for the winter and have his wife, his little boy Charles and baby Elizabeth to live with him. His oldest girl, Zilpah, he left in Plymouth with her grandmother Bartlett.

General Peleg, for he was now general, thought there would be no chance to capture Fort George, guarded as it was by so many soldiers, at least during the winter, for the harbor was blocked with ice and it was very hard to lead the troops through the

deep snows. You see, he never quite gave up the idea of some day being able to capture the fort. Castine was then one of the most important places on the Maine coast.

So Peleg sat him down by the cheerful fireside in his little rented house at Thomaston to enjoy the company of his young wife and play with his little boy and girl. All these years since he was married, he had been fighting the great fight and had seen little of his family. Every spare moment he was thinking and planning how to capture the big fort at Castine when the ice went out in the Spring. All his troops were visiting their homes and there was what might be called "a lull before battle" in this part of the state. The neighbors formed a guard for the Wadsworth family. One soldier, Old Hickey, who had been with young Peleg many years, stayed with him now.

Part III. The Capture

It was one stormy night in February, 1780, I think it was the eighteenth. It had snowed all the day, just as it has today, and the little house at Thomaston was surrounded by drifts. Every one had gone to bed and to sleep in peace and comfort. A group of fifteen red-coated British soldiers crept stealthily up under the windows, whispering, stumbling and often cursing at the great snow drifts, which made it difficult to surround the place. The sergeant saluted and reported to Lieut. Stockton, who had charge of the expedition.

"Sir, your bird is trapped, for once he is caught napping."

“Fire one volley and shoot anyone who attempts to escape,” said the lieutenant.

Such a racket as rose on the still night air! The bullets whizzed in every direction. The windows were smashed, the doors torn from their hinges, curtains ripped down and slashed by swords. The Red-Coats rushed from one room to another, up stairs and down, trying to find General Peleg. Old Hickey was shot down at his master’s door. The maid ran in from the ell crying, “The Judgment Day is upon us.” Peleg’s beautiful wife, with a warm robe thrown over her night gown, ran to the cradle to rescue her baby, while a young girl visitor screamed for help, as a soldier was choking her, because she refused to tell the room where the General slept.

Peleg himself had fought like a lion until a musket ball had gone through his left arm above the elbow, rendering that arm useless. So he was forced to surrender to Lieut. Stockton, who helped him on with his coat, threw a blanket from the bed over his injured shoulder and carried him prisoner to a small privateer commanded by a young officer called Lang, which was waiting to carry them to Castine.

Suffering as he was from the pain in his arm, he could not keep his thoughts from the dear ones he had left in such distress. He was devoured with anxiety for his sweet wife and baby. There, too, was Old Hickey left for dead. At the last moment he was puzzled concerning the little boy, Charles. Why had he not run to his father? Had he been killed or frightened out of his senses by the commotion?

Thus Gen. Peleg went to Fort George after all, before the Spring came, but he went a sad prisoner instead of the victor he had hoped to be. As he went through the crowd of settlers pushing and jostling each other at the landing, many of them taunted him for being a Rebel. The army surgeon was called from his house in the village to extract the bullet and his wound was dressed. For several days he lay in a stupor and the fever in his wounded arm almost got the upper hands of Dr. Calef's treatment. Day by day, however, he recovered his strength. The officers at the fort called to see him often and treated him in a friendly way with the courtesy due his rank.

Part IV. Prison Walls

The time dragged slowly, but at last May came and brought with her a garment of fresh young grass with which she clothed the bare walls of the massive fort. Every tree, too, was bursting into leaf. No joy of Spring came to Gen. Peleg's bruised heart. He sat one bright day by the window, wondering if it were possible that he could ever get by the sentries and over that same green wall, if he should make the attempt. As he wondered, he heard a light tapping at the door and the voice of his sentry, "General, a visitor for you." He was so discouraged that he did not even turn around. He was tired of calls from those stupid British officers. Could they not let him alone to nurse his lame arm and think his bitter thoughts? A light step on the boards of the bare floor, then a pair of soft hands clasped his head and pressed his tired lids over his straining eyes; lips whose caressing touch he knew so well met his;

and in a moment more, he held his beloved wife, Elizabeth, in his arms.

“Yes,” said she, “General Campbell sent for me. He knew you were grieving for home and wife. I may stay a few days—he permits it—and can visit you often.”

Neither expressed the thought that was vexing each, that the next ship bound to England might take Gen. Peleg an enforced passenger.

Life seemed even sadder after Elizabeth returned to her children. Four prison walls held him captive and he studied them over and over for an idea which should free him before the ship arrived from England. It had been his one ambition to get within the walls and now he was equally possessed by a desire to get without the walls of Fort George. The night of his wife’s departure he lay on his rude cot, sleepless, the light from the little window in the hall door, where the sentry kept watch of his prisoner, shining upon the rough spruce planking of the ceiling. As he gazed at the ceiling, the light brought out the immense width of the board. An inspiration darted through his brain. Why not? In the hours of early dawn he gazed again and again. The room was buzzing with flies and the planks of the ceiling were specked and dingy. The idea grew and grew, but he was so helpless with his lame arm and his only tool an ordinary jackknife.

Now there was a certain man who had lived in Castine many years, by name Barnabas Cunningham. He was old and crusty and awkward. No one had asked him if he wanted to serve King George, but he had been told he must. However, his heart was in the right place, for it was with General

Washington and the thirteen states. His half-sick, fretty old wife was even more of a rebel than he. So when Barnabas was called to the fort as personal servant to Gen. Wadsworth, they were both glad that he could be of assistance to one who had served the Father of His Country.

Barnabas had proved himself faithful to General Peleg. He kept the hearth and floor well brushed and acted as nurse during the long days when the general was so helpless with his injured arm. Peleg knew in his heart that he could trust the man. Often he had told him bits of news about the Continental Army, which had drifted into the fort from time to time.

“What’s over this room, Barnabas?” asked Gen. Peleg the next morning after the idea came to him.

“Just an empty garret, sir,” smiled Barnabas, “with a trap door near the rough stairs, which lead from this floor at the other end of the hall; but two sentries in this hall, sir.”

“Then what?” continued the General.

“Another flight of stairs, a long hall, with a sentry at each door. Sentries all over the lot, at the four corners of this building on the outside, one at each corner of the fort and strung along the bastions at intervals of say, twenty feet.”

“Then you think I might have difficulty in dodging the sentries, thick as blueberries in August, if I should take a walk some dark night, Friend Barnabas?”

“Indeed, sir, you would, but better to be shot, than to die like a rat in its hole. It is high time you stirred yourself, General, if you can use your arm,” offered the old servant.

That night under cover of the darkness, Peleg tried to cut that broadest plank in the spruce ceiling, but he made little headway. The following day his morning greeting to Barnabas was "Barnabas, a good carpenter is known by his tools. I would like to learn the trade."

When the old man brought him his noonday meal, he put in front of him a very delicious looking pie. "General," said he, "my wife would be a second Molly Stark or Betsey Ross, if she knew how. She's heard that you came from Duxbury way—that's where her mother came from—so she's baked you one of them Cape Cod cranberry cobbles. Her eyesight is troubling her some, so be keeferful when you eat it, there may be some bullets mixed with the berries," and he gave a knowing grin.

Peleg was careful. He cut the first slice very skilfully and just as carefully drew out the gimlet which he concealed until bedtime. After that he put in a good night's work at boring holes a few inches apart in that obstinate spruce plank over his bed. He filled the holes with bits of bread chewed into pellets, then smeared with dust the surface of the plank. How his arm ached the next morning.

At this time a second great joy came to him. Another prisoner was rudely thrust into his room and it proved to be young Major Burton, who had served under him during the previous summer. There was great rejoicing because fate had decreed that they should share the same room. The Major was soon initiated into the secret of the gimlet and that Barnabas was trustworthy. He in his turn gave news of the American army. Each night the gimlet

did good service and fortunately the bread held out to conceal the holes.

Part V. The Escape

Then one morning they heard one sentry say to the other, that the privateer had been sighted. They said something further about the prisoner being too valuable a man to exchange and that in three days he would be on his way to England.

That night their escape must be made. It was the 18th of February, when Peleg was taken prisoner. This was the 18th of June. The day had been sultry. By twilight great, black clouds rolled up behind the fort. The air grew thick with a portentous hush. The birds circled over the barracks uttering warning notes. The storm broke in veritable fury; the rain pelted on the roof like bullets, the thunder boomed; the arch of heaven was split with cruel zigzags of lightning, a terrible tempest to be caught in, but the best kind of a night to make an escape.

Hastily the two men cut the board from the ceiling and climbed into the loft. Silently they slipped along the narrow space until they reached the trap and, with the aid of the General's blanket, lowered themselves to the floor below. Cautiously past the sentries, aided by the noise of the storm, they gained without detection the outside of the barracks. Here they separated. Peleg made at once for the ramparts. Up, up their slippery green, one moment of breathless waiting on the very summit, lying with his face flat against the green earth, then down he rushed over the outside wall, just escaping the barbed palisades, and into the half filled moat up to

his waist in dirty water, and on again until under cover of the woods. Fortunately the tide was low and they could wade over the mudflats across the curve of the bay to a point opposite the fort, thus escaping the guards stationed at the neck of the peninsula.

Within half an hour, all the fort and town knew of the escape. Troops were at their heels like hungry wolves. A barge full of marines was sent out to scour the mouth of the river.

Peleg, wet, tired, aching in every bone, conscious of his injured arm in every motion, found himself some seven miles from the village in the early hours of dawn. In spite of all these discomforts, he was wild with happiness. At last he was free, free! If he only knew that Major Burton was also safe. He could not resist the temptation to hear his own voice in the silent wilderness. Lightly he began to hum Yankee Doodle and with difficulty kept from dancing a few steps accompaniment to the tune, when he heard a suppressed chuckle behind him and, yes, it was Major Burton, half choked with laughter at the thought of his dignified General trying to sing and dance in reckless joy.

From then on, it was comparatively easy, for they had both been over the ground several times. They crawled through underbrush, keeping out of sight for the whole day. They lunched on a bit of bread and meat they had saved from their dinner of the day before. Finally they were lucky enough to find an old bateau with oars, hidden under a friendly tree. The bateau required much bailing, but after hours of labor they reached the opposite side of the Penobscot River. From thence they worked their

way to Thomaston, stopping at friendly farm-houses for their food.

Part VI. The Dream

“It was through such storm and stress, that the men of '76 fought their way to make a good, free government for you and a thousand other small boys like you, my son.” Zilpah ceased speaking, waited a moment, then touched with gentle hand the head resting on her shoulder. The boy uttered a long, rapturous sigh.

“Mother, do you suppose I shall ever be a Grandfather and have my grandsons so proud of me?”

Zilpah checked the amused laugh which leaped to her lips at the quaint question. A vision came to her. She saw in the bright glow of the embers on the hearth, thousands, yea, tens of thousands coming to this very room to do homage to her father and her son.

That night was bitter cold and as little Henry Wadsworth Longfellow lay snuggled in his soft pillows, he dreamed a queer dream. It seemed to him, from one side of his big four-poster mahogany bed advanced a long line of old world heroes, as far as he could see into the dim corners of the room. They came with trumpet and alarum. The foremost one like a herald bore a shining feather and lo, it was a pen. Each hero as he passed, said “Write about me.” From the other side came another gleaming group. These were all new-world heroes. As the train advanced, he saw in its ranks, Hiawatha, the Indian lad, John Alden, Miles Standish and Baron Castin of St. Castin. Each looked down upon him

and whispered low, "Sing about us, we are the new, the broader life, sing our deeds."

In the little brain of the sleeping lad, the seed of prophecy had taken root. Both the house and its little owner were to go down to posterity—Famous.

—*Louise Wheeler Bartlett.*

ARNOLD'S TRAIL

IF YOU were asked, "Who was Benedict Arnold?" your answer would be, "He was a traitor." The perfidy of Arnold, the traitor, has blotted out all memory of Arnold, the patriot; yet patriot he once was and model soldier. As an able leader he stood high in Washington's esteem.

In 1775 Washington appointed Arnold commander of an expedition against Quebec. He advanced by way of the Kennebec River over the mountains of Maine, with a force of eleven hundred men. These men were hunters and Indian fighters. They knew how to procure food from the forests and fish from the rivers and how to manage birch bark canoes. Their clothes were made of deer skins. Each man carried a rifle, a long knife, a small axe and a tomahawk.

They assembled at Prospect Hills, Mass., September 11th, 1775, and sailed from Newburyport on the Merrimac River, on the afternoon of September 19th, 1775. There were ten schooners and sloops. After a smooth voyage, they entered the mouth of the Kennebec one morning a little after sunrise.

Arnold worked his way four miles up river to Parker's Flat, where his vessel anchored for a few

hours. Then he proceeded six miles up the river. Making its way among rocks, islands and bays the fleet became scattered. Sailing through Merrymeeting Bay, they pushed on toward Gardinerstown, arriving Friday, September 22d. Arnold halted there to obtain bateaux from Major Reuben Colburn's ship-yard.

Washington had ordered the building of two hundred four-oared bateaux, each to be equipped with two paddles and two setting poles. The bateaux were quickly but not well made, as they were to be abandoned within a few weeks and the need of staunch boats was not appreciated.

Major Colburn had been ordered by Washington to send scouts over the route. Dennis Getchell and Samuel Berry of Vassalboro performed this service. They reported to Arnold that his advance was being watched by Indian spies employed by Governor Carleton. Yet the expedition proceeded and farther up the river Arnold was told by a squaw that at Shettican the Mohawks were ready to destroy them.

When shoal water was reached they transferred to the bateaux and thus moved on toward Fort Western in the Augusta of today, the Hallowell of 1775, the Cushnoc of Indian geography, forty-three miles from the sea. The whole of Arnold's army arrived there before Sunday, September 24th.

Aaron Burr, afterward Vice-President of the United States, was a private in this expedition. At Fort Western he met Jacataqua, a beautiful princess of the Abnaki tribe, who was eager to go with the soldiers to Quebec.

Before leaving the Fort a great feast was spread. Jacataqua and Aaron Burr had killed a bear and

two cubs in Captain Howard's cornfield and these were roasted for the banquet. Around them were arranged ten baskets of roasted ears of corn with quantities of pork, bread and potatoes, one hundred pumpkin pies, watermelons and wild cherries. William Gardiner of Cobbosseecontee, Major Colburn and Squire Oakman of Gardinerstown, Judge Bowman, Colonel Cushing, Captain Goodwin and Squire Bridge of Pownalborough, with their ladies, were invited guests. Led by the company officers, the troops and guests marched to the table. Judge Howard was at the head of the table, Jacataqua on his right and Aaron Burr on his left, with General Arnold at the foot. Reverend Samuel Spring asked the blessing, praying that Jacataqua might influence her people of the wilderness to give them safe conduct along the march.

Later this maiden, being a great huntress, scoured the forests for food for the starving soldiers. Skilled in the use of herbs and roots, she faithfully nursed those who fell ill.

On resuming the journey the troops found the river half a mile beyond Fort Western blocked by the falls. On the east side was a seldom travelled road to Fort Halifax, and over this the country people with their oxen and horses carried the bateaux and stores to Fort Halifax.

From this point part of the force proceeded by water, the remainder by land. Half a mile above Fort Halifax, they came to the first carry around Ticonic Falls. This was accomplished by hard labor. A little beyond came the dangerous Five Miles Ripples. Then the expedition reached Canaan, now Skowhegan, where they had dinner. Next came a

battle with the Skowhegan falls. Here, between two ledges, forming a passage only twenty-five feet wide, the river drives like a mill race. With difficulty the bateaux were hauled through this gateway. On the succeeding long run of swift current, the men walked on the banks drawing the boats by the painters, while others pulled them from the rocks. Then they came to another fall twenty-two feet high, which they passed with difficulty.

The troops were very tired and very glad when they reached Norridgewock. They remained there a week to repair the boats and re-fit the expedition.

Carratunk was the entrance to the real wilderness. Arnold reached the Great Carrying place there October 11th, the army in good health and spirits. Rain set in. Because of inadequate shelter some few were taken ill and by Arnold's direction a hospital was built which was immediately occupied by Dr. Irvin with his patients.

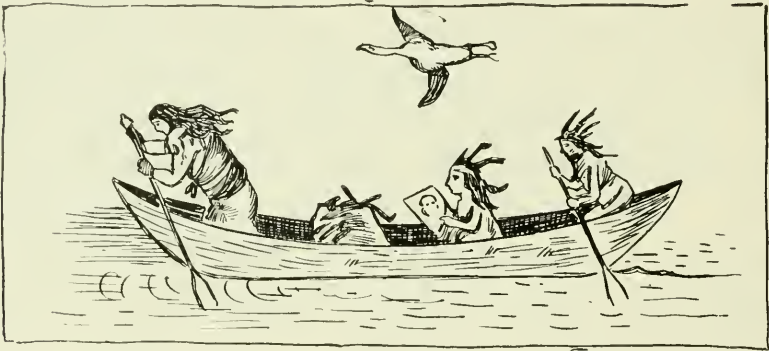
Resuming the journey, Arnold wrote Washington the greatest difficulties were passed and he hoped to reach the Chaudiere in eight or ten days. The difficulties of the road increased this time, somewhat.

Arnold entrusted to two Indians a letter to John Manier, or Captain William Gregory or Mr. John Maynard, Quebec, saying that he was on Dead River, one hundred and sixty miles from Quebec, with about two thousand men, and that he designed to co-operate with General Schuyler and assist the Canadians in resisting Great Britain's unjust measures. The letter asked the number of troops and vessels at Quebec. Inclosed was a letter to General Schuyler asking for advices from him. The letter fell into the

hands of the Lieutenant-Governor of Canada. This was the first they knew of Arnold's detachment.

Eight miles from Bog Brook the expedition came to Hurricane Falls, and another carry. A few miles beyond in a clearing stood the cabin of Natanis, the Indian, where is now the village of Flagstaff. The store of provisions being very low, all men unfit for duty were sent back.

October 19th rain began, resulting in a disastrous flood. Dead River which drains many ponds sud-



The Flight of Nitanis

Part of a Letter in the Indian Picture Writing on Birch Bark, supposed to have been written by the Norridgewock chief, Nitanis, informing his clansman of his escape from the perils of Arnold's expedition against Quebec, October, 1775. It was found in an Indian trail, in the wilderness of the Upper Kennebec.

denly swelled. In nine hours it rose eight feet. At four o'clock, when Arnold and his party awoke, they found their baggage in the flood.

The weather grew cold and the soldiers had no protection but tree boughs. Many boats were under water and the landmarks were altered. Soldiers by land or water fared hard, yet they pushed on to Black Cap rapids and the next carrying place, Ledge Falls.

The next obstruction was Upper Shadagee Falls, a sharp pitch followed by a long stretch of swift water. Here the river makes a double turn around the cliff. In passing this five or six bateaux filled and sank. Near the Falls Arnold camped for the night and the next day resumed the journey. On October 24th, he came to Serampos Falls, where he spent the night. It rained and snowed, but they went on, resolved to perish rather than give up the expedition.

They now passed into Chain of Ponds, Long, Natanis and Round, from the last of which they were puzzled to find an exit, but finally discovered one in Horse Shoe Stream.

They were forced to halt and when they lay down to sleep knew not whether they were on the right or wrong way. In the morning no easy portage could be found, yet they moved on, carrying from pond to lake, till the shaky boats were placed in Moosehorn or Arnold, largest and most beautiful of all the ponds in that region.

Now began the long portage over the height of land. They encamped in the meadows, by Arnold's River, to wait for the rear division of the army.

The report reached them that the Canadians would supply them with food and that there were few regulars at Quebec to resist them.

After issuing a note of cheer and instruction to his men, Arnold rode three miles farther to a house of bark on the eastern shore of Lake Megantic and encamped for the night. Next morning he set out with four bateaux and a birch bark canoe, for the outlet of the lake, the Chaudiere River, a boiling, foaming stream,

There Arnold's party was in great danger. Only the best boats could defy the water and avoid the rocks. Two boats were destroyed and three others damaged but no lives lost. At Sertegan, provisions awaited them. The people showed good will and



On August 18th, 1912, The Second Company, Governor's Foot Guard, of New Haven, Conn., founded in 1774, and one of the most famous military organizations in America, started a pilgrimage to Quebec, following the route through Maine, taken by Benedict Arnold on his famous expedition to Canada. An incident of this pilgrimage was the dedication of a boulder monument at Fort Western, Augusta, where 137 years before, Arnold's forces halted for a week on their memorable march. The boulder was erected to the memory of the Connecticut men who followed Arnold to Canada. The above picture was taken at Augusta, on that memorable occasion. Fort Western is seen at the left of the picture.

admiration for the courage of the Americans. It was hard to find lodging. Huts were put up and fires built, but the soldiers were very uncomfortable; for the weather was cold and it snowed all day and night.

Arnold's messenger was captured. Then came rumors that the approach of the Provincials was known to the enemy; that the river was guarded by a frigate and a sloop of war, and that the inhabitants in the vicinity of Quebec had been summoned to the defense of the city under the penalty of death.

Still Arnold kept at work; he collected provisions and more boats, even made plans to scale the walls. November 13th, in the inky blackness of night, three trips across the river were made and five hundred men were landed on the north side. Then the tide ebbed, exposing the rocks, and the wind blew, preventing the crossing of more troops. The moon appeared and the Americans on the north shore were discovered. Arnold's venture was a failure. His march was over.

—Mrs. E. C. Carll.

WHEN THE KING OF FRANCE VISITED SANFORD

THE HARVEST season of 1797 found Col. Emery's tavern, in the little town of Sanford, in a great stir and bustle of preparation for guests of noble birth. No less a personage than Louis Philippe of France, accompanied by his two brothers, the Duke de Montpensier and the Count de Beaujolais, and by the Duke of Talleyrand, would pass through South Sanford, on a certain day, on their way to Portland, and it was expected that they would tarry there and "put up at the ordinary," for a night, at least.

At that time South Sanford was the business center of the town and not the busy manufacturing village we know as such.

As you may think, much butchering and baking was going on. The old Colonel had the best of the provisions carried over from his store, just across the way, and he even made a special trip to Portland to get such luxuries as white sugar and coffee, which he did not always keep in stock, they were so little used by any but the wealthy. It wasn't the custom to decorate in honor of famous guests, but everything about the tavern was made spick and span.

None were more interested in these preparations than the three small boys of the tavern. They were the grandsons of Col. Caleb Emery, who was still owner of the tavern, though the active management had been passed over to his son, William, father of the boys. Caleb, his grandfather's namesake, was ten years old; Thomas was nine years old and William six.

These boys, in after years, took great pride in telling how Louis Philippe, King of France, visited at their home, although, at the time of his visit, he wasn't king at all, but the Duke of Chartres; and no one could know that he was destined for the throne of France.

But you are wondering why this distinguished personage should be visiting the "wilds of Maine," which were very much wilder then than they are now. He had taken part in the revolution going on in France at that time, and he and his family were among those who had incurred the wrath of royalty, so that their great estates had been seized by the crown and they had been obliged to flee for their

lives to other countries. As it was, the father of Louis Philippe was executed four years before the time of this story and Louis and his brothers and sister judged it wise to stay away until French politics should become more settled.

Before the death of his father Louis had dropped his title of Duke and adopted the name of plain M. Egalite. Unrecognized, he had lived for a year in Switzerland, teaching French and mathematics. Now, for nearly a year, he had been traveling in America. If the Sanford people did not know that they were entertaining a future king of France, neither did Louis Philippe know that he was visiting the future State of Maine, for it was then a part of Massachusetts.

Although more than twenty years had passed since the signing of the Declaration of Independence, forever banishing titled nobility from America, the people still felt a wholesome respect for dukes and counts and no little curiosity concerning them. You may be sure the Emery boys were the envy of all the village lads, who would be lucky if they got a glimpse of the great visitors through the coach windows or as they alighted in the tavern yard, while Caleb and Thomas Emery were to spend the night under the very roof with them!

For hours the boys watched the post road for the private coach, in which the Duke and his party were travelling. And, after all, he wasn't so much to see! "Just a man," and a young man at that, plain and respectable looking enough, with a serious face. Where were the velvets and gold embroideries which they had supposed nobility always wore? This young man was enveloped in a long, dark trav-

elling cloak and carried an umbrella. One of his companions was pointed out to the boys as the Duke of Talleyrand, who, at that time, was more celebrated and regarded with more interest than the king-to-be. He walked with a limp, which he tried to conceal, and altogether was not prepossessing to boyish eyes, looking for dash and military bearing.

The Emery boys were frankly disappointed in the future king of France. He had, to be sure, a certain air of distinction and polish, but it was quite lost on them. Caleb and Thomas thought him decidedly inferior in appearance to their grandfather, who was larger and looked quite imposing, dressed for the reception of the ducal party in his swallow-tailed, cutaway coat resplendent with brass buttons and a wide white collar, his silver watch chain, with its heavy fob, dangling across the wide expanse of his buff vest.

Col. Caleb Emery was, indeed, a man of importance in Sanford. He was the first postmaster of the town (the post-office having been established two years before this memorable visit), he was the village merchant and tavern-keeper, a justice of the peace, colonel of the militia and deacon of the church. He was on all committees of importance, for South Sanford never thought of doing anything without the Colonel at the head of it. In politics he always had been prominent. He had been selectman, town clerk and deputy sheriff in turn and he was sent as the first representative of his district to the General Court in 1785. He had a military record, too, for he had taken part in the Lake George Expedition at the time of the French and Indian War, and in the Expedition to Rhode Island during the Revolution.

All the children of the neighborhood liked Col. Emery. Although an austere man, he had ever a kindly greeting for children and his capacious pockets and saddle-bags were always full of apples (a great luxury in those days) from his big orchard. These he distributed with a lavish hand among the children wherever he went.

His small grandsons adored him. He was still a handsome man, despite his years and his large nose, for it was a common joke, made all in good nature, that the Colonel was obliged to turn his nose one side while eating.

Of course the boys were not allowed in the dining-room on this important occasion, but they could peep in as the door opened and shut when the serving maids passed in and out.

The meal was not served in courses, but the guest table was loaded with good things, according to the New England fashion. Probably never before nor after did Louis Philippe of France partake of just such feasts as those he got in New England. There were haunches of venison, spareribs of the choicest porkers, huge roasts of beef, stuffed turkey, Indian bannock baked over the coals on the kitchen hearth, baked beans and Indian pudding which had baked for a day and a night in the great brick oven, pancakes with maple syrup and pumpkin pies. The tables were flanked with big pitchers of cider, a beverage entirely new to the guests from France, besides the luxurious tea and coffee.

The Colonel himself escorted his honored guests to their places and saw that they were assiduously served from Grandmother Emery's best dishes, spread on snowy homespun linen. It is said that the

Duke and his party enjoyed their meals at the Emery tavern.

The boys got a better look at the visitors on their way from the dining-room to the front parlor, but their wild hopes of slipping in unobserved were shattered by their being sent off to bed as soon as their supper was eaten. Morning found them up with the sun in order that they might not miss the departure of the ducal coach. They need not have troubled themselves. The future King of France was not an early riser and perhaps he found Grandmother Emery's best bed of live goose feathers particularly grateful after the hard journey of the previous day. Anyway, he had his breakfast served to him in his bedroom.

Louis Philippe and his party remained a day or two at Col. Emery's tavern. And what do you suppose pleased Louis most, among all the new and to him strange things, in this part of the new country? The pictures that hung on the walls of the "spare room" which he occupied. They were by French artists, their titles in the French language, and these reminders looked wonderfully good to the exiled duke.

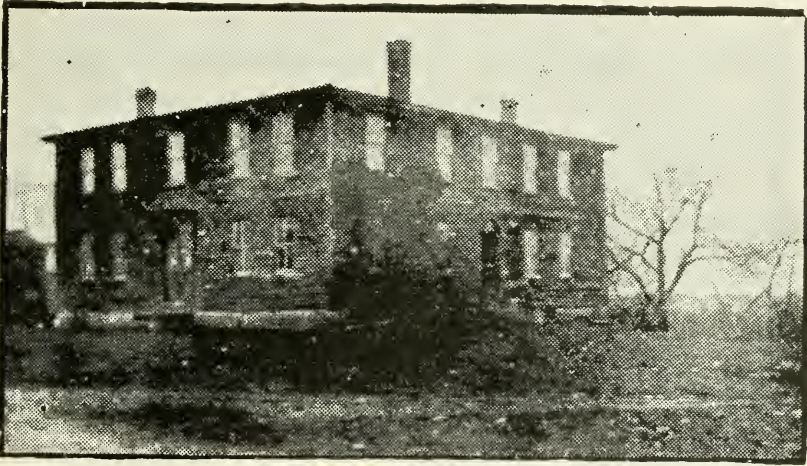
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Twenty-eight years later another distinguished guest from France was entertained at this same tavern, one who was largely influential in putting Louis Philippe on the throne of France. It was the Marquis de Lafayette, on his memorable visit to America in 1824-5. He stopped there, so it is claimed, on his way to Portland and for this reason the old house, which was quite a palatial one for those days, was for many years known as the Lafay-

ette Tavern. This old landmark, a square, rambling, two-storied house, could be seen in South Sanford, until a very few years ago, when it was torn down.

Another notable occasion in the boyhood of Caleb, Thomas and William Emery came two years after the visit of Louis Philippe, at the death of George Washington. On the day of the funeral the town's militia paraded the streets of South Sanford.

With thrills mingled with awe, the boys watched the company under command of Major Samuel Nas-



The Lafayette Tavern, Sanford

son march, with arms reversed, to the muffled beat of drums, toward the tavern.

There they were received by Col. Emery and given refreshment, as was the custom of the day.

Washington did not seem such a far-away and shadowy personage to the Emery boys as he does to the boys and girls of our day. He was as real to Caleb and Thomas as Theodore Roosevelt to-day is to you.

Several Sanford veterans had been with Washington, two of them through the terrible winter at Valley Forge, and they spoke quite familiarly of Gen. Washington, when, around the blazing fire at the Emery Tavern, they related their hardships and sufferings.

Only ten years before his death (Thomas was a baby then) Washington actually had visited Kittery Point. It was the one and only time the Father of his Country was in Maine and he considered the visit of enough importance to mention in his diary.

The boys frequently rode with their grandfather to Kittery, which was but a few miles from their home. This town was the birthplace and old home of both the Colonel and his wife. It had been related to the lads, many times, how Washington, on that visit, went fishing with Parson Stevens and a party of friends. Caleb wished he had been born a few years sooner, so that he might, perchance, have gone to Kittery to see the great man; and he never could understand why his grandfather had neglected to find out what luck President Washington had when he went fishing in Kittery.

—*Emmie Bailey Whitney.*

DR. BENJAMIN VAUGHAN, THE FRIEND OF STATESMEN

“**H**ALLOWELL will one day be greater than New York,” wrote an Italian historian, who visited Maine more than a century ago, “for through it will flow all the trade from Canada.”

Could he have known how little of his dream of Hallowell's greatness was to be realized, he might have wondered. Perhaps he did not understand the difference between the sunny climate of his own land, and that of a country whose rivers are ice-bound for at least three months of the year, but he had some little foundation on which to build his dreams, for Hallowell, when he saw it, was a port of entry, and from it ships sailed away down the Kennebec, bound for nearly every port on the globe. Oftentimes those same ships were built and launched from Hallowell's banks. Perhaps the ship-builder was a sea-captain as well, or if he were not, he made voyages in his own ships to strange lands. Such was Peter Grant, whose grandchildren found a pencilled record on the lid of his desk, of every voyage he had ever made in his sailing vessels.

To this Peter Grant fell the honor of cutting the masts for "Old Ironsides." He cut them in Vassalboro, and his little grand-daughter, when she was old enough to understand the story, used to gaze with awe at the stumps from which they were cut.

Though the tide of commerce ebbing from her shores has robbed Hallowell of her glory, she has been left rich memories. Could some magic power call up the pageant of her past you would see persons of world-wide fame. Through the magic power of the imagination, try to catch a glimpse of one of the personages with whom old Hallowell was familiar—Dr. Benjamin Vaughan. Dr. Vaughan was associated with the greatest statesmen of his day. He designed our State Seal and this is but one of his many claims to distinction.

Benjamin Vaughan was born in Jamaica, April 19, 1751. When a small lad, his father moved to London. He was a student at Cambridge, one of England's great universities, but was not allowed to receive any degree because he was a Unitarian, and that honor was reserved for members of the Church of England.

Benjamin Vaughan married Sarah Manning, the daughter of a wealthy London merchant. Miss Manning's father withheld his consent to the marriage for a long time, because the young man was wholly engrossed in politics and had no profession. So Vaughan went to Edinburgh and studied medicine. Upon his return to London, he married Miss Manning, and became the partner of his father-in-law. He devoted some of his time, however, to his profession, opening an office in London, and also writing on medical subjects. He did not give up his interest in political matters, and he served as a member of Parliament. Years afterward, when he had made his home in Maine, he practised medicine among the people who needed his services.

Then came the French Revolution, which followed our own Revolution so closely. Benjamin Vaughan's whole heart was with a down-trodden and oppressed people, and he gave all his energies to helping them. Lord Shelburne, to whom he was private secretary, had sent him to Paris four times previously as an ambassador, concerning the Peace of Paris.

Because of his interest in the storm that had burst in France, he fell under the displeasure of the government in England. He spent much time abroad, living for a year in Paris. He came to

know Robespierre who figured so prominently in the Revolution and who generally has been regarded as a monster. Dr. Vaughan, however, had no sympathy with Robespierre's methods of establishing justice. While living in France, Dr. Vaughan aroused the suspicion of the very people he was trying to aid. To escape their rage, he took the name of Jean Martin, and under that name finally fled for his life from France to Switzerland.

A letter he had written put his life in danger. Almost any letter was dangerous in France in those days, for no matter how innocent it seemed, the frenzied people could generally find proof in it, or thought they could, that the writer meant some harm.

The French revolutionists wanted help from other countries. They asked the United States to help them, but the young nation, having just ended one war, had no mind to take part in another. When England, too, refused aid, the Revolutionists made plans for landing an army there and compelling their help. Dr. Vaughan did not approve this plan. In protest he wrote the letter which so nearly cost him his life.

If he could not live in France, neither could he return to his English home, since the government there was looking on him with disfavor, and William Pitt advised him to keep out of Great Britain.

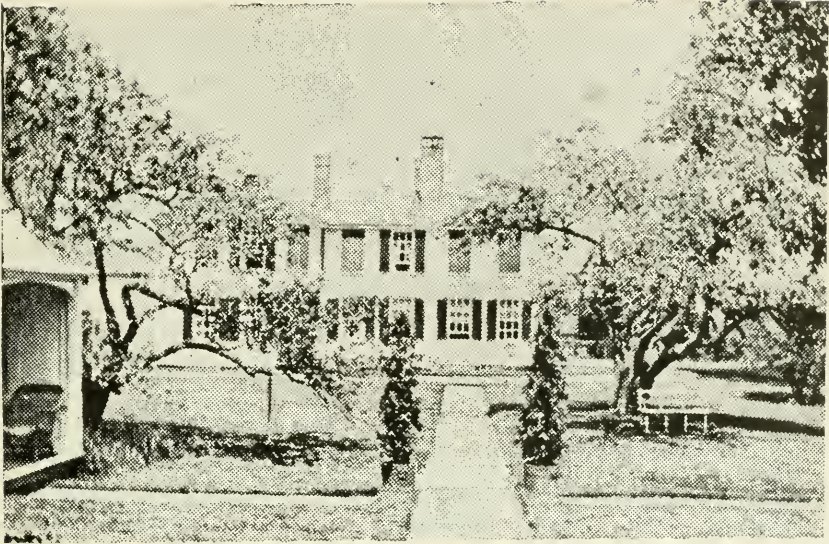
After the stormy scenes he had witnessed, his mind turned naturally to some spot where he might find peace. He had been greatly interested in the American Revolution, and the fate of the new nation, and he determined to emigrate to America. His brother Charles had preceded him to the new

land and at that time was living near Boston, and he himself had inherited lands on the Kennebec from his grandfather, Benjamin Hallowell. Dr. Vaughan sought there a haven of rest. He expected to find an ideal republic where everybody lived simply. He wanted his own family to be like the people among whom they were going to live, so he had them dress in the simplest manner, and he sold the silver plate which they had been accustomed to use at table.

Dr. Vaughan's hopes of an ideal country where all the people lived simple, honest lives, were shattered, but at least in Hallowell he found the quiet for which his soul longed. He and his wife rode to their new home on horseback through the Maine woods. Here, at the brow of a hill, Dr. Vaughan made his home in the house which is still standing, built by his brother, Charles. It was spacious and substantial, though simple in architecture, and was filled with historic pictures and colonial furniture. Acres of smooth, green lawns sloped away to the river, and the extensive gardens were under the care of an English gardener. At a short distance from the house, in a deep ravine with almost perpendicular sides, Vaughan brook, a noisy little stream, tore and twisted and splashed on its way to join the Kennebec.

The house and the furnishings are little changed today, and the place is still the home of a direct descendant of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan.

In the quiet of his new home, Dr. Vaughan indulged his taste for farming. He imported choice fruit trees, often giving away young trees or seed to encourage his neighbors in the same pursuit. He brought the best breeds of cattle from Europe, and



The Vaughan Mansion, Hallowell



Vaughan Brook

so famous did his stock become, that nearly a hundred years later, when cattle were carried from the Kennebec to Brighton, people would exclaim, "There goes the Vaughan breed."

Dr. Vaughan instituted the first agricultural fair in the State of Maine. It was held at Manchester cross roads, and all went well until he undertook to give prizes for the best exhibits. This caused trouble. He was a member of the Massachusetts Society for promoting agriculture, for Maine was a part of Massachusetts then, and he often wrote articles on farming for magazines, signing them "A Kennebec Farmer." Dr. Vaughan's brother Charles settled on the estate, and to him was given the care of the farming interests.

Dr. Vaughan brought to his Hallowell home his library, which contained 10,000 volumes, the largest in New England aside from the Harvard College library. Mrs. Vaughan, who was lady bountiful to the country around, used to gather groups of children in the spacious library and read to them, a great treat, for books were not so plentiful then as now. Some of the medical books were given after Dr. Vaughan's death to the Augusta State Hospital, others were presented to Harvard and Bowdoin.

Dr. Vaughan entertained at this Hallowell home many distinguished guests. Among them was a man who had been very prominent in France, especially during the French Revolution. He was that wily, brilliant and unscrupulous politician, the Duke of Talleyrand. The great statesman was exiled from his own country. With a companion, equally out of favor in France, he fled to England, but the people there would have none of them, and America was

their only refuge. Probably his acquaintance with Dr. Vaughan, whom he had met in Paris, was one of the influences which brought the Duke of Talleyrand to Maine. Then, too, he had been in Maine before, though of that he said never a word. During his stay, he went to Machias. One day at the home of a lawyer, with whom he was dining, he expressed a longing for a sight of the "mountain by the sea" as he called it. His picture of that mountain was such an one as childish memories might have stamped on his mind. Not long afterwards the Duke visited Mount Desert, traveling, however, incognito. His appearance on the island caused much conjecture. The island people wondered what brought him there, and the older ones began to discuss him among themselves. They took notice that their visitor was French. They also noted that he limped slightly. Then they recalled a French boy who had spent his childhood among them, and who had been lame from an accident. Putting all these recollections together they concluded that this strange visitor and the little French boy, who had been taken away from the island so long ago by a stranger, and brought up in France, were the same person.

But what about the Duke's companion in exile? To this day, opinions as to his identity differ. He pretended at times that he could not speak English, though it was found out afterwards that he could speak it very well. In any case, it was certain that for political reasons he was safer out of France just then. As to his identity, some said, and there is every reason to believe, that he was no less a personage than Louis Philippe, then a prince, and after-

wards King of France. Thus a prince of the House of Bourbon once wandered about the glades and wooded slopes of Hallowell and went fishing in Vaughan Brook, into which, tradition says, he once fell.

At least one other visitor to Dr. Vaughan in Hallowell bore a name written in the annals of France. He was the nephew of Marshal Ney, probably the most celebrated of Napoleon's marshals. The young man was ill of a fever while there, and was attended by one of the physicians of the town, Dr. Page. A letter which he wrote to the doctor on his return to France, and which accompanied the hundred dollars he sent, was treasured in the family for years, but was finally lost.

Not only the distinguished guests whom Dr. Vaughan entertained in his home, but his wide correspondence with noted men at home and abroad, showed the prominence he had attained. He counted among his friends President Adams, John Jay and Benjamin Franklin. The latter gave to Dr. Vaughan a copy of his memoirs in his own handwriting. Dr. Vaughan's correspondence with Thomas Jefferson indicated a close friendship.

In 1825, when the Marquis de Lafayette visited Portland, a public reception was given him by Hon. Albion K. Parris, then Governor of Maine. The Governor's aides were watching anxiously to protect the Marquis against any annoyance, when one of them observed to Gov. Parris, "Do you see that man there, clothed in black, in small clothes, his hair white, and hat in hand, who has been talking long with Lafayette? I fear he will annoy him. I'll go and send him away."

The Governor was horrified. "What," said he, "that venerable man? That is Dr. Benjamin Vaughan of Hallowell. He is an old and intimate friend of the Marquis."

Probably few men who have done so much for their country have been so little recognized as Dr. Vaughan. His services, in the making of peace between this country and Great Britain, have never been properly appreciated. His influence in Hallowell went far to make the town what it was in its early days, and it is said that every man, woman and child in the town looked up to him. He was one of the finest scholars of his time. The degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by Harvard College, and later by Bowdoin. He was a member of many literary and scientific societies both in this country and Europe and he was one of the incorporators of the Maine Historical Society. He died in Hallowell in 1835, at the age of 85.

"The happiest man I ever saw," said one who knew him well.

Dr. Vaughan never would allow any biography of himself to be written, which probably accounts for the fact that in history, he has never received the honor which is his just due. His life would have made a thrilling story, for this man who came to spend his last days in a quiet spot by the Kennebec, had taken part in some of the most stirring events of the great French Revolution and was influential in the development of Maine.

—*Theda Cary Dingley.*

WHEN LAFAYETTE CAME TO PORTLAND

“ ‘WELL DONE, William, you are up bright and early, sure enough!’ ” exclaimed Mrs. Galt to the boy who had just entered the kitchen.

“Yes, mother. You see I don’t want to miss anything if I can help it.”

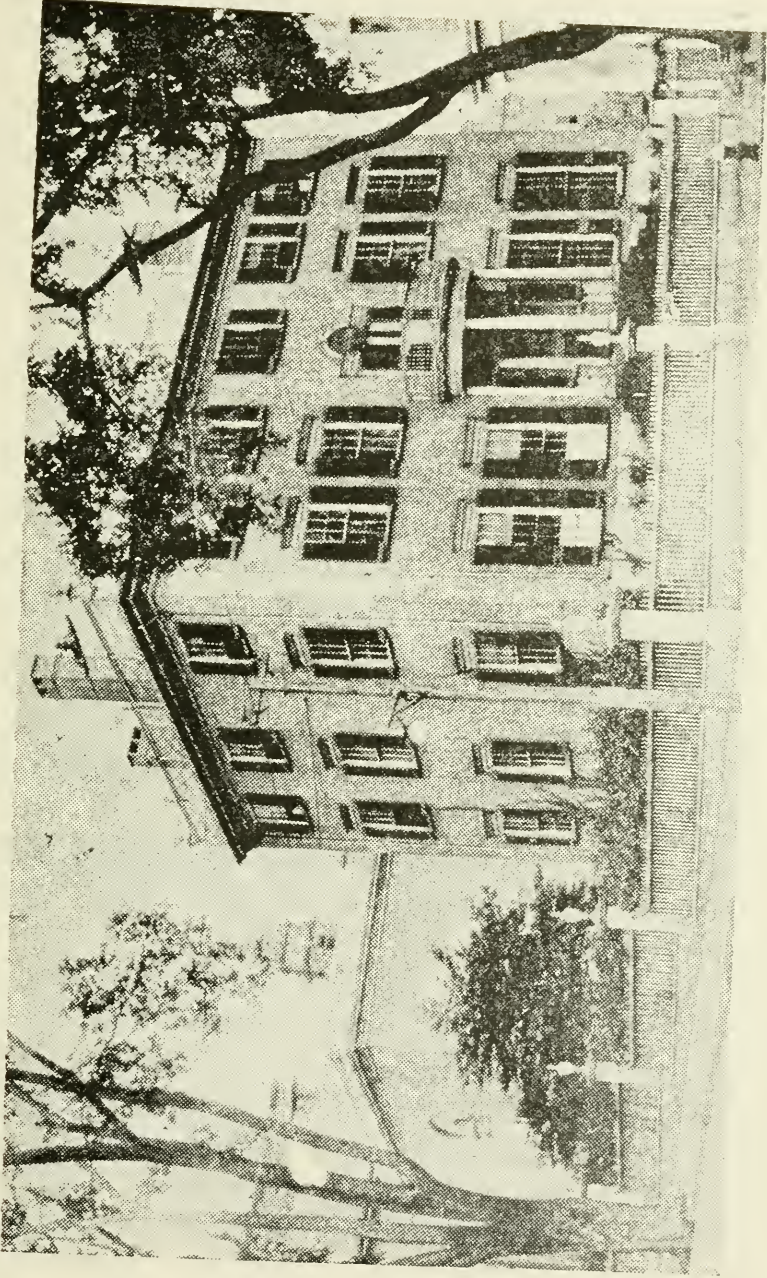
“True,” approved the woman with a nod, “and it’s likely you’ll never see a greater day than this will be for Portland, if all goes well.”

“I’ll be back in time for breakfast,” called the boy.

And before his mother realized his intention, William had darted out into the street of the little town, for this was the 25th day of June in the year 1825, and Portland, though at this time the capital of the new State of Maine, had fewer than ten thousand inhabitants.

William was by no means the only boy running barefoot through the dusty streets. All about was an unusual stir and air of excitement. The town was in gala attire beyond anything ever seen here, and it needed no almanac to tell that it was June, the month of roses; their sweet breath was everywhere. For by armfuls and basketfuls, roses and other flowers had been given till now they were formed into rainbow-hued arches spanning the streets from side to side.

What did it all mean? Had a stranger asked this question he would have been told that today Portland was to have the honor of entertaining the distinguished General, the Marquis Gilbert Motier de La Fayette,* the French gentleman who, nearly



Home of General Wingate, where Lafayette was Entertained.
Now the Sweat Memorial Art Museum

fifty years ago, bravely and generously had joined himself to the Colonial forces during the Revolutionary War.

Lafayette had arrived in this country in August of the preceding year, and, a little more than a week back, had assisted in the services at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument. No wonder that the people of Portland, old and young, were doing everything possible to honor him.

No rain had fallen for a long time, and dust was everywhere. As William reached the center of the town he saw the fire companies sprinkling the streets with their hand engines, and was told that Governor Parris and his party had gone to meet the expected guests at the State line. Forgetting breakfast, forgetting everything but the event about to take place, the boy gazed at the preparations which transformed the familiar streets, and at length joined a crowd, continually growing larger, which was waiting in the western part of the town for the first sight of the approaching party.

It was just nine o'clock when somebody called out, "Look, look! See that cloud of dust. They must be coming!"

Presently, over the road leading from Stroudwater, several carriages were seen coming up the hill. Lafayette had come! and with a thrill of enthusiasm William listened as the twelve-pounder guns stationed above the road announced the fact. These were the guns which had been captured by Lafayette at the battle of Brandywine, in 1777, a battle in which the General had been wounded. Nearer came the carriages, and now, from out the clouds of dust, the eager spectators caught their first sight of the

distinguished visitor, sitting in an open barouche drawn by four white horses. With him were Governor Parris, Col. Dunlap and Col. Erving. In the carriage following were the son of the Marquis, George Washington Lafayette, and a friend, M. L. Vasseur. The reception committee and selectmen of the town were seated in the only coaches of which Portland could boast at this time, three in number, two of these being private carriages loaned for the occasion.

Dismounting from them, the committee met their guests, and Hon. Stephen Longfellow, a prominent lawyer, began his address of welcome, to which the gallant General responded, showing himself familiar not only with the English language, but with the history of the town he had come to visit.

William, meantime, had climbed upon a wheel of the coach, holding himself on by the roof, and as there were no police in Portland at this time, he was permitted to see and hear something he would never forget. As the speech-making ended, a procession was formed with General Samuel Fessenden as chief marshal. The United Truckmen in uniform were followed by the Portland Light Infantry, Rifle Company, Mechanic Blues, and the Brunswick Light Infantry, a company which had marched all the way to Portland (about twenty-nine miles), to join this parade. Very imposing it all was with the carriages taking their places in the rear, and a crowd of the State and townspeople walking on either side, while the hero of the day rode with bared head, the cynosure of all eyes.

Proceeding to the corner of High and Danforth streets, the procession passed under the first arch of

flowers; this displayed on one side the words, "Welcome to Lafayette," and on the reverse, "Brandywine." The second rose-arch was reached at the head of Free Street and here a live eagle looked down upon the unusual scene, while on the south side of the street, school children were gathered. William hurriedly took his place among the boys all of whom wore on their hats the oft-repeated words, "Welcome to Lafayette." The girls were all dressed in white, an eager, excited group.

The parade halted, and Lafayette alighted while from the gathering of white-clad little maidens, one of the older ones stepped forth, a bouquet clasped in her hands, and going up to the General, presented her flowers in the name of the school children of Portland, whereupon the gallant gentleman lifted the girl in his arms and kissed her.

The flutter of excitement died away, and a little later the procession moved on to the corner of Middle and Exchange streets, where the third lofty arch was set up. This displayed the significant reminder, "Yorktown." At the foot of King Street (now India), a beautiful arch caused many exclamations of admiration. This, too, was especially complimentary to the visiting nobleman, being surmounted by a full-rigged ship beneath which could be read the quotation, "Then I shall purchase and fit out a vessel for myself." This was Lafayette's memorable reply to Dr. Benjamin Franklin in 1777, for when at that time the young Marquis offered his services to the struggling American forces, the committee to whom the offer was made was compelled to acknowledge that this country was too poor to give him even decent passage from France, and the intrepid noble-

man had responded in the words now displayed over his head, and it is an historical fact that his words were made good.

At the corner of Pearl and Congress streets the last arch was reached, and just beyond this, in front of the State House, the procession halted. An awning had been stretched from the State House cornice to the fine elms in front of the building, and up one of these trees the energetic William now climbed. From his high seat he could view the platform which had been built, where, after a brief rest, a reception was held, Lafayette shaking hands with the people that thronged to greet him. Suddenly there was a crash, a commotion. The platform had broken down! Fortunately, however, no one was hurt, and the handshaking went on.

After an hour spent in this way, we may well imagine that the General was glad to be conducted to the rooms prepared for his use on Free Street. Here a little later a collation was served, after which the Marquis, who was also a General, went out to make a few calls, one of which was at the home of Mrs. Wingate, a daughter of General Henry Dearborn. The Wingates occupied the mansion on the corner of High and Spring streets, which is known today as the L. D. M. Sweat Art Museum, having become the property of the Portland Society of Art.

At four o'clock a dinner was given at Union Hall, and during the exercises following, this toast was proposed,

“Lafayette, the faithful disciple of the American School.”

Acknowledging the honor in a short speech, Lafayette concluded with these words:

“The State of Maine who, yet an infant and not weaned from its mother, gallantly helped in crushing European aristocracy and despotism; and the town of Portland which rose from the ashes of patriotic Falmouth to become the flourishing metropolis of a flourishing State; may their joint Republican propensity last, and increase forever.”

The toast given by George Washington Lafayette was, “Yankee Doodle, the oldest and gayest death-song to despotism.”

In referring to his former experience in America, the general declared, “I found in Washington a father, and in Knox (Gen. Henry Knox) a brother.”

In all of these grand indoor events, William, of course, could have no part, but he heard all about them afterward.

Although rain was so much needed, it would have been far more welcome on the following day than now just as the guests were leaving the hall, but even as it increased to a storm the distinguished visitors with others from the town and the college authorities, proceeded to the residence of Governor Parris where a levee was given in their honor. There was also a party at the home of Captain Asa Clapp, where was served the first ice cream ever made in Portland.

Many of the young ladies of that day were proud to tell in after years, that they once had danced with Lafayette! And Miss Mary Potter, the school girl who had presented the flowers to the General, became, in later years, the first wife of a young man who was doubtless one of the on-lookers of this day. He was a son of the man who had given the address of welcome, and his name is known today wherever

the English language is spoken. This name is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Several years after the visit of Lafayette, the poet purchased at an auction a bread tray used at the banquet given the General, and this with other mementoes of the occasion may be seen at present at the Wadsworth-Longfellow House in Portland.

—*Ella Matthews Bangs.*

*His full name was,—Marie Paul Jean Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de La Fayette.

ROSALIND OF SQUAM ISLAND



Rosalind

ROSALIND Clough paused a moment on the broad steps of the great, white house. She was a demure little maid with wide brown eyes, the white cap on her dark curls giving her face an almost Puritanical severity. There was something sweet and winsome about the face, although the mouth was drawn with grave lines of anxiety.

Before her in the fast-deepening twilight lay the broad expanse of the Sheepscot River, quivering at its western verge with flashes of crimson and gold. One by one the lights twinkled forth in the houses of the hamlet of Wiscasset across the river. High above her on the white edge of the last cloud, that was resisting the advance of night, glimmered the first great star.

But peaceful as was the scene and all her surroundings there was little quiet or rest in the troubled girlish mind. Far across the water he whom Rosalind loved best, her father, Capt. Clough, had been drawn by strange and riotous currents into the very depths of a whirlpool. In a way Rosalind had been aware of her father's interest in the events that had shaken the French nation. For many years he had voyaged thither, and his name was well known, along the quays of Havre and in the great merchant-houses of Paris, as that of a man of honor, whose word was as good as gold, one who could be trusted in all places and at all times—a true American.

Often in the quiet evenings of early fall, or when the snow fell softly about the mansion on Squam Island, he would tell singular tales as his family gathered about the cheery blaze. The names of Louis, the weakling king, of the traitorous Duke of Orleans, of Danton and Marat, the wicked, reckless leaders of the revolution, had become household words to the children of the brave captain. But there was always one story that Rosalind would always draw closer to hear, for her father's voice grew gentler in tone and lingered with a sympathetic cadence whenever he spoke the name of the beautiful, ill-fated French queen, Marie Antoinette.

Marie Antoinette, what marvelous visions that name evoked in the girlish mind! Marie Antoinette, haughty, wondrous fair, every inch a queen; Marie Antoinette in her sweet matronhood, loving wife and fond mother in the stately old palace at Versailles; Marie Antoinette facing that blood-thirsty mob in the Tuileries, calm with the calmness of utter de-

spair; Marie Antoinette in those last sad chapters, bereft of all that life held dear, standing in the dread shadow of the guillotine, always a beautiful, pathetic figure, a royal, noble woman to the end.

Capt. Clough had been in France that fatal July day when the smouldering fury of the Paris mob had burst into flame, and, urged to insurrection, had stormed the old Bastille and captured the prison. During the terrible summer of 1792 he had seen the excited populace, swearing, howling, cursing and fighting, massacre the brave Swiss guards and thrust the royal family into a dungeon. Before he reached his quiet Maine home, for passage was slow in those days, France had become a republic. Before he again set foot in the streets of Paris, they had literally flowed red with blood, and Louis XVI. had met his fate on the guillotine. Capt. Clough's letters home touched the hearts of his readers, for through his friendship with the loyalists, he had become familiar with the pitiful suffering of the royal family. "The luxuriant hair of Marie Antoinette turned white in a single night," he wrote his daughter.

Many times Rosalind had stolen out alone in the early twilight to watch for a vessel that did not come. Capt. Clough's family had been expecting his return from France through many long autumn days. Knowing as they did of the turbulent times in France, and of how little account was the life of one who sympathized with the royal cause during the Reign of Terror, their minds were filled with anxiety. The mother was a dignified, matronly woman loving her children in her own quiet way; the father, clever sailor and business man

though he was, had the mystic nature of a student and a dreamer, which his daughter had inherited. There was thus a strong chain of sympathy between them, a sort of mental telepathy that bound them to each other with a tie that distance could not break. Sometimes Rosalind would say at the breakfast table, "I shall hear from my father today," and in almost every instance the letter would arrive before night-fall. Occasionally she would cry out anxiously, "I am afraid my father is ill," and the next word received would tell of some indisposition. Neither tried to explain this strange sympathy, for it had existed so long it had become a part of their every-day lives. Naturally this time of suspense had borne heavily on Rosalind and somewhat saddened her:

At last a letter had come to the uneasy watchers telling a strange tale of happenings across the sea. Capt. Clough wrote of the relentless hounding of royal sympathizers by Robespierre; how a word or a whisper in the morning had sent many an innocent man to his death before night; how all day the death carts rattled through the streets, as Robespierre from an upper window watched "the cursed aristocrats" and mocked at their pain; and how it was rumored that she, the noble, the royal woman, must meet the fate of her murdered husband.

"There is a plot afoot," wrote Capt. Clough, "to rescue the queen from the guillotine. I scarce dare think, much less write of it to you, my dear ones, for every day I see men hurried to death without even a prayer, for less than this. But that you may be prepared in some measure for what may follow, I will write briefly concerning our hazardous undertaking.

Friends of the unhappy queen have spoken in private to friends of mine, and they in turn to me. My ship lies in the port at any moment ready for sailing. I await the word. Methinks I need say no more, my loved ones, for I write in haste and with a troubled heart. Well you know my sympathy has always been with her, even though I am an American-born citizen, and in America we know no king but God. My wife, prepare you the house, not as for a royal guest, but I say to you, for a broken-hearted woman. Wait and watch and pray, my dear ones, for me and for her gracious and deeply-wronged majesty, Marie Antoinette.”

It was of this letter Rosalind was thinking as she scanned the river with anxious eyes. For days there had been stir and excitement in the great house on Squam Island. Every nook and corner had been cleaned and polished, and cleaned and polished again. On this night, and for many nights before, all had been in readiness for the strange guest. The brightest fires roared their cheeriest welcome, the larder groaned with its goodly store. But days and nights had come and gone with unrewarded vigil.

Striving to throw off the vague unrest and dread that possessed her, Rosalind hastened down the path to the shore. She had felt all day a subdued excitement, a premonition. As she followed the long path she seemed lifted out of herself. It was the hour when Capt. Clough loved to draw his daughter's arm through his own and lead her down to the shore. All the cares, the anxieties, the sorrows of the past few weeks, fell from her like a cloak, and she lived again the hours when they had paced the beach together, when he had taught her the lore of the waters, and

of the heavens, and led her with him along a pathway of stars. She loved to think, as she followed the path, that Mars shone as redly for him far away on the high seas as it did for her; that he, too, could see Vega's brightness, Venus's beauty, and the shimmering swarm of the Pleiades.

Rosalind paced slowly back and forth on the beach. The damp wind on her face revived the memory of an hour that was gone; the fascination of the night was upon her. As she turned seaward, the darkness blotted even the horizon from view. The girl stood staring into the blackness.

Then the vision came to her. Earth and sea and sky seemed to flash before her. Every tree, every bush on the opposite shore, every bend in the river burst plainly on her view. The glare pierced and tore the dusk like a flash of lightning. She closed her eyes, opened them, stared like one in a dream. On the broad current of the stream she beheld the masts, the deck, and hull of a vessel, and although it was like a barque of silver on water of crystal, she knew it was her father's own ship illumined with a strange and startling brightness. She saw the busy sailors, the captain on the deck, even beheld her father throw back his head in the old, familiar way; saw and recognized every detail of sail and mast and spar. And then she saw Her—the Woman. She was floating rather than walking upon that silvered deck, beautiful in countenance and form, tall, regal in carriage, richly gowned, with powdered hair and a face that held one spellbound, so filled was it with youth and grace. Rosalind saw her stretch out her hands with a sudden, beseeching gesture, as if pleading for release; then raise her eyes

to Heaven with a wonderful look of peace. The girl strove to move, to speak, but could make neither motion nor sound. Even as she struggled with the torpor that benumbed her, the brightness faded, there was darkness over island and sea, and the vision was gone.

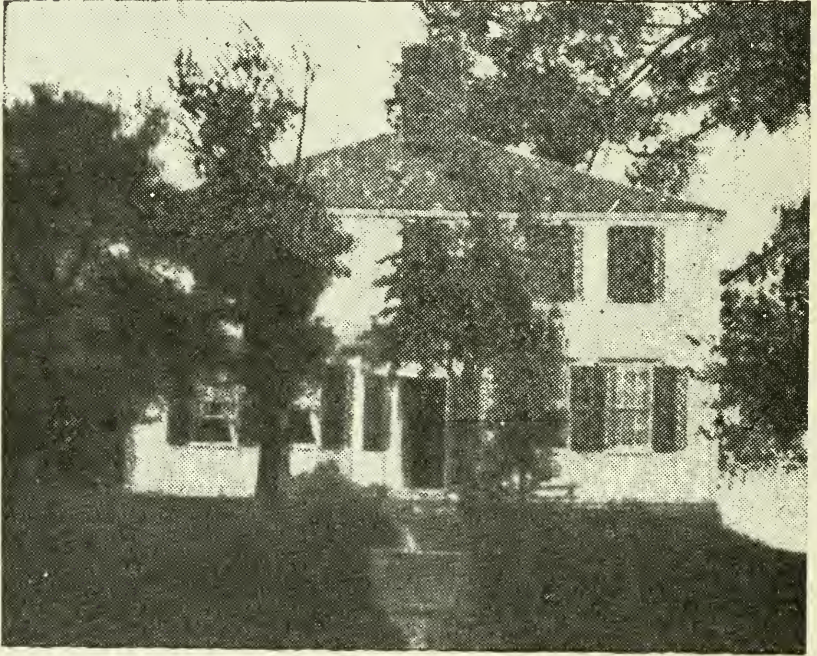
Half an hour later Madam Clough, sitting by the glowing fire, was roused from her sad musings by the sound of swift steps in the hall. The door was flung open to admit Rosalind looking like a wraith of the night with her hair blown about her wide eyes and pallid face.

“Mother! Mother!” she cried, “My father is well. He will return. But she—she—Marie Antoinette, is dead!”

Winter had cast its pall over the earth before Captain Clough sailed up the Sheepscoot River to his home on Squam Island; and he brought beautifully carved furniture, draperies of velvet and silk, magnificent paper hangings, and even gowns of costly brocade, which the friends of Marie Antoinette had placed on board his vessel in the far-away French waters that their loved queen might have fitting surroundings in her exile. He told of the discovery of the plot on the eve of its consummation; of the message, concealed and sent in a bouquet to the queen, and discovered by her jailers; of her swift execution; of the imprisonment of her true and faithful friends; of his own hairbreadth escape, and of the blood-curdling shouts of the mob, when it stormed through the streets bearing Marie Antoinette to her untimely doom. The night on which

Rosalind Clough had seen the strange vision was that of October 16, 1793, the date of the queen's execution.

The old house which legend says was prepared for the queen's residence, has been moved to the



The Marie Antoinette House

opposite shore of Edgecomb, and its quiet rooms greet with colonial stateliness the visitors who come and go. One by one the relics that give substance to the story, have been carried away by souvenir hunters. Only a shred of tapestry and a piece of brocaded stuff, on which is pinned a piece of paper in Capt. Clough's handwriting, remain. This certificate

asserts that the cloth was sent to Capt. Clough "by an eye witness" and was a bit of the gown worn by the queen at her execution. Many of the tapestries were given away years ago; the hangings have fallen to tattered rags; the quaint, old side-board stood for a quarter of a century in the old Knox House, Thomaston. Fair little Rosalind married and "lived happily ever after" like the princess in the fairy tale. Her first daughter was named Antoinette, and to this day the name remains in the family, handed down from daughter to daughter.

—*Maude Clark Gay.*

Our Banner

Thy stars and stripes, O Banner bright,
 Wave grandly true from lofty height,
 Like signals from the hill-top flung,
 Or sounds from chimes in belfries hung.
 Thy stripes are pure without alloy,
 Thy folds are tremulous with joy,
 Thy stars shine ever clear and true
 As in God's firmament of blue.

They tell of faith both rich and strong,
 They tell of triumph over wrong;
 Their luster bright shall never dim,
 For they are wrought through faith in Him.
 Each star a jewel is of light,
 Each stripe makes purpose strong to fight
 'Gainst wanton ill, to break or bend,
 Till Victory shall crown the end.

CHORUS

Then cheer the Flag! Red, White and Blue,
 A trinity of colors true,
 Combin'd in one make truly great
 The Standard of our Ship of State.

—*H. W. Shaylor.*

WAR OF 1812—MAINE BECOMES A STATE

“THE SEA-FIGHT FAR AWAY”

*I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide;
And the dead captains as they lay
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died.*

—Longfellow.

○ NE EVENING about dusk in the early part of September, 1813, a little girl wrapped in a long, dark cloak might have been seen hurrying along a lonely road in a seaport town on the coast of Maine.

The child walking swiftly, now and then running along the dusty road, saw none of the beauties of the night. She was trembling and gasping in great fear. Once as some shy, woodland creature fled from her approach, rustling through the underbrush, terror lent speed to her feet and she stopped not until brought suddenly to a halt, quivering and panting, by the sight of a black object cowering like some savage creature by the roadside. Not until she realized that it was only a stump could she keep on her way.

All summer the British brig, Boxer, had been the terror of the Maine coast. None could tell where would be the next point of attack, and they had

stout hearts indeed whose faces did not pale and pulses beat faster at sight of a strange ship off shore. To the neighbor's house which the child had just left, alarming news had been brought that day by some fishermen who had gone out in the early morning to fish near the White Islands. Hardly had the first catch been taken from the lines, when another small boat appeared, the rowers plying their oars with such vigor that the craft seemed fairly to leap through the water. As they drew near they raised a shout which caused the two fishermen to look at each other with startled eyes. A British ship had been seen the evening before near Monhegan. Only one meaning could be attached to this appearance. No time was lost by the small boats in reaching the harbor and in a short time the news had spread far and near.

Little Elizabeth Stewart listened eagerly to her elders as they discussed plans for defense or flight. She had spent the afternoon with the neighbor's children and in the excitement had forgotten the passage of time until some chance remark caused her to remember that she had long overstayed her time and that her mother would be worrying. Besides, they at home did not know that the British were so near; she must warn them and quickly. But oh, the terrors of that short journey home!

Hark! what was that? Nearer came the sound, and now as she crouched in the shadows, she could distinguish the rapid hoofbeats of a horse. It was not far behind—there was a sharp clatter as the swift hoofs swept over the little bridge by the old pasture bars. Who could be riding like that? What new danger threatened? Straining her eyes, she

could see a man mounted on a white horse. Reining in sharply beside her, he demanded sternly, "What is this? Who is hiding here?"

A half cry broke from the child; what a relief those familiar tones had brought to her. She sprang to the horse's side.

"Oh, Mr. Gresham, I was afraid—I thought—oh, are the British coming?" The hood fell back from her face showing it white in the moonlight. The man peered down from his lofty position.

"Why, 'tis James Stewart's little Elizabeth; what are you doing here, child?" His voice had grown suddenly kind.

"I am going home, sir. Oh, I must hurry; father doesn't know about the British ships—do you think they will come tonight?" casting fearful glances about.

John Gresham stooped and swung her up to the saddle and the horse, at a word, started eagerly forward.

"Nay, little maid, I cannot tell. There is certainly a British ship between this place and Portland, for I am just from the village and have talked with the men who saw her. But she may look for a richer place than our little settlement, or perhaps one of our own ships may rout her."

Elizabeth, child though she was, felt the anxiety in his tones; he felt her tremble and went on more lightly. "But here we are at the gate and here is father coming to look for you. Be not out so late again without a protector, little Elizabeth," he advised as he swung her to the ground.

Tall James Stewart clasped her hand silently and then pressed forward to ask an eager question.

“You have been in the village, Neighbor Gresham, what news there?”

In a few hurried words, John Gresham revealed the danger of the settlement. “I think it is the Boxer—she has been seen off this coast before. They may not come tonight but ’tis well to watch,” he said as he started on.

The thud of the horse’s hoofs had died away as James Stewart, still holding Elizabeth’s hand tightly, entered the fire-lighted kitchen of the low, substantial farmhouse.

“What is the news, James?” cried his wife. “I have been so uneasy since Elizabeth left. Why, child, what has happened to make you look so shaken?”

The father stood still for a moment before answering. Before the morrow’s sun rose, it might be that this dwelling which had sheltered his father before him, would be ashes, and they themselves—where?

“Yes, Sally, there is news at last; I fear that the attack we have so long expected will be upon us soon. Neighbor Gresham has come from the village at full speed and says a British brig is off John’s Bay. Best have the children lie down and perhaps they will sleep if we are not disturbed, but I shall watch.”

As he spoke he slipped the heavy bar across the door, bolted it, and then went from window to window, closing the heavy wooden shutters and fastening all securely.

“Then I shall watch, too,” said his wife quietly, “I could not sleep.”

Suddenly little seven-years-old Martha darted from her place before the fire and hung upon her father's hand.

"Oh, father," she implored, "don't stay here—don't! We shall all be burnt up if we do. Oh, let's harness Cherry and Tom and take our clothes and the brass andirons grandfather brought from Scotland and go as far as we can." Her voice was shrill with fear and she tugged at his hand as if to draw him to the door.

"No, no, Martha," said her father gently, "we will not run away; there is nothing to be gained by that and much might be lost. Father will not let any harm come to you if he can help it."

"James," said his wife suddenly, "is there not a chance that one of our ships might meet this Britisher and destroy her?"

"Yes, there is a slight chance," he answered, "though the Boxer would give a stiff fight to any vessel not her equal in size and strength."

"If it should be the Enterprise," she said in a low, strained voice, "you know our Thomas is with Captain Burrows, and if there should be a fight—" she broke off with a shudder.

"We must hope for the best," her husband replied, though the hand which he lifted to take down his musket, trembled slightly.

One by one the children, clinging to one another, fell asleep on a straw bed which had been dragged into one corner. From the opposite side of the room the tall clock commenced to strike the hour. James Stewart, sitting by the loophole in one of the shutters, counted the strokes.

"Ten o'clock," he said, "Sally, I do not like to have you wear yourself out with watching; lie down with the children and rest while you may." His wife made no answer. With hands tightly clasped she leaned forward, eyes fixed, listening. Then with a sudden motion she flung open the shutter.

"Hark! what is that?" she whispered. For a moment to their straining ears came only the sighing of the light wind through the leaves and the plaintive cry of a whippoorwill. Then came a faint cry as of a far-off halloo, then only the soft whisperings of the September night. "Does it mean that they are coming?" asked the woman below her breath.

"It may have been only someone in the village," he replied, "I cannot tell; we must be watchful."

The night wore slowly on and no further sight or sound met the straining senses of the watchers. As the morning broke and the birds began to twitter in the trees, a sweet relief came upon them. With cramped and weary limbs they rose from their position at the window.

"They will not come now," said James Stewart. "It is the Sabbath, Sally, let us thank God that it dawns in peace."

Soon the children awoke rubbing their sleepy eyes. "I dreamed that the British came," said little Elizabeth, "but brother Thomas came in a ship with a great gun and saved us. Father, must we go to the meeting-house today?"

"Yes, surely, child," answered her father. "We shall see all our neighbors there and learn what has occurred overnight and what plans have been made."

So across the fields and pastures bright with autumn goldenrod they took their way. Everything was calm and peaceful this bright September morning; war and death seemed far away.

Little groups were gathered in front of the old meeting-house on the green common facing the distant sea. One subject only was discussed. A highly nervous feeling ran through the groups, yet even this could not keep these devoted people from gathering at the usual time to worship in the old church which their fathers had built.

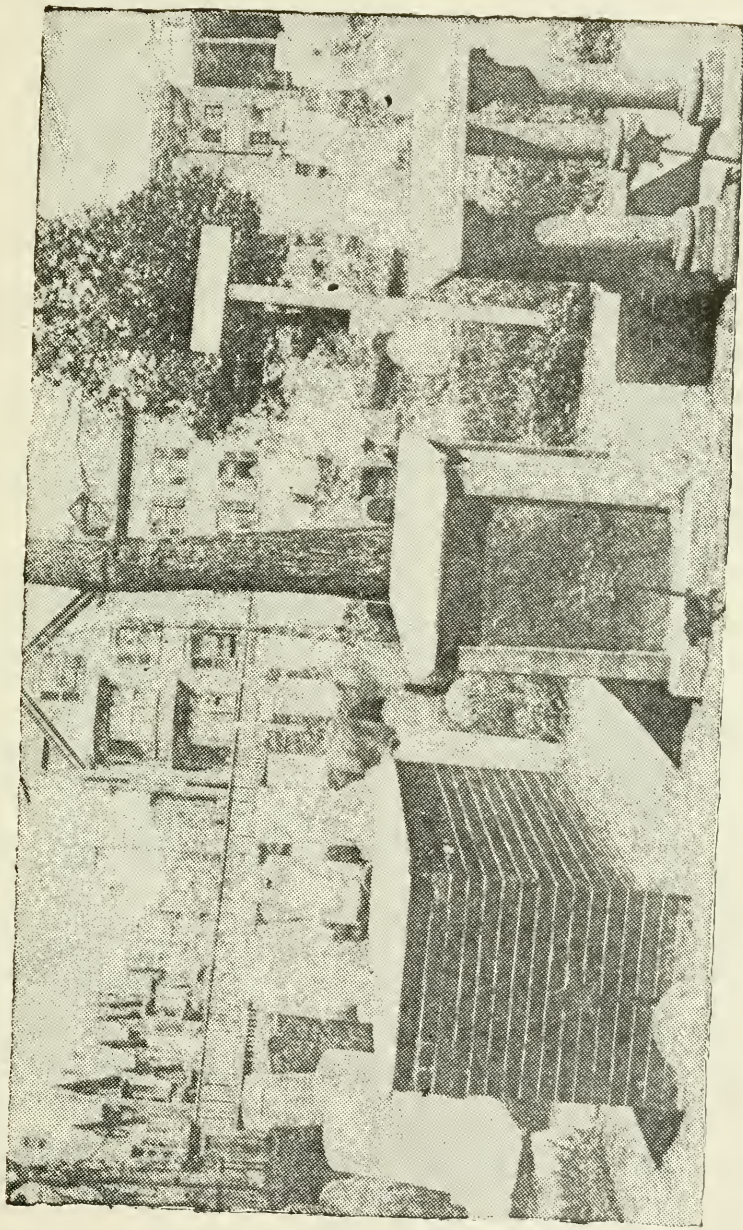
The morning services were held, the noon hour came and went, and the afternoon worship began. The minister spoke with his usual earnest manner, but even he seemed to have caught the waiting, listening attitude of his people. At times he fumbled with the open Bible before him, ear inclined slightly toward the windows on his right, then his sermon swept on. The soft breeze came through the windows, rustling the leaves of the hymn-books.

And then—all heard it, heavy, unmistakable—the distant boom of a cannon! The preacher stopped in the midst of a sentence and all waited, breathless and pale. Again came the sound, another following closely upon it.

“Come, friends, to Kenniston’s Hill!” cried the minister, starting from his place. “Perchance we can see there!”

With one accord men, women and children rushed from the building and across the green. Little Elizabeth panted by her mother’s side, a younger child held by each hand.

“Do you think, mother, the British are coming?” she managed to cry. But her mother did not



Graves of the Captains of the Enterprise and the Boxer in Eastern Cemetery, Portland.

answer; her eyes were fixed upon those who had already gained the summit of the hill and stood gazing seaward, hands shading their eager eyes. In a few moments they, too, had reached the hill-top.

Far out near the dim sky-line lay a soft, gray cloud-like smoke; as they looked, it was lifted by the breeze and two dark objects lay disclosed. A puff of white smoke came from the larger of the two and a deep, sullen boom smote the ears of the listeners. Then the gray curtain settled again, shutting the two vessels from sight. The next time it rose their positions were slightly changed; each seemed to be manœuvering for the advantage. The sound of the cannon came at intervals and the smoke rose and fell with the gentle wind.

To the watchers on the hill the moments were heavy with anxiety. Some American vessel had engaged the British brig and their fate depended upon the issue. An hour passed.

“If the Boxer is beaten,” said someone, “they will go west toward Portland; but if she wins—” he left the sentence unfinished and strained his eyes seaward.

Within the last half hour the cloud of smoke seemed to have grown heavier; for perhaps fifteen minutes no sound of firing had been heard. Then the fitful breeze which had almost died away awoke to sudden life and, as if out of pity for the waiting people, raised the enshrouding veil once more. The vessels were slowly moving! but which way? The anxious hearts beat fast. Then a soft movement swept through the crowd as when the summer breeze rustles the leaves upon the trees. The minister

turned, his face glowing, and flung both hands toward heaven.

"Friends!" he cried, "we are saved! We are saved! They are moving toward the west!"

—*Charlotte M. H. Beath.*

NOTE.—Many and varied accounts have come down to us of this famous battle between the Boxer and the Enterprise, off the coast of Maine, which history calls one of the important naval engagements of the War of 1812. On Monday, Sept. 6, 1813, the United States brig Enterprise came into Portland Harbor, bringing her prize, the British ship, Boxer, captured on Sunday, the 5th, after a well-fought battle lasting 45 minutes, off the shores of Pemaquid. Both commanders, Capt. William Burrows of the Enterprise and Capt. Samuel Blyth of the Boxer, were killed in the engagement. Both fell, mortally wounded, early in the action. The brave commander of the Enterprise remained on deck where he fell, refusing to be carried below. Raising his head, he requested that the flag might never be struck. When the battle was won and the sword of the enemy presented to him, the dying hero clasped his hands and said: "I am satisfied. I die contented." That night he died. The Boxer fired the challenging shot at half past eight Sunday morning and surrendered at forty-five minutes past three in the afternoon. The Enterprise brought into Portland sixty-four prisoners. She had lost but two men. Twelve were wounded. Great preparations were made for the burial of the two brave captains, neither of them yet thirty years old. Crowds of people from the neighboring towns and villages flocked in, on foot, on horseback and some by ox team. The funeral ceremonies were very imposing and the two naval heroes were buried in Eastern Cemetery, Portland, where their graves are visited by many to this day.

WHERE MAINE WAS MADE A STATE

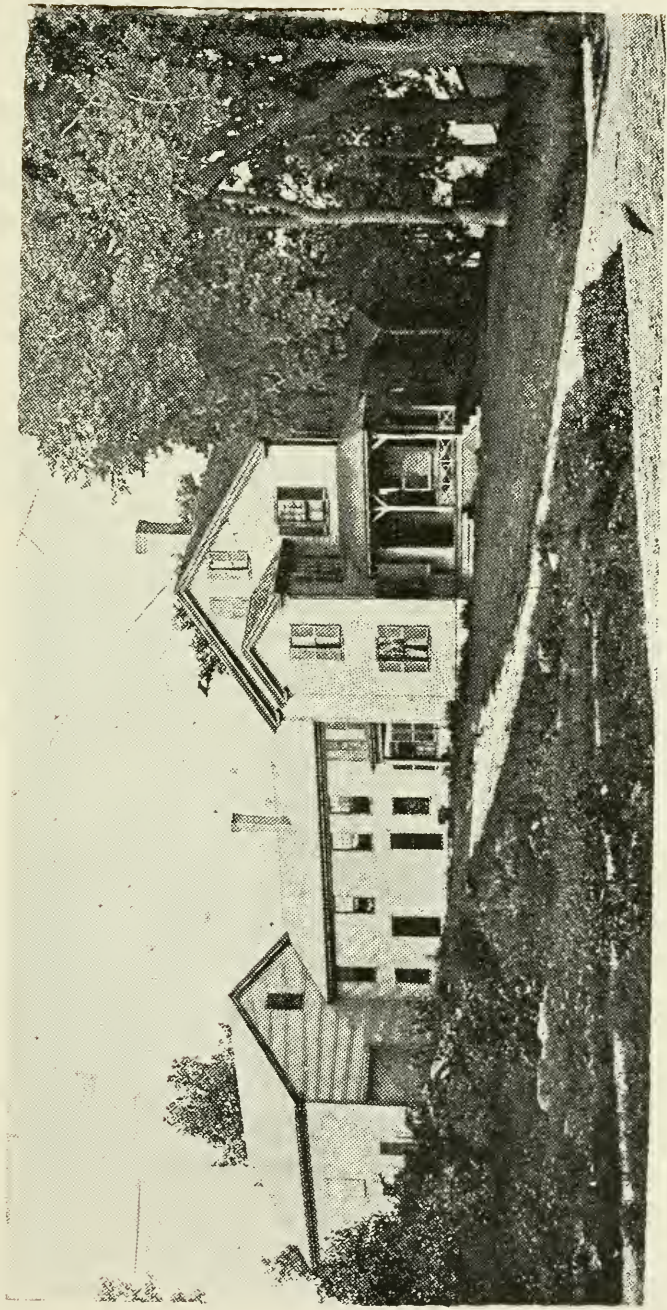
OVER a hundred years ago when travelers made the stage coach journey between Bangor and Boston, their favorite stopping-place for the night was in Freeport, at the Jameson Tavern, famous for its good cooking and comfortable beds.

At that time Maine was a province, ruled by Massachusetts; and it was in 1820, at the Jameson Tavern, that the final papers of separation were signed making Maine a free and independent State.

The old tavern still stands on the main street of the village and in 1915, the Maine Daughters of the American Revolution marked the house with a tablet so that the name and historical interest of the place might be preserved.

Built in 1779 by Dr. John Hyde, the house was sold later to Landlord Jameson who made it one of the best taverns in the Province of Maine. It was built on a solid ledge and very large timber was used in its construction. Long afterward it was sold to a Mr. Codman who also kept it as a public house, but at the time the articles of separation were signed, it was known as the Jameson Tavern.

The commissioners empowered to make Maine a State met in 1820 in the front north-east room of the tavern. Over a fortnight, these men who represented both Maine and Massachusetts, deliberated and finally decided that Maine should give to Massachusetts \$180,000 for her part of the public lands in the Province. Of this sum \$30,000 was in Indian claims which Maine assumed, and the remaining \$150,000 was to be paid in forty years



Jameson Tavern, Freeport, where Act of Separation, making Maine a State, was signed in 1820.

with interest at five per cent. In the group of commissioners which made this bargain were Timothy Bigelow of Groton, Mass., Levi Lincoln of Worcester, Mass., Benjamin Porter of Topsham and James Bridge of Augusta, Maine. These four chose Silas Holman of Bolton, Mass., and Lathrop Lewis of Gorham, Maine, to complete the board. Some time before this, the commissioners from Maine, joined by Daniel Rose of the Senate and Nicholas Emery of the House, had gone to Boston and discussed the matter with the Massachusetts commissioners. It was only after a long session, during which the board met in a number of Massachusetts towns and cities, that they came to Jameson Tavern and signed the final papers.

Some people opposed statehood for Maine and feeling was intense, both for and against it. At meetings called in all the cities and villages on Monday, July 26, all citizens went to the polls and a majority voted for her independence. After this meeting, the commissioners met at Jameson Tavern and signed the final articles of separation.

Since the tavern has become a private residence, many changes have been made. The low-posted bar-room is now the kitchen, but in the old time it was the chief room of entertainment for the guests. In this room, round the blaze in the big open fireplace, the famous judges and lawyers of Eastern Maine, tarrying on their way home from court, told strange tales of the road and whispered the latest political secrets of the day.

In the north-east room the old wainscoting still remains, but the deep window seat has been taken out. In spite of changes there still clings to the old

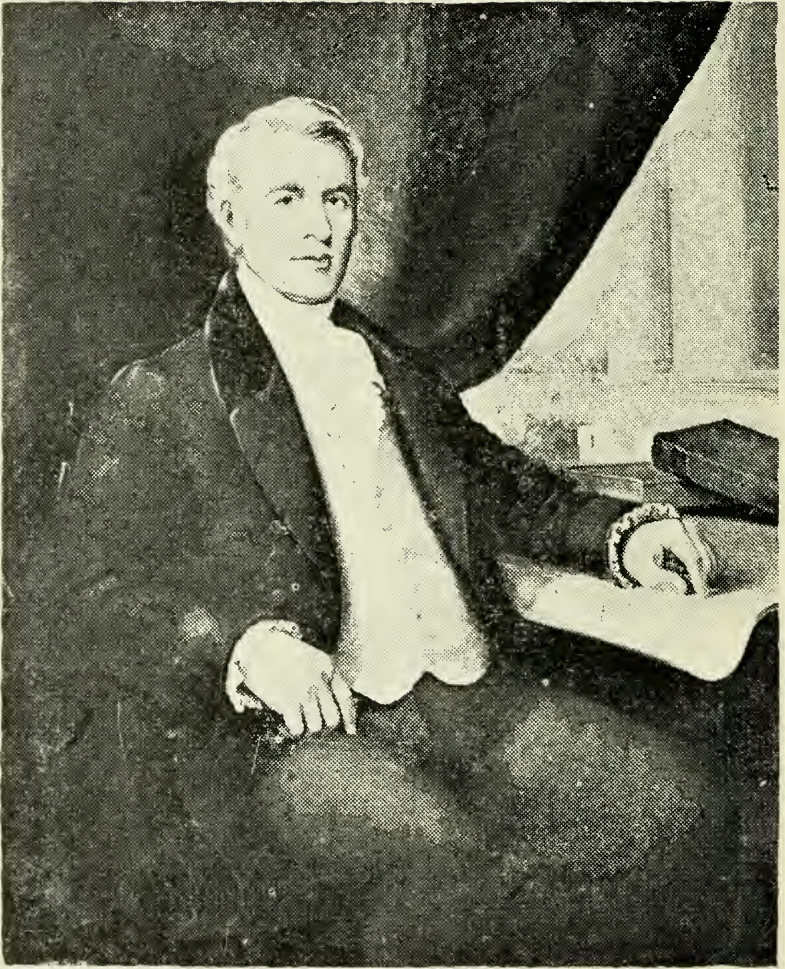
house much of the charm of those far-away times when Jameson's Tavern was the favorite hostelry of the whole countryside; and loyal citizens should not forget that in this house in Freeport the commissioners at that long ago meeting, signed the papers that made Maine a State.

—*Clara Newhall Fogg.*

MAINE'S FIRST GOVERNOR

A STALWART country lad, in a crude homespun suit of his mother's weaving such as all New England boys used to wear in the days when America was young, stood one bright autumn morning a century ago at a cross road of the highway which leads from Portland to Portsmouth. Two coal black steers were nibbling at the grass along the roadside near the boy and showed as little haste as he to be on their way. The lad was young William King of Scarboro, who had that morning left his mother's home at Dunstan's Landing and had set out to make his fortune in the world, accompanied only by the two black steers, which were his share of his dead father's property.

Just where he should go to seek the fortune he was so confident of finding, was the problem which young King was facing there at the cross roads. Both highways invited him. On one hand, the road lay through long aisles of cool forest trees, while on the other a dusty brown ribbon of broken turf reached out through fertile fields and flowering meadows. Low-roofed farm-houses were visible here and there. Cattle were feeding in the fields



Governor William King

and newly-planted crops of corn and potatoes gave promise of a splendid harvest.

Suddenly a loud "Caw! Caw!" aroused the boy from his thoughts and, flying just above his head, he saw a huge black crow, looking for his breakfast among the tender, green tips of the corn. He watched the bird until it faded in a small black speck in the distance along the highway leading towards Portland.

"I'll follow the crow," decided William King, and, driving his steers before him, he took the route which led him first to Portland and eventually to Bath.

The young man, scarcely twenty-one years old, whose destination was decided by the crow, later became the first Governor of Maine. Had not the crow pointed out the way, William King might have taken the Portsmouth Pike and a great statesman have been lost to the Pine Tree State.

William King was born in Scarborough in 1768 and his family was one of the most illustrious in the State. His grandfather, Richard King, came from England and settled in Massachusetts in the 18th century. William was one of the younger members of the family and because of his father's early death did not have the educational advantages of his brothers. He entered the sawmill business in Topsham shortly after he was twenty-one and soon extended his business to large ship-building ventures. At the age of twenty-seven he had made a name for himself in politics.

In the War of 1812, he took an active part in the defense of Maine against the English. For years he was the Maine representative to the Massachusetts

Legislature and it was due largely to his efforts that Maine was separated from the mother state in 1820. His people honored him by electing him their first governor and he filled the office for a year with honor and dignity. In 1821, he was called by President Monroe to make one of a commission to settle the United States claims in Florida and left Maine for a time. He died at his home in Bath, July 17, 1852, at the age of 85. In that city, Maine has erected over his resting place an imposing granite shaft.

Such is a brief history of the great man's life, but side by side with these bare events are innumerable stories and incidents which give illuminating sidelights on the character of the State's first Governor.

These personal touches, which give him the place he deserves in the hearts of Maine people of later generations, have escaped the pages of history and are to be learned only by sympathetic poring over old records and letters handed down by friends and relatives of the splendid old Governor's own day.

A story of interest deals with the bringing of his bride to Bath by young William King, who had then become one of the most promising citizens of that city which he had adopted for his home. On a Sabbath morning near the close of the 18th century, the first families of Bath were calmly making their way to the Old North Church. The ladies in elaborate, flaring silk gowns and quaint be-ribboned bonnets seemed to be occupied with other than their usual Sunday thoughts. They were talking excitedly in half-suppressed whispers, while to the right and left strict watch was kept for the approach of some looked-for stranger.

"She was the belle of the season in Boston society last winter," murmured a stately dame to her companion as they paused at the entrance of the church.

"Indeed, she is the greatest beauty of the year," commented a serious-faced gentleman to a group of his fellows.

"And as charming as she is beautiful," added another.

"And as wise as she is charming," remarked a dignified citizen in a military coat, who had just joined the group in the church-yard.

"Her gown should be of the latest Boston style," hopefully suggested a fashionably attired girl, whose thoughts seemed to have strayed to worldly subjects.

The church bell tolled its final summons and the curious crowd passed indoors and settled down for morning worship. William King was that day to bring his bride to Bath and, as was the custom of the times, her first appearance was to be at the Sabbath service at the Old North Church. King was one of the most sought-after young men in Bath, while his bride was hailed as one of the beauties of the decade. The young statesman had been in Boston on state business when the charms of young Mistress Anne Frazier had captivated him. He had pressed his suit with ardor and had sent home glowing accounts of his bride's loveliness.

Service had begun in the old church when its darkened hush was broken by a silken rustle and William King and his lady appeared. Down the aisle they moved, observed by all the eager watchers. The bride, indeed, in her grace fulfilled all expecta-

tions. The bridegroom, his tall figure clad in the famous military coat with its vivid scarlet lining, and his face alight with pride, looked every inch the "king" his name proclaimed him.

The young people took their places in their pew and service continued. At its close, on the church green, the ladies and gentlemen of the congregation, prominent in the civil and social life of Bath, welcomed Mrs. King to the place of leader, which she filled so graciously until her death.

The years following the War of 1812, in which William King played a valiant part, were years of political strife for him. In the Massachusetts legislature, he put up a vigorous fight for the separation of Maine from the mother state. In 1820, when Maine became a commonwealth in its own right, he was one of the members of the legislative body which drew up its constitution and his personal genius as a statesman is responsible for some of its leading articles. At the first state election he was the one logical candidate for Governor and his election was practically unanimous. Everyone in Maine knew him, his political record was an open book and his personal popularity was phenomenal. For one year he served Maine as her first magistrate.

Though entirely happy in his home life and successful in politics, with the church he was always out of harmony. His religious views were too liberal for Maine in those early years. The card parties held often in the big house were a source of never-ending controversy between him and the ministry. The Governor frequently invited a group of intimates to the big house for a hand at cards, and thus, in the long parlor of the King mansion with the

breeze from the Kennebec blowing gently through the room, many a quiet afternoon was passed. The old Governor was passionately fond of the game and would clap the cards down on the table with a thunderous noise, but never was he known to be other than a perfect host. Always there was refreshment for the gentlemen and tea for the ladies. After the cards were put away, the huge coach of the Kings would be called and the guests whirled away to their homes behind the Governor's own fast horses.

Some worthy member of the Old North Church, considering it his sacred duty to remonstrate with the Governor on his evil ways, took him to task with the remark: "Card-playing means cheating. I could never refrain from it were I, perchance, to play."

Quick as a flash came the retort from Gov. King whose temper was never of the smoothest: "I dare say that's true, but never fear, I never allow myself to play in such company as yours."

Matters went from bad to worse until the Governor severed his connection with the Old North and with a sudden shifting of course joined the rival organization, the Old South. He tried in vain to induce his wife to join with him, though in later years he himself returned to the church of which he had first been a member. In explaining his difficulties with the church, he was wont to tell the following story:

"It's about like this," his Excellency would say. "Once there was an obliging young chap of a woodchuck who had dug a hole for his winter home and stored it full of nuts. The storms came on and it was bitterly cold. A shiftless skunk came along and, seeing the woodchuck's warm home, asked to be

let in. Little woodchuck gave him a hearty welcome. The skunk got warm and when the time came when he should have thanked his host and left, he refused to go. He stayed and stayed. He slept in the woodchuck's bed and ate the woodchuck's food, and pretty soon the woodchuck began to smell like a skunk and things got so bad that Mr. Woodchuck had to move out and spend the winter as best he could out in the cold and snow. That's about the way it is with me and the church."

A huge tract of land in that portion of Maine where the village of Kingfield now flourishes, came, during his active political life, into Gov. King's possession. He made frequent visits to it, and there under his patronage a settlement was made. On one of his visits, Mrs. King accompanied him and as she and the general were approaching the village, he called her attention to the beauties of the countryside and asked her what she thought would be an appropriate name for the town. Glancing over the fertile fields and across the hills, she quickly replied, "Why not call it Kingsfield?" The village was so named, though in later years the "s" has been dropped.

Towards the last of his life the mind of the splendid old Governor lost much of its brilliancy and his later years were darkened by poor health, an enfeebled intellect, and a long series of domestic sorrows. It was on July 17, 1852, at the age of 85 years, that he passed away in his home city.

A visit to Bath reveals much of interest relating to the old Governor. The mansion by the Kennebec is now the site of King's Tavern, while, a few miles from the business section, a quaint stone house, with



The Stone House

tall cathedral windows and with the gay garden and spreading trees of olden times, is still standing just as it was when Gov. King and his lady so royally welcomed their guests to their summer home.

—*Ione Fales Winans.*



The State Seal

THE STATE SEAL "DIRIGO"

MANY of the oldest families of Europe possess a coat-of-arms, in the design of which may be read, by those who understand, something of the family history. In a description of a coat-of-arms are many odd-sounding terms—among them tincture, gules, argent, and the sinister and dexter sides. These are heraldic.

In America, we have little familiarity with coats-of-arms, but each state has a seal, designed much after the same manner. The seal of Maine was designed by Dr. Benjamin Vaughan of Hallowell. It was adopted by the Legislature, June 9, 1820, the same year that Maine became a state. In the language of heraldry, the seal is described thus: "A shield, argent, charged with a pine tree; a Moose Deer at the foot of it, recumbent. Supporters: on dexter side, an Husbandman, resting on a scythe; on sinister side, a Seaman resting on an anchor. In the foreground, representing sea and land, and under the shield, the name of the State in large Roman capitals, to wit;—M A I N E, the whole surmounted by a crest, the North Star. The motto in small Roman capitals, in a label interposed between the shield and the crest, viz; Dirigo."

Each figure and emblem in the design was chosen because it was symbolic of the State. The moose deer is a native animal of Maine, which retires at the approach of human beings. In his recumbent and undisturbed position he denoted the extent of unsettled lands, where generations of men might settle, whose spirit of independence should be unrestricted as the range of the moose deer.

The supporters of the shield, the Husbandman and Seaman, represent, first, agriculture, and second, commerce and fisheries; and both indicate that the State is supported by these occupations of its inhabitants. The North Star in the crest indicates the most northern State in the Union.

The stately pine with its straight body and ever-green foliage, represents the State. The motto, *Dirigo*, means "I Direct."

THE BLOODLESS AROOSTOOK WAR

THE NORTHEASTERN boundary of the United States had been a bone of contention between this country and Great Britain for two generations until in 1839, the controversy culminated in the Bloodless Aroostook War, which, though tame in its conclusion, undoubtedly hastened the final settlement of the question, through the Webster-Ashburton treaty of 1842.

The St. Lawrence River was the northern boundary of both Nova Scotia (then comprising New Brunswick) and New England, until the treaty of 1763, when France ceded both Canada and Nova Scotia to England. The English king then established new provinces, among them Quebec, composed of a part of Canada north of the St. Lawrence and of Nova Scotia south of the river. The southern boundary of this was "the highlands which divide the rivers that empty themselves into the St. Lawrence River from those that empty themselves into the Atlantic Ocean." The treaty of 1783 between Great Britain and the colonies at the close of the Revolution provided that the southern bound-

ary of Quebec should be the northern boundary of Massachusetts (then comprising Maine), the eastern boundary being a line running due north from the St. Croix River.

It was recognized by both nations that the boundary line was very indefinite, and in the Treaty of Ghent at the close of the War of 1812, provision was made for its adjustment by Commissioners appointed by both countries, also in the event of their disagreement for the reference of the matter to a "friendly sovereign."

Commissioners were appointed and a survey was commenced in 1817. In 1818 the British surveyor exploring northward from the St. Croix River, discovered Mars Hill and gave it as his opinion that this was the "Highlands" mentioned in the treaties. He proposed to discontinue the survey along the highlands just south of the St. Lawrence River, to return to Mars Hill and explore thence westerly, thereby making about one-third of Maine British territory. From this time on England claimed all country north of Mars Hill. Of course the surveyors disagreed, the work was abandoned, and the Commission, after sitting five years, dissolved.

This was the condition of affairs when Maine became a State in 1820. In 1827 the King of the Netherlands was selected as umpire, according to the provisions of the Treaty of Ghent, and in 1831 he announced his decision. Instead of determining, however, what the wording of the treaty meant, he evidently "split the difference" and put the line about half way between the Mars Hill line claimed by the British and the old "Highlands" boundary claimed by America, about where it is today.

Neither Nation was satisfied; the people of Maine were very indignant and the United States refused to accept the decision.

In the meantime settlements were being made along the northern frontier. The French Acadians, driven from Nova Scotia by the English as told in Longfellow's "Evangeline," crossed the Bay of Fundy, went up the St. John River to Grand Falls, over which they decided no British warship could follow them, and made settlements from the Falls up the river many miles. These settlements were incorporated as the town of Madawaska. In attempting to hold an election in 1831 for representative to the Maine Legislature, the settlers were arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to Fredericton jail by the New Brunswick authorities.

One John Baker from Kennebec County, who had settled in that same region, reaching it by way of the Kennebec River and a short carry to the headwaters of the St. John, was also arrested and cast into Fredericton jail for having on his premises a flagstaff with a rude representation of the American eagle upon it.

In 1837, Ebenezer Greeley of Dover, Maine, employed by the United States to take the census of the people along the St. John River, was arrested and taken prisoner to Fredericton jail by the Provincial authorities. Thus was Great Britain asserting her claims.

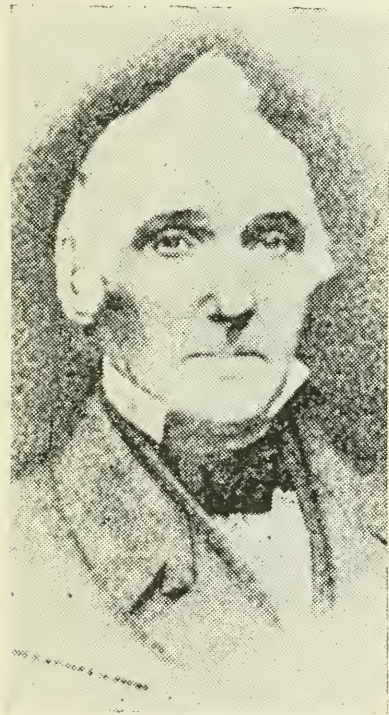
All this land in dispute included the greater part of the Aroostook of the present day, then belonging to Washington and Penobscot counties and not made into a separate county until late in March, 1839. This

was the finest of timberland. Each side claimed that the other was cutting timber unlawfully.

When the Legislature assembled in January, 1839, the people of Maine had become thoroughly angry, for the trespassing had become more bold, not only in the Madawaska region but in the whole territory north of Mars Hill. Lumber crews from New Brunswick were working along the Aroostook and Fish Rivers. The Governor, reporting these depredations, recommended that the State Land

Agent be instructed to proceed to the Aroostook region and break up the lumber camps, and the Legislature so instructed. This may be regarded as the beginning of the famous Bloodless Aroostook War.

The State Land Agent that year was Rufus McIntire of Parsonsfield, a lawyer who had represented Maine in Congress for four terms and of marked ability. Mr. McIntire employed Major Strickland of Bangor, sheriff of Penobscot County, to accompany and assist him. They left Bangor Feb. 5th, accompanied by a civil posse of 200 men,



Rufus McIntire
Land Agent

and proceeded to the Aroostook River by what is now called "The Old Aroostook Road" from Mattawamkeag through Sherman and Patten to Masardis.

The National Government, foreseeing hostilities, had built this road to Fort Kent in 1837.

The Canadian trespassers, hearing of this movement, supplied themselves with arms from the arsenal at Woodstock, N. B., and prepared to stand their ground. They numbered nearly 300, but when they found that the sheriff had brought a six-pound brass cannon from Lincoln they concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and retired.

The Land Agent followed them down the Aroostook River on the ice, capturing about twenty men. The posse encamped for the night at the mouth of the Little Madawaska Stream between the Caribou and the Fort Fairfield of the present day.

There was no settlement at Caribou. Indeed, one of Caribou's very first settlers was Ivory Hardison of Winslow, who came that winter with the soldiers and, seeing the possibilities of the new country, stayed and sent for his family. Much of northern Aroostook was settled afterwards either through the return of the soldiers or their reports of the country.

To return to our story, Mr. McIntire himself, with three companions, proceeded down the river to the house of one Fitzherbert, in what is now Fort Fairfield village, under appointment to meet the British Land Warden, though it was reported by political enemies that he had gone there in order that he might have a feather bed to sleep on! Be that as it may, the house was surrounded during the night by about forty Canadians, and Mr. McIntire and his companions were taken prisoners and carried on an ox-sled to Woodstock, some fifty miles, and thence to Fredericton jail some sixty miles far-

ther. Meanwhile Major Strickland hurried back to Augusta to give the alarm.

Sir John Harvey, governor of New Brunswick, declaring that "hostile invasion would be repelled," called for a draft for immediate service, and on February 13th demanded of the Governor of Maine the recall of the State forces from Aroostook. The



Major Hastings Strickland

State Legislature answered by immediately ordering out one thousand of the militia, appropriating \$800,000, and a day or two later, ordering a draft of 10,000 men. Meanwhile New Brunswick was marshalling *her* forces and "the war was on!"

Our soldiers started on their northward march singing to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne"

“We are marching on to Madawask to fight the trespassers,
We’ll teach the British how to walk and come off conquerors,
We’ll have our land right good and clear for all the English say,
They shall not cut another log nor stay another day.
Come on! brave fellows, one and all, the Red Coats ne’er shall say
We Yankees feared to meet them armed so gave our land away.
Onward! my lads, so brave and true, our Country’s right demands
With justice and with glory fight for these Aroostook lands.”

Houlton, first settled in 1807, had been a U. S. Military Post since 1828. Major Kirby commanding the garrison there was requested by the Governor to coöperate with the State forces. Kirby declined, fearing to compromise the United States, the National Government still holding aloof.

In the meantime, the men left behind by Land Agent McIntire fell back to Masardis. Upon the arrival of reinforcements, they went down the river to the mouth of Presque Isle stream, a little below which they left the ice and cut across by a rough portage to Letter D plantation, then a very small settlement of Canadians who had come up by way of the St. John River. Here the men encamped, built a boom in the river to hold the logs and commenced the erection of a fort, named after Governor Fairfield. They also captured a number of ox-teams, their drivers, and, best of all, the British Land Warden McLaughlin, with a companion, so that on February 17th the citizens of Bangor were

diverted by the sight of British prisoners escorted through their streets.

The Bangor Daily Whig and Courier of that date was moved to wrath and said, "It is worthy of remark and remembrance that our Land Agent, when passing through Woodstock, was greeted with jeers and insults by British subjects, but when the British Land Agent rode through this city, although 1,000 people assembled in the streets, he was suffered to pass in silence. Not a lip was opened nor an insult offered." Moreover, McLaughlin was lodged at the Bangor House where it was said that he "fared sumptuously." At the same time the "Whig" admonished the people to rise and "per-adventure, demolish the prison at Fredericton, so long a standing monument to our disgrace." A day or two later, the fiery "Whig" exclaimed, "Our State has been for the third time invaded and our citizens arrested and incarcerated in a FOREIGN JAIL! The first time Mr. Baker and his neighbors, next Mr. Greeley, and now the Land Agent. We have remonstrated long enough and to no purpose. We now appeal to arms. As we are in the midst of a great excitement it behooves us all to keep calm and cool [!!!] Expresses are passing every day through this city from Aroostook to Augusta and back. The artillery has been forwarded and large quantities of ammunition. Twenty men are engaged at the foundry casting balls." Evidently Maine's Minister of Munitions believed in "speeding up" the war, so much so that in his excitement a solitary bullet mould was forwarded by express and lead for the bullets sent later by ox-team!

Looking over the dusty files of the "Whig," one can see that

"There was mounting in hot haste, the steed,
The mustering squadron and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war."

Bangor was as busy as "Belgium's capital" the night before the battle of Waterloo. Within a week from the time of the draft, 10,000 of the State Militia had passed through the city on the way to Aroostook, over the Military Road built in 1832 by the Federal Government, through Macwahoc and Haynesville to the garrison at Houlton, headed this time for the frontier rather than the Aroostook River.

Some of the troops stayed at Houlton two weeks, waiting for their side-arms (and possibly for the bullets), meanwhile spending their spare time at the garrison watching the U. S. regulars drill. Then they continued their march northward by the rough road laid out to the Presque Isle stream by the Washington County Commissioners in 1833, but hacked through by the State only as far as Monticello. From there on they took lumber roads where they could be found through the almost unbroken wilderness, and cut their own road the rest of the way by spotted trees to Fairbanks Mills on the Presque Isle stream, then a settlement of only three families, now the town of Presque Isle. Someone on the expedition wrote back to the Whig from Fairbanks Mills, "Of all roads commend me to that upon which we have travelled from Houlton to this jump-off place for extreme roughness and the length

of the miles." Here they encamped where is now the well-known Parsons farm.

From thence the soldiers went across by the portage to Fort Fairfield, where they assisted in the building of the fort and blockhouses according to plans drawn by Col. Robert E. Lee of the U. S. Army, who was afterwards commander-in-chief of the Confederate Army. The troops were also stationed for garrison duty at different points on the road running along near the frontier, erecting temporary defences.

An appeal having been sent by the State of Maine, the National government at Washington awoke to the seriousness of the situation, authorized the raising of 50,000 troops and \$10,000,000, and ordered Gen. Winfield Scott to Maine. Scott arrived in Augusta March 5th and immediately opened negotiations with Gov. Harvey through Major Kirby of the Houlton garrison. The result was that on March 23d Harvey agreed to the terms of the settlement made by Gen. Scott, who was afterwards called the "Great Pacificator" as a joke. On March 25th the same terms were agreed to by Gov. Fairfield, who immediately recalled the troops from Aroostook, with the exception of a small force left at Fort Fairfield, and the prisoners on both sides were released.

Thus ended the Bloodless Aroostook War with the loss of only one man and he died of consumption. The fear expressed by Gov. Fairfield in his farewell address to the soldiers that "the blood of our citizens was going to be shed by British Myrmidons" proved groundless. The "War" has been regarded as more or less of a huge joke, yet it was no joke to the patriotic men who left their homes in the dead of

winter and marched some two hundred miles through the deep snows of the Northern Maine wilderness where the temperature frequently drops to 40° below zero. Teams were taken out of the woods, tools and bedding from the lumber camps, in some instances whole crews enlisted, and farmers and mechanics laid down their work. They encamped wherever night found them, in houses, barns, bough camps and sometimes in the snow beside the road. Their food was mainly hardtack and salt pork, though they apparently got what they could to eat along the road, for the "Whig" afterwards published an appeal for aid to the Aroostook settlers, as the soldiers had eaten them out of house and home! Their regulation uniforms were not nearly warm enough, but we read that the government quickly made up this lack by the addition of thick red shirts and pea green jackets.

Ridiculous or not, the Aroostook War was an important incident in international history, and reflects much credit upon the patriotism of Maine. The promptitude with which our forces were put upon the ground to resist seeming aggression, without doubt had much influence in the negotiations that followed. The whole question was settled three years later by the Webster-Ashburton treaty, but that "is another story."

—*Stella King White.*

CIVIL WAR PERIOD

THE RETURNED MAINE BATTLE FLAGS

Nothing but flags—but simple flags,
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead
That have marched beneath them in days gone by,
With a burning cheek, and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their young life's tide,
And dying, blessed them, and blessing, died.

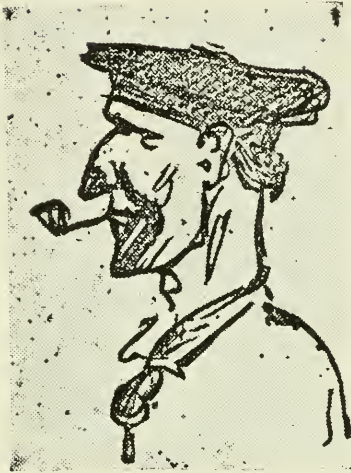
Nothing but flags—yet, methinks, at night,
They tell each other their tales of fright!
And dim spectres come, and their thin arms twine
'Round each standard torn—as they stand in line.
As the word is given—they charge! they form!
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm;
And once again, through the smoke and strife,
Those colors lead to a Nation's life.

Nothing but flags—yet they're bathed with tears;
They tell of triumphs—of hopes—of fears;
Of a mother's prayers—of a boy away,
Of a serpent crushed—of the coming day;
Silent, they speak—and the tear will start,
As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart,
And think of those who are ne'er forgot,
Their flags come home—why come they not?

Nothing but flags—yet we hold our breath,
And gaze with awe at those types of death;
Nothing but flags—yet the thought will come,
The heart must pray though the lips be dumb!
They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
On those dear loved flags come home again;
Baptized in blood, our purest, best,
Tattered and torn, they're now at rest.

—*Moses Owen.*

HIS FIRST THRILL OF PATRIOTISM



William Conway, from a sketch
from life by William Waud.
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The Century Co.

ONE HOT AFTER-noon in August of the year 1906, a little lad with sunny hair and sunny disposition, stood with a little party of veterans on the steps of the Bay View House in the little town of Camden. He was not more than nine years old and was a long way from home, so he kept a tight hold of his grandfather's strong hand, while he watched the forming of a long procession.

An old-fashioned buckboard, seating nine, drew up with a flourish in front of the steps. "Come on, Doctor, here is our carriage," said one of the party and the veterans cautiously descended the steps and climbed into the high seats. It was the good fortune of the lad to sit beside the orator of the day. A famous general, former governor and ex-president of Bowdoin College was General Joshua I. Chamberlain. His thoughts were busy with the words he was to speak a few moments later and he talked very little on the way to the spot where that day they were to dedicate a massive granite boulder to one of the heroes of the Civil War—the only enlisted man in the country to have the honor of a monument erected by the public to him alone, and the only jackie in the service who ever had a salute of twenty-one guns.

The music was stirring. Seven battleships, headed by the "Maine" of the Atlantic fleet, proudly rode at anchor in the bay, while five gray little destroyers lurked in the shelter of their huge hulk. Over all waved peacefully "the Stars and Stripes" in the sweet, summer breeze. An eager throng of young and old pressed around the veterans. Several speeches were made by town authorities. The day was hot and the lad was small. Try as he would, the white lids would droop over the sleepy eyes. With a start he would waken and look off at Mount Battie with its deep blue shadows or down to the curving edge of the sea, where the wavelets dimpled and danced in the sunlight.

Then the grand old General arose and began his eulogy, saying, "Why are we gathered here today?" No more desire for sleep came to the big blue eyes fastened in hero worship on the man in blue. Two small ears absorbed every word that was uttered. This was the story the General told.

"We come here to commemorate not a deed done in the body but an act of soul. The refusal of a manly spirit to bend the body to the dishonoring of his country's flag. * * * The story in words is simple. The scene is the U. S. Navy Yard at Pensacola. The day is the 12th of January, 1861. The occasion is the appearance, on that day, of two gentlemen, one of them formerly an officer of the Navy, claiming to be commissioners of Florida and supported by a large force of armed men, demanding the surrender of that Navy Yard with all its munitions.

"It was a surprising demand. The United States was not at war with the State of Florida. This ground was never a part of that state, but was

a port and naval station of the United States twenty years before Florida was made a state of the Union. The demand seemed to have stupefied the captain commanding. The disloyal sentiment in that part of the country was well known to him. Positive orders to be vigilant in the protection of his post had been sent him from Washington. He had a company of faithful marines, and two ships-of-war under his orders were lying within range. Yet upon the demand of these two men, he at once surrendered all the stores of the Pensacola Navy Yard and left its officers and men to be treated as prisoners of war.

“The order to haul down the flag of the United States was passed from the executive officer to the senior lieutenant, both of them open sympathizers with the Confederate cause; then it came to William Conway, a veteran quartermaster of our Navy, who, receiving the order, straightened himself up in body like his spirit, and to the face of his official superiors gave this answer:

“‘That is the flag of my country. I have given my life to it. I will not haul it down!’ They threatened to cut him down for disobedience, but he stood fast in his refusal. He was placed under arrest. Other less noble hands were found and the old flag came down. The face of high noon beheld it darkened in the dust.

“Of the officers who were actors in this ignoble story, two at once entered the Confederate service. The surrendering Captain was court-martialed and mildly punished by five years’ suspension from command and a public reprimand.

“A testimonial of admiration, with a commemorative gold medal, was sent to Conway by New Eng-

land men in California, and was presented to him accompanied with a highly commendatory personal letter from the Secretary of the Navy, on the quarter deck of the battleship "Mississippi" amidst the applause of the whole ship's company. Conway continued in his station in the navy quiet and unnoticed. Unnoticed, also, he died and was buried in a soon forgotten grave in Brooklyn Navy Yard.

"It is, as I have said, a simple story. The actor in it did not dream he was a hero, did not imagine he was to be noticed, except for punishment for disobedience of orders. He was not acting for the eyes of men, but from the behest of a single and manly soul, daring to be true amid every circumstance. No nameless grave could hide that manhood. Today, the man and his flag stand on high together.

"What is a flag? It is the symbol of a faith, an authority, a power, to be held aloft, to be seen and known, to be defended, vindicated, followed, borne forward in the name and token of its right. Among human rights, we hold that of country supreme. For this we reverence and love the flag and are sensitive of its honor at the cost, if need be, of our lives. If we can take in this thought, we can appreciate the conduct of William Conway. He exemplified honor, truth to trust, keeping of faith, loyalty to principle.

"He could not have been legally blamed, if he had obeyed the orders of his superior officers. It was not the simple hauling down of the flag. That came down with tender glory at every sunset. He disobeyed orders—to obey the greater covenant with his country! This is what I call a lofty loyalty. Then, too, it was heroic courage. This one man, William Conway, born in far-away Camden, Maine,

taking life from the breath of your mountain and your sea, he alone refusing to be the creature of his environment, because he was the creature of his God! Think you we can confer honor on him? He it is who has done us honor and we tell the world that he is ours. That is our glory, all the rest is his."

The General ceased speaking amid great applause. The exercises were over.

The little lad had heard war stories often and he knew the Greek and Roman tales of wandering Ulysses and burning Troy. The knights of old and the vikings bold were household words; yet, never in his nine brief years had he been so thrilled by voice or story. Schools had taught him to salute his flag and home had taught him to honor his country, but the gray-haired General had brought to his little heart its first real throb of patriotism.

His trying moments of speech-making over, the General felt in a social mood. "Tell me, Doctor," said he, "whose child is the boy?" "My daughter's," answered the old surgeon. "Yes, yes, surely, I knew that. But I mean, who is his father?" The Doctor gave the father's name. The General smiled a slow, sweet, satisfied smile. "I knew I saw a resemblance. Yes, he was one of my boys at Bowdoin. I never forget them and I meet them wherever I go."

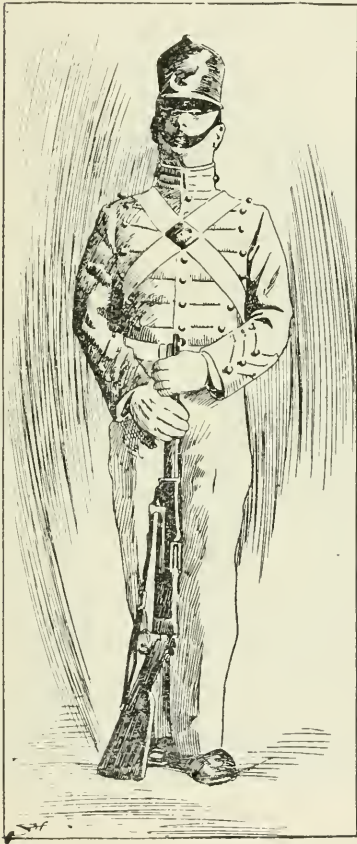
The buckboard drew up in front of the hotel once more and before they descended, the General laid his hand with a caressing firmness on the bright hair of the child. "My boy," said he, "I want you always to remember this day. The ranks of our Loyal Legion are fast thinning out. Never again will it be your good fortune to ride in the same car-

riage with so many military men of the Rebellion. Take a good look at us and never forget us or the love of country I have tried to put into your heart to-day.”

The child looked around him. First he saw his dear friend, General Charles K. Tilden, from whose lips he had heard of that marvelous escape from Libby Prison, a man honored by all who knew him. Next there came that hero and well-beloved Governor, General Selden Connor. On the seat beyond was Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, whose war vessels were waiting for him in the offing. Next came General Charles Hamlin, the son of a still more noted man, and the number was completed by Gen. Chamberlain and his own kind grandfather, who was a colonel and a surgeon all through the War.

And the little lad never forgot the General's words. When the time came he, too, was ready to give to his country the best there was in him.

—*Louise Wheeler Bartlett.*



“When the Time Came He, Too,
was Ready.”

THE HERO OF LITTLE ROUND TOP

AMONG her heroes, Maine will always have a place for Gen. Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain, "the Hero of Little Round Top."

Little Round Top was a hill on the field of Gettysburg, Pa., where a decisive battle of the Civil War was fought and where the gallant troops of the North repulsed the attacks of the Southern armies in a fierce, hand-to-hand conflict that was marked by heroism and devotion, on both sides.

Here, on a hot day in July, two days before the anniversary of American Independence of that year, the troops of the 20th Maine Infantry, forming the extreme left of the National defence, sustained the assaults of Gen. Longstreet on the extreme right of the Confederate armies, and, turning again on them, drove them from the field, saved the heights and took many Confederate prisoners, leaving the hill-top strewn with dead and wounded.

The leader of the Northern troops in this heroic stand for the Union on Little Round Top was General Chamberlain, a soldier, a scholar, a statesman, afterward a Governor of Maine and President of Bowdoin College and ever a gentleman of winsome and gentle manner, great in peace as he was in war.

When the war broke out in 1861, Gen. Chamberlain was only 28 years of age, a Professor at Bowdoin, from which he had been graduated six years before. He was born in Brewer, Maine, on a farm and, by his own scholarly attainments, his fine bearing and his nobility of character, had attained supremacy in many branches of work. When the war broke out he immediately offered himself to his

country. After he had become famous, a lady once asked him how he happened to have been in the Civil War. "Madam," said he, "I didn't happen." He did not "happen" to be in the war; he went, as a



General Joshua L. Chamberlain

soldier should go, eager to be of service to human freedom. He was given a lieutenant's commission; became Colonel; he saved Little Round Top, the most important position of the great battle of

Gettysburg against a foe that outnumbered his troops three to one, and before the end of the Civil War, he was a Major-General of the Union armies.

He was a very handsome man, erect, tall, with a flashing eye, a strong, musical voice. Apparently regardless of danger he was willing to lead his men into any place where duty called. In the bloody battle of Petersburg, he was leading his troops to assault when a bullet passed through his body. He believed the wound to be mortal. He felt his life-blood ebbing away with his strength; yet he stood, leaning upon his sword, ordering the advance. Thus he stood until the last man of his command had passed him; and then, when no soldier of his should see him fall, he fell to earth and was carried from the field, as though dead. Six times was he wounded during the war and for all of his life, afterward, he suffered continually. At Little Round Top, he was fearfully wounded in the charge that passed up the hill in which the Maine boys drove the Southern soldiers from the hill, capturing over 300 Confederate prisoners in the assault. As he lapsed into unconsciousness, he grasped firm hold of a little bush beside which he had sunk. Years afterward, when Gettysburg had become a memory, he still retained the impressions of that moment and he said, "I felt that if I let go of that little shrub, I should die. I thought that with release of that, my soul would leave my body." And so, in the intervals of pain and unconsciousness, he kept fast hold until he was carried from the battle-field to be restored later to health and strength.

From Gettysburg to Appomattox, Gen. Chamberlain, in spite of all his wounds, was able to follow

the course of the victorious armies of the North. Appomattox was the last great battle-field of the war. It was here that the Army of General Robert E. Lee laid down its arms, stacked its battle-flags and with generous terms of surrender from General U. S. Grant, dispersed sadly to its homes. When the historic moment for the surrender came and when it became the duty of General Grant to receive Gen. Lee's sword in token of complete surrender, it was Gen. Chamberlain who was deputed to receive the sword of the great Southern general. Seated on his horse, his uniform soiled by smoke and dust. Gen. Chamberlain watched the ragged Confederate troops file by. As one Confederate color bearer delivered up the tattered flag of his regiment, he burst into tears, saying, "Boys! You have all seen this old flag before. I had rather give my own life than give up that flag." The sentiment touched Gen. Chamberlain and he made the remark that endeared him to the South and was repeated thousands of times: "Brave fellow! Your spirit is that of the true soldier in any army on any field. I only regret that I have not the authority to bid you take that flag, carry it home, and preserve it as a precious heirloom of a soldier who did his full duty."

General Chamberlain came home to Maine after the war, one of the most honored and beloved of the soldiers of that great struggle. His college made him its President. His State made him four times a governor. He brought back to Maine his wounds, his suffering and his wonderful spirit of devotion to humanity. His hair was as white as snow. His face was set in lines that indicated the stormy background of his life. It was a sug-

gestive picture to see him about the town of Brunswick, driving his old war-horse, Charlie, one of six horses that he rode in the service, five others having been shot under him. Twice his horse saved the life of his master. Once a bullet went into the horse's neck that otherwise would have struck his rider and once the horse galloped from the field with his unconscious master upon his back. Charlie died in Brunswick and was buried near Gen. Chamberlain's summer home by the sea.

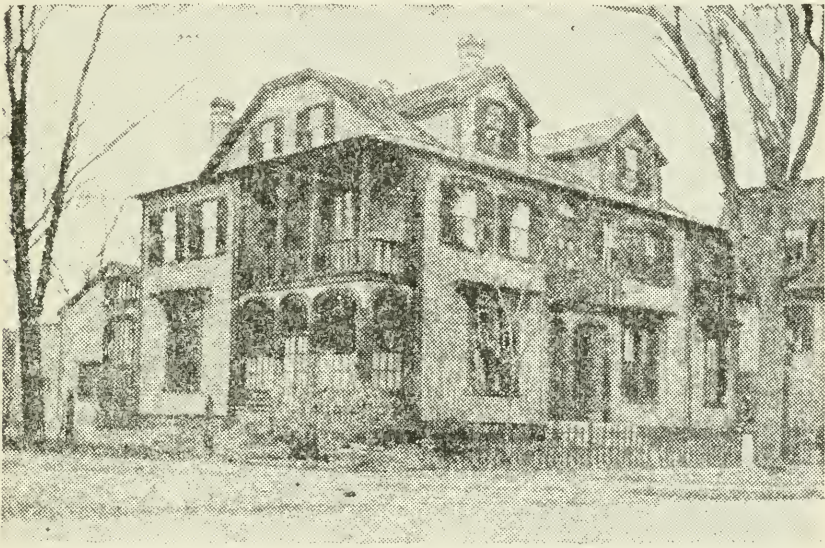
It has been said that the greatest soldiers are often the tenderest and most considerate of men. This has been true in many cases but not always. It was true in the case of Gen. Chamberlain. He had difficulty in saying "no" to any person seeking his favor. He saw the high and noble heroism of his foes, even though he felt the injustice of their cause. He was a firm and lasting friend of General Lee of the Southern Armies.

He was once cruising among the Casco Bay Islands, when his yacht was visited by a party of picnickers. Gen. Chamberlain joined them on the shore around their camp-fire and here he told stories of the war. It was in the era when ill-feeling yet ran high between North and South and another member of the party followed Gen. Chamberlain by severe arraignment of the South.

In the party was a young lady from Virginia whose feelings were deeply hurt by the tirade. One person alone noticed; this was Gen. Chamberlain. With his customary kindness and thoughtfulness, he began telling stories of the bravery and generosity of his foe and so won back the smiles to the young

girl's face and left her full of admiration for the generous and gallant general of the North.

These qualities of human sympathy made him a magnetic orator and a wonderful writer. His oration on Maine, delivered by him at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, stands out as the finest historical address ever delivered on any subject connected with Maine and with perhaps no equal among the addresses of similar scope, in the history



Home of General Chamberlain in Brunswick.

of our country. He wrote the most beautiful English and he spoke it as well. He was author of many books especially connected with historical matters touching his native State and the Civil War. Later in life, he recounted in a series of magazine articles, subsequently put into a book, all of his war-time memories, and they are as interesting and as freshly vigorous and picturesque as though written by a

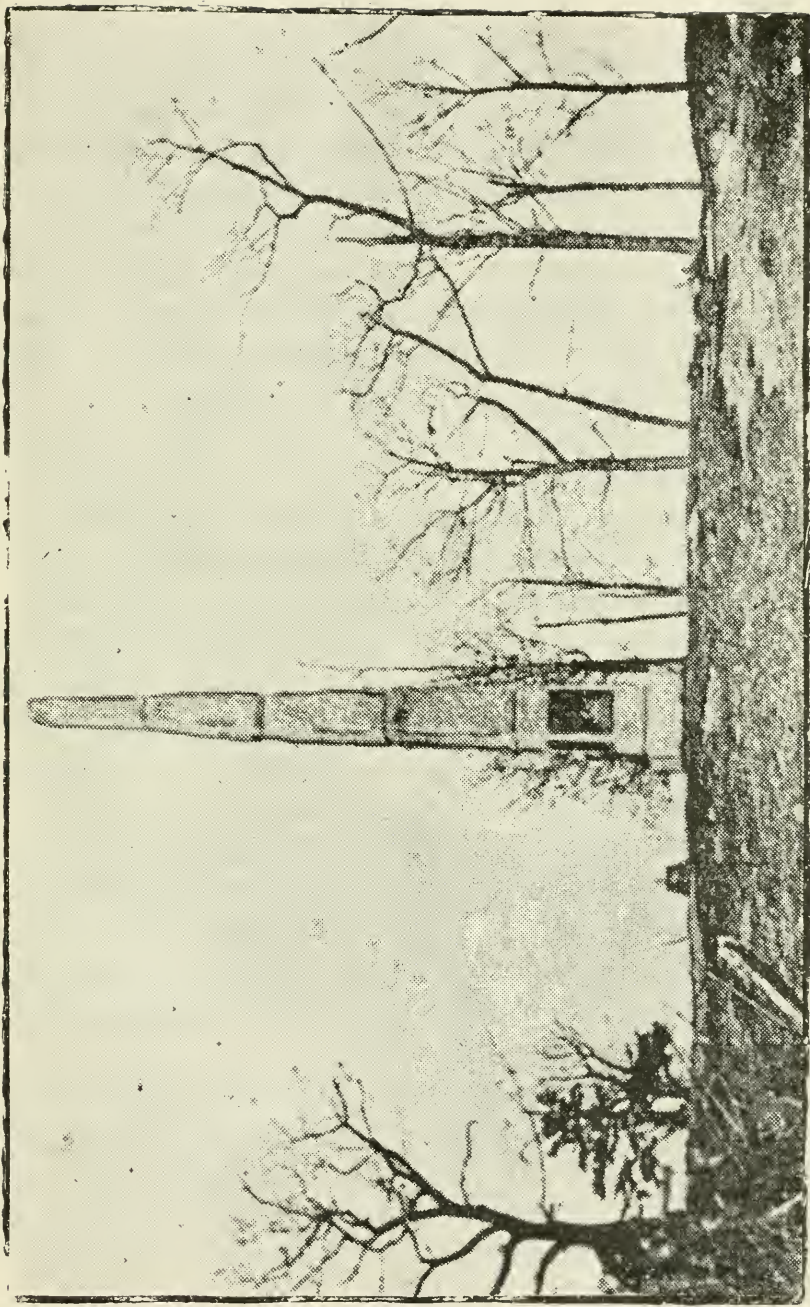
young man, instead of by a man long past the allotted term of life.

Thousands of boys loved and admired Gen. Chamberlain. He met them all over the world in his travels, boys whom he had helped through college. A friend of Gen. Chamberlain was once standing in front of the Parthenon, the ruin of the renowned Greek temple at Athens, when the photographer, an Armenian, hearing the word "Bowdoin College" asked for Gen. Chamberlain. "I adore Gen. Chamberlain," said he. "I was a persecuted Armenian. He loaned me the money to give me my education." This young man was a photographer of renown and a photograph of the statue of Hermes, which he sent to Gen. Chamberlain, hung in the Brunswick home of the General up to the time of his death.

The death of Gen. Chamberlain occurred at Brunswick in 1914, at the age of 86 years. The house where he lived and died in Brunswick was the home of Longfellow, when he lived and taught at Bowdoin. Gen. Chamberlain lies buried not far from his Brunswick home. His funeral was a great military and civic honor. He died in the love and veneration of his country and of his State, having proved by his life and his death the virtues as well as the victories of a Christian soldier and a true and cultured gentleman.

—*Theda Cary Dingley.*





Monument Erected by General Howard on Big Hill in Leeds, Where He Played as a Boy

THE MAN WITH THE EMPTY SLEEVE

TWO STRONG, boyish hands whirled the sled into position at the top of the big hill. A queer old thing, the boys and girls of to-day would call that sled, for in the eighteen-forties steel shoes for runners were unknown and the hand-work was heavy and clumsy. However, those old wooden runners were polished to the smoothness of glass, and the boy at the top of the hill knew that he could shoot down that long slide like an arrow.

“Come, Hannah,” he said to a mite of a girl whose sparkling black eyes had been watching his every movement, “Let’s see if we can’t beat the whole lot.” And the strong hands carefully tucked up his small neighbor on the front of the old sled.

Away they went, many eyes watching them, for the big hill was dotted with coasters. Hannah caught her breath and laughed with delight as the singing wind stung her face. Wouldn’t it be fun to “beat the whole lot of them!”

But alas! near the bottom of the hill was a bend in the road, and the sled was going so fast that the boy lost control of it. Instead of gracefully rounding that curve, the sled shot straight ahead and dashed its nose against the stone wall, tumbling both of its riders into the deep snow.

The boy was on his feet in a moment, looking anxiously around for Hannah, but quick as he was, the mite of a girl was up first. Her hood had come off and every tight, little curl on her head seemed to be dancing with merriment.

“Otis Howard,” she teased, “you can’t steer a hand-sled more’n the old cat!”

The future general laughed, too, as he twitched the old sled back into the road.

“Anyway, I didn’t, did I, Hannah?” he agreed, “not that time. But if you’re not afraid to try again, I’ll show you that I can do it yet.”

And before they went home, he had fairly proved that he could steer as well as the best coaster on the hill.

The home of Oliver Otis Howard was on the northern slope of the great hill in Leeds, Maine, and his small neighbor, Hannah, lived not far away. The little girl went home rather sadly, after all her fun.

“Otis is going away to school again,” she told her sister, “and he says he is going to be in college by the time he is sixteen, so we sha’n’t see him very often after this. There isn’t half so much pleasantness going on when Otis is away.”

It was as Hannah had feared. For some years the neighbors saw little of the studious boy who was working hard for an education. They merely heard that he was getting along well at the Wayne and Hallowell schools and at Yarmouth Academy where he finished fitting for college. After he entered Bowdoin, however, an agreeable surprise came to his old neighbors in Leeds. Hannah heard the news first and told her sister about it, as they scrubbed and sanded the snow-white kitchen floor of their home.

“Otis Howard is coming to teach our school,” she said, “and I’m so glad I’m not too big to go! Only think, Roxana, what a long time since we’ve seen him—Oh, look, who’s that coming up the road?”

It was a young man nicely dressed in a black coat and a pair of light trousers. To the eyes of the two girls he looked a fine figure indeed.

“Now, there’s pa shoveling away in the barnyard,” complained Hannah, “and we look like two frights ourselves, sister. Never mind, perhaps that dandified fellow will go right by and not notice.”

But the dandified fellow had no idea of going by. He came swinging along the road and, as he caught sight of the man with the shovel, he waved his hat, then took a flying leap over the fence into the barnyard.

“How are you, Uncle Morgan!” he exclaimed joyfully, wringing the hand that had just dropped the muddy shovel. These old neighbors were almost the same as “own folks” to each other up here in the farming country.

“It’s Otis!” cried Hannah, forgetting all about her soiled dress and wet apron as she flew to the barnyard fence.

The future general taught the school successfully and Hannah, grown taller but not so very tall yet, was one of his pupils. After that he went back to college and in due time was graduated and went to West Point, where later he became a teacher of mathematics. Then suddenly the country was swept by the great Civil War and Oliver Otis Howard was among the first to offer his services to the nation.

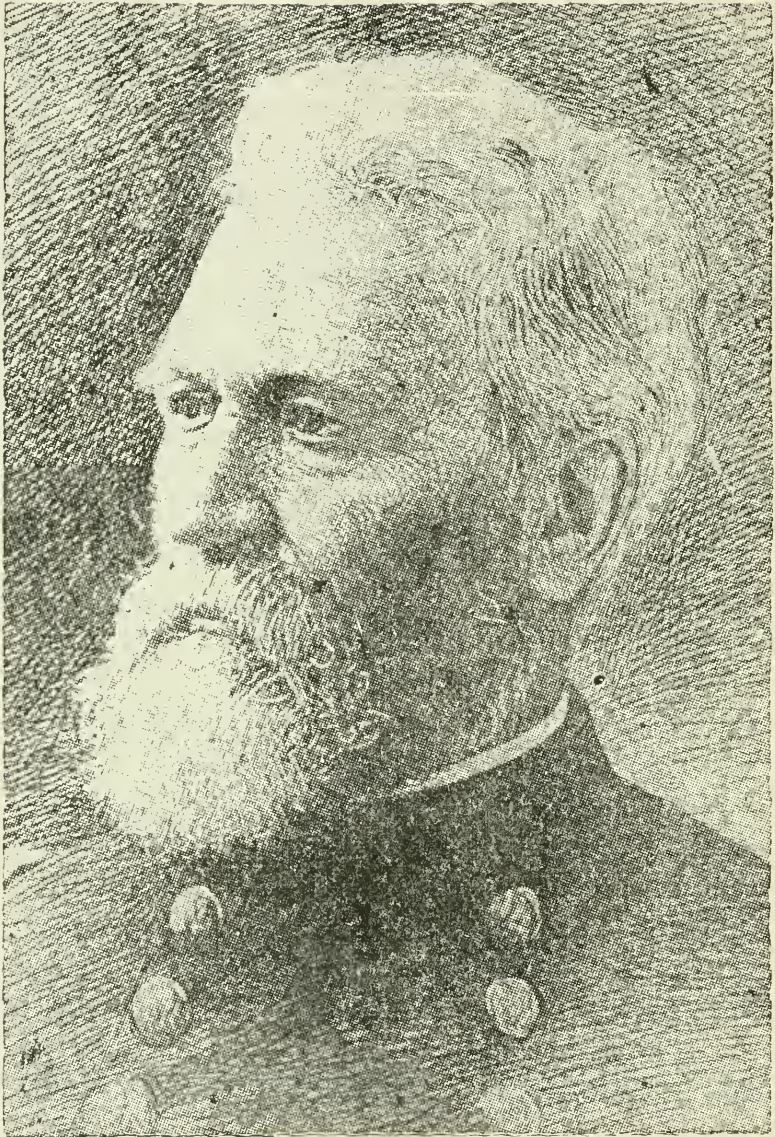
Before long the neighbors in the quiet, old town of Leeds began to hear of the boy who had gone from the farmhouse over the hill. He had been placed in command of a regiment of volunteers, the Third Maine.

“Otis Howard is a Colonel,” said Hannah. “I never can learn to call him that!” But it was not long before she had to learn to say “General” instead of “Colonel,” for the young officer was rapidly promoted.

The news of battle after battle came to the neighbors in the home town and they learned to look for the name of General Howard among those officers who were in the thick of the fight. It was said of him in later years that he had been in more engagements than any other man in the army. After the battle of Fair Oaks, the news came that “Otis” was wounded. Hannah’s eyes grew dim over the story of her old playmate’s part in the battle, and yet she was proud of it, too.

General Howard had been wounded while leading his men into action. We may read about it in his own words in the autobiography he wrote years after. “To encourage my men,” he wrote, “I placed myself, mounted, in front of the Sixty-Fourth New York. I ordered ‘Forward’ and then ‘March.’ I could hear the echo of these words and, as I started, the Sixty-Fourth followed me with a glad shout up the slope and through the woods.”

History tells how the battle of Fair Oaks was won. After it was over, General Howard, his right arm shot away, came to join his family at Auburn and to stay with them while he recovered from his wound. His stay was short, however, and most of the time was spent in working hard to raise more troops from all over Maine to help carry on the war. He was soon back at the front, and the general with the empty sleeve was put in command of a brigade and later of a whole division.



General O. O. Howard

In the dark days of 1863 after the bitter defeat of Chancellorsville, the people of the North began to lose heart. Then came the news that a terrible battle was being fought at Gettysburg. This battle, often called the greatest of the war, began July 1, 1863. On the morning of the third day, neither side had yet gained a victory.

General Howard's batteries were on the slope of Cemetery Hill in the center of the Union line. To take this hill would give the enemy certain victory, therefore Lee determined to throw all his troops against it in one great mass. A Confederate line nearly three miles long came silently out of the woods, their bright flags shimmering in the sun. They meant to break straight through that quiet, waiting line, at the center of which The Man with the Empty Sleeve stood in front of his batteries. He had watched them come nearer and nearer up the slope. Suddenly he gave a quick, sharp command and the thunder of his giant guns answered him. From Little Round Top, too, the cannon boomed. The shots tore great gaps in the Confederate lines, but the ranks closed up and swept on. The battle became a hand-to-hand struggle as the enemy tried to plant their flag on the wall and the Union men barred the way. Overhead the shells screeched; men and horses went down by hundreds.

The Man with the Empty Sleeve had stood firm against that terrible rush at the center. The Confederate lines were crumpled up and pushed back. At evening the Union men came pouring across the field in front of Little Round Top and the great battle was over.

Looking at the bloody ground heaped with the dead of two brave armies, General Howard said those words which he afterwards set down in his life-story for all the world to read. "These dreadful sights," he wrote, "show plainly that war must be avoided except as the last appeal for existence, or for the rights which are more valuable than life itself."

The war ended at last, and many years had passed, when one day a little, black-eyed woman sat alone in a railway train. She had heard some one outside say that General Howard was traveling somewhere in this section of the State, with a party of notable men. She had not seen him since she was a girl, but the mention of his name had set her thinking of him. How proud the old neighbors had been when they heard of his promotion for gallantry at Bull Run, at the very beginning of the war! How they had thrilled over the story of his bravery at Gettysburg! When he was in command of the right wing of Sherman's Army on the famous March to the Sea, how they had waited for some word and how glad they had been when news of victory came!

"And ever since the war, too, we've kept on hearing about him," thought the little woman. "We've heard a lot about the good he did when he worked on the Freedmen's Bureau, and all about how he founded Howard University down there in Washington. I guess he hadn't forgotten how hard he had to work for his own education."

Then she looked thoughtfully out of the car window and after a moment she began to laugh.

"I wonder," she said to herself, "if he ever

thinks of the time when we slid down hill and ran into the stone wall.”

A firm tread sounded in the aisle behind her. A man was coming through from the rear car, followed by other men who seemed to be traveling in a party. The leader had an empty sleeve pinned to his shoulder, and as he passed the little woman's seat, she looked up and spoke to him.

“Hello, Otis,” she said, just as she used to say it when he came to the kitchen door of the farmhouse to ask her to go sliding.

The general stopped and looked at her. Her hat was off and he knew those tight curls that clustered all over her head, though they were silvery gray now.

“Hannah Brewster!” he shouted, much to the amusement of the party behind him. Then he dropped into the seat beside her and let them go on without him, while he asked her eager questions about all the old neighbors and talked over all the old times, even to that winter day when they took the long slide and dashed against the stone wall.

“You told me I couldn't steer a hand-sled any more than an old cat,” the general reminded his friend.

“Well, you've steered a good many things bigger than a hand-sled since then, Otis,” she answered him.

And surely we must agree that Hannah was right when we read in history the whole story of the Man with the Empty Sleeve who began life in the plain little farmhouse on the north slope of the great Maine hill.

—*Mabel S. Merrill.*

WHEN HANNIBAL HAMLIN GOT THE
“JONAH”

THE FOLLOWING story is a chapter from the happy lives of six boys and girls on a Maine farm, in the early sixties.

When President Lincoln sent out the call for troops at the opening of the Civil War, five stalwart sons of a country “Squire” entered the army of the Union.

Of the five, not one survived that awful conflict. So it happened that their children, war waifs and orphaned, came back in 1865-6 to live at their grandfather’s old farm on Lake Pennesseewassee in Oxford County.

They came from four different states in the Union and two of the children had never even seen their cousins. At the age of 65, the grandfather set himself to till the farm on a larger scale and to renew his lumbering operations. Grandmother, too, was constrained to increase her flock of geese and other poultry and to begin anew the labor of spinning and weaving. The boys assisted “the Squire,” as their grandfather was called, in the farm work, while the three girls were “Gram’s” little helpers.

The six cousins, Theodora, Ellen and “Little Wealthy,” Addison, Halstead and “Edmund’s boy” —were a merry group and had many an adventure. The story of those happy years is told in several charming books written by Maine’s famous author, Dr. C. A. Stephens of Norway, known to all readers of the Youth’s Companion.

How these young folks entertained a Vice-President of the United States, is told in this story.

Part I. Fried Pies

One forenoon when our grandparents were away for the day, we coaxed Theodora and Ellen to fry a batch of three dozen pies, and two "Jonahs;" and the girls, with some misgivings as to what Gram would say to them for making such inroads on "pie timber," set about it by ten o'clock.

They filled half a dozen with mince-meat, half a dozen with stewed gooseberry, and then half a dozen each, with crab-apple jelly, plum, peach and black-berry. They would not let us see what they filled the "Jonahs" with, but we knew it was a fearful load. Generally it was with something shockingly sour, or bitter. The "Jonahs" looked precisely like the others and were mixed with the others on the platter which was passed at table, for each one to take his or her choice. And the rule was that whoever got the "Jonah pie" must either eat it, or crawl under the table for a foot-stool for the others during the rest of the meal!

What they actually put in the two "Jonahs," this time, was wheat bran mixed with cayenne pepper—an awful dose. It is needless to say that the girls usually kept an eye on the Jonah pie or placed some slight private mark on it, so as not to get it themselves.

When we were alone and had something particularly good on the table, Addison and Theodora had a habit of making up rhymes about it, before passing it around, and sometimes the rest of us attempted to join in the recreation, generally with indifferent success. Kate Edwards had come in that day, and being invited to remain to our feast of fried pies,

was contributing her wit to the rhyming contest, when, chancing to glance out the window, Ellen espied a gray horse and buggy with the top turned back, standing in the yard, and in the buggy a large, elderly, dark-complexioned man, a stranger to all of us, who sat regarding the premises with a smile of shrewd and pleasant contemplation.

“Now who in the world can that be?” exclaimed Ellen in low tones. “I do believe he has overheard some of those awful verses you have been making up.”

“But someone must go to the door,” Theodora whispered. “Addison, you go out and see what he has come for.”

“He doesn’t look just like a minister,” said Halstead.

“Nor just like a doctor,” Kate whispered. “But he is somebody of consequence, I know, he looks so sort of dignified and experienced.”

“And what a good, old, broad, distinguished face,” said Ellen.

Thus their sharp young eyes took an inventory of our caller, who, I may as well say here, was Hannibal Hamlin, at that time but recently Vice-President of the United States and one of the most famous anti-slavery leaders of the Republican party before the Civil War.

The old Hamlin homestead, where Hannibal Hamlin passed his boyhood, was at Paris Hill, Maine, eight or ten miles to the eastward of the Old Squire’s farm; he and the Old Squire had been young men together, and at one time quite close friends and classmates at Hebron Academy.

In strict point of fact, Mr. Hamlin's term of office as Vice-President with Abraham Lincoln had expired; and at this time he had not entered on his long tenure of the Senatorship from Maine. Meantime he was Collector of Customs for the Port of Boston, but a few days previously he had resigned this office.

In the interim he was making a brief visit to the scenes of his boyhood home, and had taken a fancy to drive over to call on the Old Squire. But we of the younger and lately-arriving generation, did not even know "Uncle Hannibal" by sight and had not the slightest idea who he was. Addison went out, however, and asked if he should take his horse.

"Why, Joseph S—— still lives here, does he not?" queried Mr. Hamlin, regarding Addison's youthful countenance inquiringly.

"Yes, sir," replied Addison, "I am his grandson."

"Ah, I thought you were rather young for one of his sons," Mr. Hamlin remarked. "I heard, too, that he had lost all his sons in the War."

"Yes, sir," Addison replied soberly.

Mr. Hamlin regarded him thoughtfully for a moment. "I used to know your grandfather," he said. "Is he at home?"

Addison explained the absence of Gramp and Gram. "I am very sorry they are away," he added.

"I am sorry, too," said Mr. Hamlin, "I wanted to see them and say a few words to them." He began to turn his horse as if to drive away, but Theodora, who was always exceedingly hospitable, had gone out and now addressed our caller with greater cordiality.

“Will you not come in, sir?” she exclaimed. “Grandfather will be very sorry! Do please stop a little while and let the boys feed your horse.”

Mr. Hamlin regarded her with a paternal smile. “I will get out and walk around a bit, to rest my legs,” he replied.

Once he was out of the buggy, Addison and I took his horse to the stable; and Theodora, having first shown him the garden and the long row of bee hives, led the way to the cool sitting-room, and domesticated him in an easy chair. We heard her relating recent events of our family history to him, and answering his questions.

Part II. The Jonahs

Meantime the fried pies were waiting and getting cold. Addison and I had returned from the stable and were beginning to feel a little impatient, when the sitting-room door opened, and we heard “Doad” saying, “We haven’t much for luncheon today, but fried pies, but we shall all be glad to have you sit down with us.”

“What an awful fib!” whispered Ellen behind her hand to Kate; and, truth to say, his coming had rather upset our anticipated pleasure; but Mr. Hamlin had taken a great fancy to Theodora and was accepting her invitation, with vast good-nature.

What a great, dark man he looked, as he followed Theodora out to the table.

“These are my cousins that I have told you of,” she was saying, and then mentioned all our names to him and afterwards Kate’s, although Mr. Hamlin had not seen fit to tell us his own; we supposed that he was merely some pleasant old acquaintance of Gramp’s early years.

He was seated in Gramp's place at table and, after a brief flurry in the kitchen, the big platterful of fried pies was brought in. What Ellen and Theodora had done was, carefully to pick out the two "Jonahs" and lay them aside.

"And are these the 'fried pies?'" he asked with the broadest of smiles. "They resemble huge doughnuts. But I now remember that my mother used to fry something like this when I was a boy at home, over at Paris Hill; and my recollection is that they were very good."

"Yes, the most of them are very good," said Addison, by way of making conversation, "unless you happen to get the 'Jonah.'"

"And what's the 'Jonah?'" asked our visitor.

Amidst much laughter, this was explained to him—also the penalty. Mr. Hamlin burst forth in a great shout of laughter, which led us to surmise that he enjoyed fun.

"But we have taken the 'Jonahs' out of these," Theodora made haste to reassure him.

"What for?" he exclaimed.

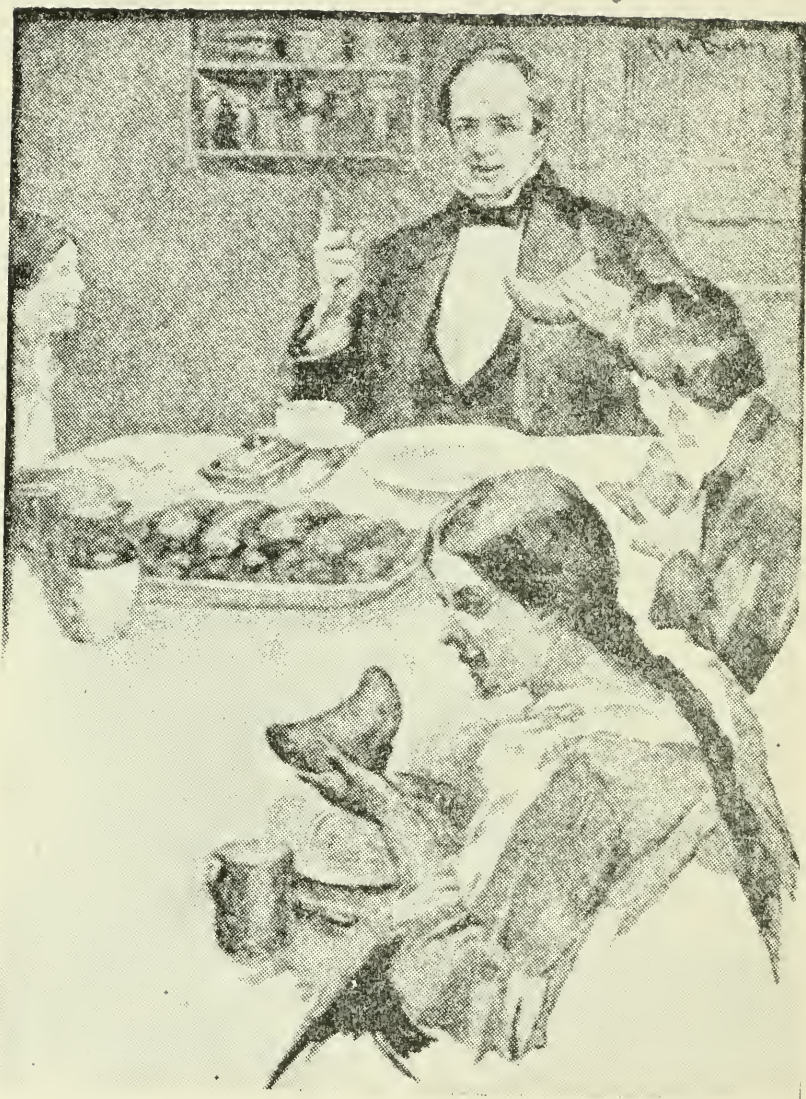
"Why—why—because we have company," stammered Doad, much confused.

"And spoil the sport?" cried our visitor. "Young lady, I want those 'Jonahs' put back."

"Oh, but they are awful 'Jonahs!'" pleaded Theodora.

"I want those 'Jonahs' put back," insisted Mr. Hamlin. "I shall have to decline to lunch here, unless the 'Jonahs' are in their proper places. Fetch in the 'Jonahs.'"

Very shame-faced, Ellen brought them in.



Hannibal Hamlin Praised the Fried Pies.
[From "When Life was Young," by C. A. Stephens.]

"No hokus-pokus now," cried our visitor, and nothing would answer, but that we should all turn our backs and shut our eyes, while Kate put them among the others in the platter.

It was then passed and all chose one. "Each take a good, deep mouthful," cried Mr. Hamlin, entering mirthfully into the spirit of the game. "All together—now!"

We all bit, eight bites at once; as it chanced no one got a "Jonah," and the eight fried pies rapidly disappeared.

"But these are good!" cried our visitor. "Mine was gooseberry." Then, turning to Theodora, "How many times can a fellow try for a 'Jonah' here?"

"Five times!" replied Doad, laughing and not a little pleased with the praise.

The platter was passed again, and again no one got bran and cayenne.

But at the third passing, I saw Kate start visibly when our visitor chose his pie. "All ready. Bite!" he cried; and we bit! but at the first taste he stopped short, rolled his eyes around and shook his head with his capacious mouth full.

"Oh, but you need not eat it, sir!" cried Theodora, rushing around to him.

But without a word our bulky visitor had sunk slowly out of his chair and, pushing it back, disappeared under the long table.

For a moment we all sat, scandalized, then shouted in spite of ourselves. In the midst of our confused hilarity, the table began to oscillate; it rose slowly several inches, then moved off, rattling, toward the sitting-room door! Our jolly visitor had

it on his back and was crawling ponderously but carefully away with it on his hands and knees;—and the rest of us were getting ourselves and our chairs out of the way! In fact, the remainder of that luncheon was a perfect gale of laughter. The table *walked* clean around the room and came very carefully back to its original position.

After the hilarity had subsided, the girls served some very nice, large, sweet blackberries, which our visitor appeared to relish greatly. He told us of his boyhood at Paris Hill; of his fishing for trout in the brooks thereabouts, of the time he broke his arm and of the doctor who set it so unskilfully that it had to be broken again and re-set; of the beautiful tourmaline crystals which he and his brother found at Mt. Mica; and of his school-days at Hebron Academy; and all with such feeling and such a relish, that for an hour we were rapt listeners.

When at length he declared that he positively must be going on his way, we begged him to remain over night, and brought out his horse with great reluctance.

Before getting into the buggy, he took us each by the hand and saluted the girls, particularly "Doad," in a truly paternal manner.

"I've had a good time!" said he. "I am glad to see you all here at this old farm in my dear native State; but (and we saw the moisture start in his great black eyes) it touches my heart more than I can tell you, to know of the sad reason for your coming here. You have my heartiest sympathy.

"Tell your grandparents that I should have been very glad to see them," he added, as he got in the buggy and took the reins from Addison.

"But, sir," said Theodora, earnestly, for we were all crowding up to the buggy, "grandfather will ask who it was that called."

"Oh, well, you can describe me to him!" cried Mr. Hamlin, laughing (for he knew how cut up we should feel if he told us who he really was). "And if he cannot make me out, you may tell him that it was an old fellow he once knew, named Hamlin. Good-by." And he drove away. The name signified little to us at the time.

"Well, whoever he is, he's an old brick!" said Halse, as the gray horse and buggy passed between the high gate-posts, at the foot of the lane.

"I think he is just splendid!" exclaimed Kate, enthusiastically.

"And he has such a great, kind heart!" said Theodora.

When Gramp and Gram came home, we were not slow in telling them that a most remarkable elderly man, named Hamlin, had called to see them, and stopped to lunch with us.

"Hamlin, Hamlin," repeated the Old Squire, absently. "What sort of looking man?"

Theodora and Ellen described him, with much zest.

"Why, Joseph, it must have been Hannibal!" cried Gram.

"So it was!" exclaimed Gramp. "Too bad we were not at home!"

"What! Not the Hannibal Hamlin that was Vice-President of the United States!" Addison almost shouted.

And about that time, it would have required nothing much heavier than a turkey's feather to

bowl us all over. Addison looked at "Doad" and she looked at Ellen and me. Halse whistled.

"Why, what did you say, or do, that makes you look so queer!" cried Gram, with uneasiness. "I hope you behaved well to him. Did anything happen?"

"Oh, no, nothing much," said Ellen, laughing nervously. "Only he got the 'Jonah' pie and—and—we've had the Vice-President of the United States under the table to put our feet on!"

Gram turned very red and was much disturbed. She wanted to have a letter written that night, and try to apologize for us. But the Old Squire only laughed. "I have known Mr. Hamlin ever since he was a boy," said he. "He enjoyed that pie as well as any of them; no apology is needed."

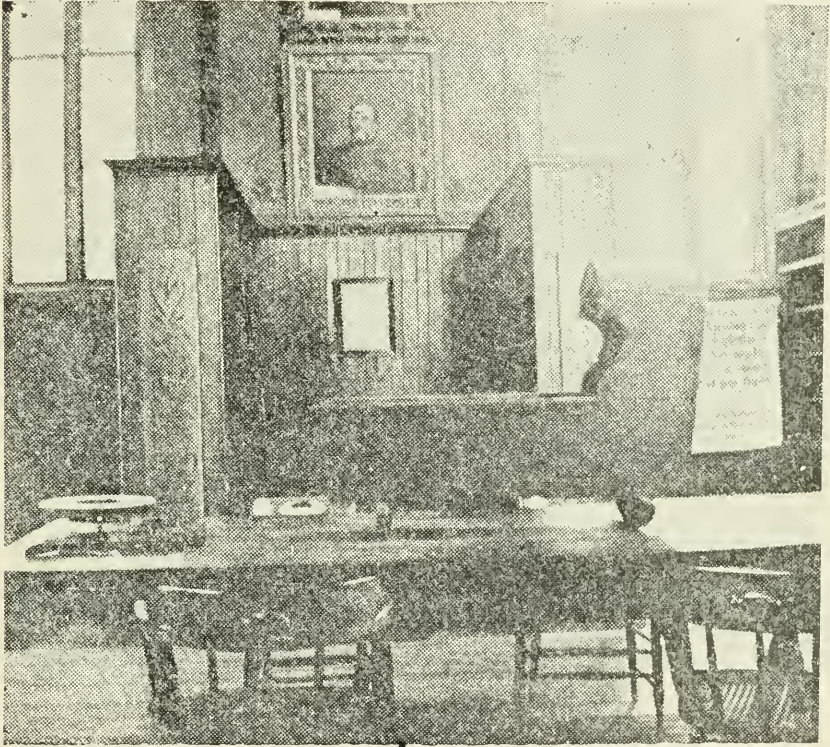
—C. A. Stephens.

A FAMOUS MAINE CRADLE

YOU OFTEN hear a locality spoken of as the cradle of a race or family. The word cradle, except in this sense, bids fair to become obsolete. If you look in your dictionary you will see that the cradle means a rocking or swinging bed for an infant. It is no longer the fashion to rock babies in cradles. In fact it is considered unhygienic to rock them at all. We seldom see cradles, except, perhaps, as exhibits in a collection of antiques, or it may be, far back in the country, some cradle has been brought down from the dust and obscurity of the attic and restored to its original use.

I want to tell you about a certain cradle. In appearance it is a very ordinary, wooden cradle, but

it has rocked many distinguished men, and it was the same mother who rocked them all. Of this mother Hannibal Hamlin, himself a famous Maine man, said: "Rome in all her glory never produced such a mother as the mother of the Washburns." In this cradle



The Cradle of the Washburns

were rocked four members of Congress from four different states, two foreign ministers, two governors of two different states, one major-general in the United States Army during the Civil War and one captain in the navy.

Did you ever hear of the War Governor of Maine? Not the governor who was in office when

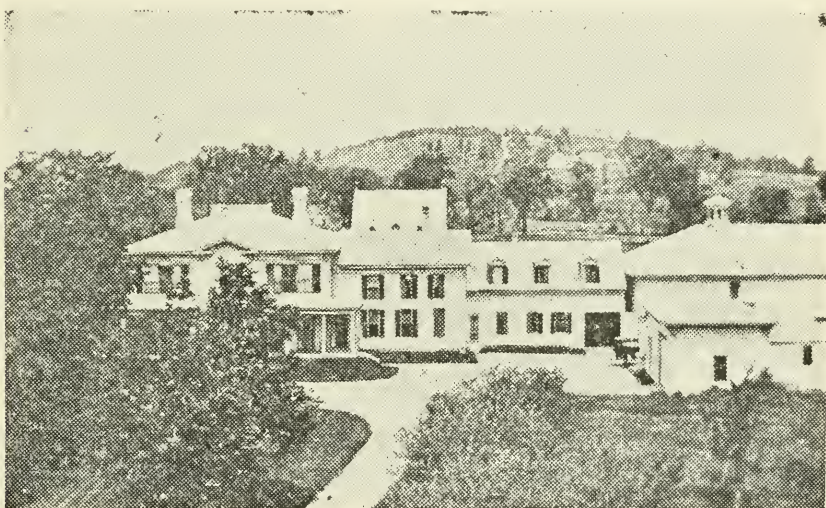
the World War broke out, but the governor who held that position when the Civil War was declared. His name was Israel Washburn. He was one of the babies who was rocked in this cradle. His father's name, too, was Israel Washburn, and his grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier, a member of the convention that adopted the first constitution of Massachusetts. At that time, as you know, Maine and Massachusetts were one state.

Israel Washburn, as well as his distinguished brothers, was born in the town of Livermore in Oxford County, now Androscoggin. The district school that young Israel attended was an old-fashioned, unpainted, wooden building. It contained two enormous fire-places in which great fires were kept burning in the winter. Wood, in those times, cost nothing but for the hauling, and the boys took turns in building the fires. It was in 1820, or thereabouts, that a hurricane swept the roof off the schoolhouse and landed it in a field near by. So great had been the down-pour of rain that the boys waded in the puddles up to their knees on the way home.

Israel did not have the privilege of going to college, but he was a diligent student and fine classical scholar. He afterward became a lawyer and a strong opponent of slavery. He began his law practice in the town of Orono, where the University of Maine now is, and married a daughter of a prominent family in that town. In 1842 he was elected to the State Legislature.

It was no wonder that the people of Maine chose such a brilliant young man to represent them in Congress, and so he was sent to Washington in 1850,

where he served five years. So well pleased were Maine people with his record in Congress, where he stood always on the side of right and justice, that they decided they wanted him for governor of the State, and he was elected to that office in 1860, just as the country was about to enter upon that terrible conflict, the Civil War. The first gun was fired at Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861, and in two days' time Governor Washburn issued a proclamation calling



The Norlands.

Home of the Famous Washburn Family at Livermore.

the Legislature together so that active measures might be taken to crush the rebellion.

Governor Washburn served two terms, but refused to serve a third. He was successful in guiding the affairs of the State through one of its most critical periods. At the close of his administration, President Lincoln, in appreciation of his fine services, offered him the position of Collector of the

Port of Portland. He filled this office honorably and with ability until he resigned in 1877. He spent the remainder of his life in literary pursuits. For many years he lived on the beautiful estate of the Washburns, called "The Norlands" in Livermore. The house was burned down twice, but was rebuilt and is now a fine mansion.

We have more interest in Israel Washburn, perhaps, than in his brothers, because he was one of the governors of Maine, but several of his brothers were as distinguished as himself. Cadwallader, who was a major-general in the Civil War and who had removed to Wisconsin in 1841, became governor of that state in 1871. Elihu, another brother, settled in Illinois. He was Secretary of State during General Grant's administration, and afterwards resigned that position to become United States minister to France. Here he had a wonderful experience, as he was in Paris during that terrible period, the reign of the Commune, and the siege by the Prussians.

Charles A., after graduating from Bowdoin College, went to California, where he published and edited a newspaper. In 1861, he was appointed Minister to Paraguay, where he lived for eight years. He wrote a history of Paraguay in two volumes, and other books.

Samuel B. Washburn was a ship-master in the merchant marine and a captain in the navy during the Civil War. William David was also a Bowdoin graduate. He settled in Minnesota and at one time was president of the Minneapolis and St. Louis railroad and later a member of Congress. The remaining brother, Algernon, was a merchant and banker of note.

Such is the story of the seven Washburn brothers. Of the sisters of this remarkable galaxy we know little, but we may be sure that they were women of character and ability.

The descendants of the Washburns still live at "The Norlands." Here is a beautiful little memorial library containing many mementoes of the Washburn family, and here is still to be seen the famous wooden cradle.

—*Rose D. Nealley.*

MODERN AND GENERAL

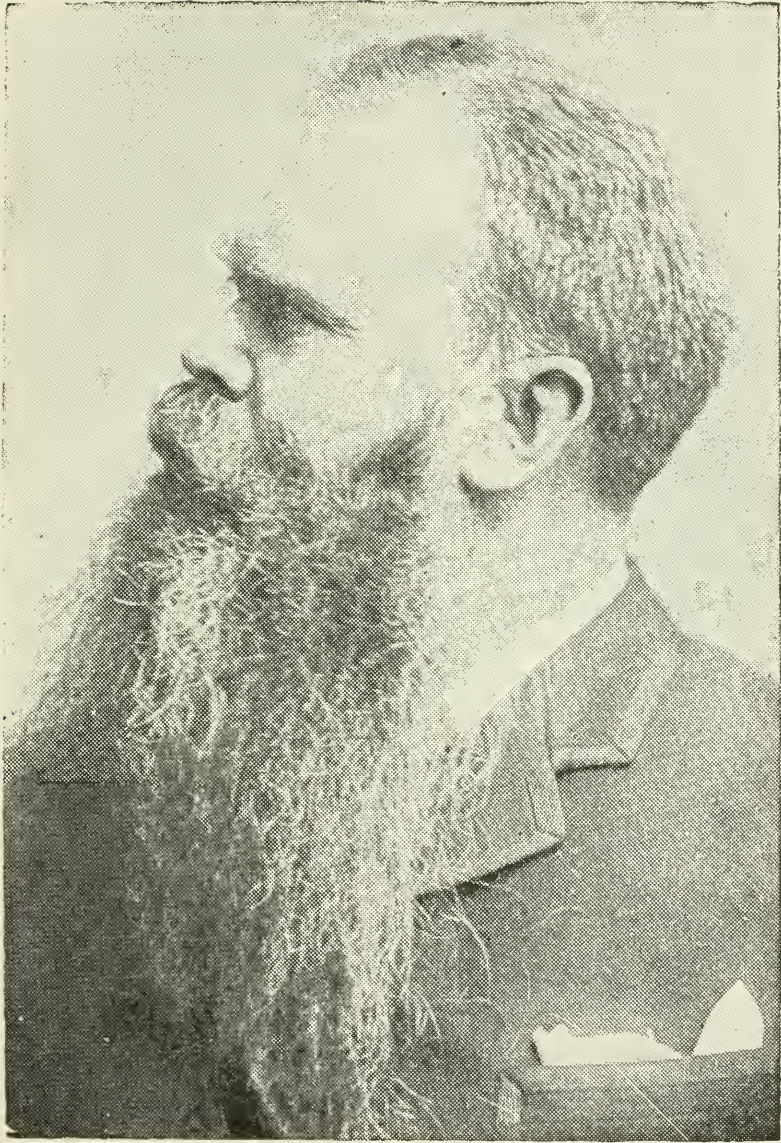
THE STORY OF NEW SWEDEN

Part I

IF YOU would know the story of New Sweden from the beginning we must go back to the time of our great Civil War.

Early in that fateful struggle our grand President, Abraham Lincoln, appointed me, then but twenty-three years old, one of the thirty "War Consuls" of America, and sent me to represent our country at the port of Gothenburg on the west coast of Sweden. During a three years' residence there, I acquired the Swedish language, became familiar with the history, manners and customs of the people, and learned to know, respect and admire the manner of men and women they were. I had beheld also the thousands of sturdy Swedish farmers and workmen who every year came down from the interior to Gothenburg with their fair-haired wives and children and their ponderous chests of baggage, went on board the steamships in the harbor, and sailed away for America.

As a patriotic American I was proud of this emigration, but regretted that none of all these emigrants settled in Maine. All passed by our State and went to build up the states of the West and Northwest. Yet no state or territory in the Union is better adapted by nature to become the home of Swedes than the northern, wooded State of Maine.



Hon. W. W. Thomas

No better emigrants than the Swedes ever landed on American soil. Honest and industrious, law-abiding and God-fearing, polite and brave, hospitable and generous, of the same old northern stock as ourselves, no foreign-speaking immigrants learn our language more quickly, and none become more speedily Americanized or make better citizens.

Maine is a state of great, but largely undeveloped resources. In the northwestern portion there was and still is, a wilderness domain, whereon is scarce a settler, larger in area than the state of Massachusetts, covered with a stately forest, possessing a soil of unusual depth and fertility, and watered by plentiful streams.

I resigned my consulship and returned to my native State at the close of 1865. I had become convinced that immigration of some sort was a necessity and that Swedish immigration would be the best. But how could Swedish emigrants be procured and how could they be retained within the limits of our State after they arrived here? I finally worked out a plan to found a Swedish Colony in Maine, and for three years after my return I preached in Maine the faith that was in me.

I presented a bill to carry out my plan to the Legislature of 1869. When the bill came before the House, a member arose and said: "Mr. Speaker, we have paupers enough in Maine already, and now comes Thomas and proposes to bring over a whole shipload more of them." Need I add that my bill was unanimously voted down!

I did not lose courage, however. I appeared again before the Legislature of 1870 with my bill, and, on March 23d, the bill was passed and became

law. Two days after, I was appointed Commissioner of Immigration and the fate of my plan was placed in my own hands.

Having successfully arranged all preliminaries in Maine, I sailed for Sweden, arriving on the 16th of May at my old post, Gothenburg. I at once traveled among the people and everywhere preached a crusade to Maine. But the crusade was a peaceful one, its weapons were those of husbandry and its object to recover the fertile lands of our State from the dominion of the forest.

To secure the right class of people seemed the most difficult part of the whole enterprise. I therefore dwelt on the fact that, as only a limited number of families could be taken, none would be accepted unless they brought with them the highest testimonials as to character and proficiency in their callings.

The problem soon began to solve itself. Recruits for Maine began to appear. All bore certificates of character under the hand and seal of the pastor of their district, and all who had worked for others brought recommendations from their employers. No one was accepted unless it appeared clear that he would make a thrifty citizen of our good State of Maine. In this way a little colony of picked men with their wives and children was quickly gathered. The details of the movement, the arguments used, the objections made, the multitude of questions about our State asked and answered would fill a volume. I was repeatedly asked if Maine was one of the United States. One enquirer wished to know if Maine lay alongside Texas, and another wrote ask-

ing if there were to be found in Maine any wild horses or crocodiles.

On June 23d, the colonists, who had been recruited from nearly every province of Sweden, were assembled at Gothenburg, and on the evening of that day—midsummer's eve, a Swedish festival—I invited them and their friends to a collation at the Baptist Hall in that city.

Two days afterwards I sailed away from Sweden with the first Swedish colony of Maine.

The colony was composed of twenty-two men, eleven women, and eighteen children, fifty-one souls in all. All the men were farmers; in addition some were skilled in trades and professions, there being among them a lay pastor, a civil engineer, a blacksmith, two carpenters, a basket-maker, a wheelwright, a baker, a tailor and a wooden-shoe maker. The women were tidy housewives and diligent workers at the spinning-wheel and loom. All were tall and stalwart, with blue eyes, blonde hair and cheerful, honest faces. With strong feelings of pride, I looked upon them as they were mustered on the deck of the steamship Orlando.

Part II

On July 13th we landed at Halifax. The next day we continued our journey across the peninsula of Nova Scotia and over the Bay of Fundy to the city of St. John. July 15th we ascended the St. John River by steamer to Fredericton. Here steam navigation ceased on account of low water, but two river flat-boats drawn by horses, were chartered. The colonists and their baggage were placed on board and at five o'clock the next morning our colony was on its way again up river.

Near Florenceville the first misfortune befell us. Here, on July 19th, died Hilma C. Clase, the little daughter of Capt. Nicholas P. Clase. Her body was properly embalmed, placed in a quickly constructed coffin and brought on with the Colony. "We cannot leave our little one by the way," said the sorrow-stricken parents, "we will carry her through to our new home."

On the afternoon of Thursday, July 21st, the flat-boats reached Tobique landing. Six days had been spent in towing up from Fredericton; the journey is now accomplished by railroad in as many hours.

Friday morning, July 22d, I procured teams for the colonists and their baggage, and the Swedish immigrant train started for Maine. At the border, we were welcomed by the citizens of Fort Fairfield with a salute of cannon, with flags and flowers and with a sumptuous banquet in the Town Hall. Refreshed, we continued our way up the broad valley of the Aroostook, and were most hospitably received and provided with entertainment and lodging for the night by the people of Caribou.

Next morning the Swedish immigrant train was early in motion and soon passed the last clearing of the American pioneer and penetrated a forest which now for the first time was opened for the abode of man.

At twelve o'clock noon, Saturday, July 23, 1870, just four months from the passage of the act authorizing this enterprise, the first Swedish colony of our State arrived at its new home in the wilds of Maine. As the wagon train stopped in the woods, a little south of where the Swedish capitol now stands, the Swedes instinctively drew together in a little group

around me, and here, in the shadow of the forest primeval we devoutly thanked God, who had led us safely on our long journey, and fervently prayed for His blessing and guidance in the great work that lay before us. Here, too, I baptized the town "New Sweden," a name at once commemorative of the past and auspicious of the future. Here Swedes and Americans broke bread together, and the colonists ate their first meal on the township where they were to hew out of the forest homes for themselves.

The next day was the Sabbath. The first religious service in the township was a sad one—the funeral of Hilma C. Clase, the little Swedish girl who had died on the passage up the St. John River.

Monday the Swedes drew lots for their forest farms. Tuesday morning, July 26th, they commenced the great work of converting a forest into a home. Through summer and fall the primeval forest rang from morn till eve with the blows of the Swedish ax. The prattle of Swedish children and the song of Swedish mothers made unwonted music in the wilds of Maine. New clearings opened out and new log-houses were rolled up on every hand. Odd bits of board and the happily twisted branches of trees were quickly converted into furniture.

For myself it was a pleasure to share the toils and privations of our new settlers. Every day I was among them from dawn till dark. On foot or on horseback I visited them all.

On August 12th, a new immigrant arrived in the colony. He was a native American, a good-sized boy baby, born to Korno, wife of Nils Persson, the first child born in New Sweden. He is alive and

well today, a man and voter. He rejoices in the name of William Widgery Thomas Persson.

Sunday afternoon, August 21st, occurred the first wedding. I then united in marriage Jons Persson to Hannah Persdotter. The marriage ceremony was conducted in the Swedish language but according to American forms. In the evening a wedding dinner was enjoyed at the Perssons'. All the spoons were of solid silver, heirlooms from Old Sweden.

Thus within the first month of the colony's existence, it experienced the three great events in the life of man—birth, marriage, death.

Many colonists whom I had recruited in Old Sweden could not get ready to sail with me in the Orlando. They promised to follow and kept their word. All through the fall these new immigrants came dropping into our settlement, until in December New Sweden had 114 Swedish settlers, a number larger than the original Plymouth Colony of 101 souls. Again, although nearly half of our brave Pilgrims died the first winter, there was not a death, nay, not even one single day's sickness of man, woman or child in New Sweden during the first year. For four years I remained with "my children in the woods" and superintended the development of the colony.

In the fall of 1873 the little settlement of fifty had increased to 600, and outside of New Sweden as many more Swedes were located in our State, drawn to us by our Swedish colony. The trees on 2200 acres had been felled; 1500 of these acres were cleared in a thorough and superior manner, of which 400 were laid down to grass.

I then felt that all the conditions of the plan on which this experiment had been made, were fulfilled. The colony had been recruited in Sweden, transplanted to Maine, fast rooted in our soil and made self-sustaining. The infant colony was now strong enough to go alone.

On Sunday forenoon, October 19th, 1873, I met the Swedes at the Capitol. Nearly all the settlers, men, women and children, were there. I recounted the history of the colony since the first adventurous little band had met together in Old Sweden, spoke such words of friendly counsel as the occasion suggested and justified, and then took leave.

In my annual report to the Legislature at the close of 1873, I recommended that all special State aid to New Sweden should cease. I further took pleasure in recommending that the office of commissioner of immigration, which I held, be abolished, since the accomplishment of the undertaking rendered the office no longer necessary; and thus I laid down the work which for four years had occupied the better portion of my life and endeavor. Though my official connection with New Sweden ceased with 1873, this colony has never ceased to occupy a large portion of my heart, my thoughts and my prayers.

Among the causes that have contributed to the success of New Sweden are the industry, the economy, the honesty, the temperance and the deep religious faith of the colonists themselves. There has never been a rum shop in New Sweden and her churches are filled with sincere worshipers every Sunday in the year. The Swedish women have ever rendered active help to their husbands. The Swedish wife not only did the housework but helped her

husband in the clearings amid the blackened stumps and logs. Many of the Swedes cut their logs into lengths for piling with cross-cut saws. Whenever this was the case, you would see that the Swedish wife had hold of one end of the saw.

Once, riding out of the woods, I met one of our Swedish women walking in with a heavy sack on her back. As she passed, I noticed a commotion inside the sack.

“What have you in there?” said I.

“Four nice pigs,” she replied.

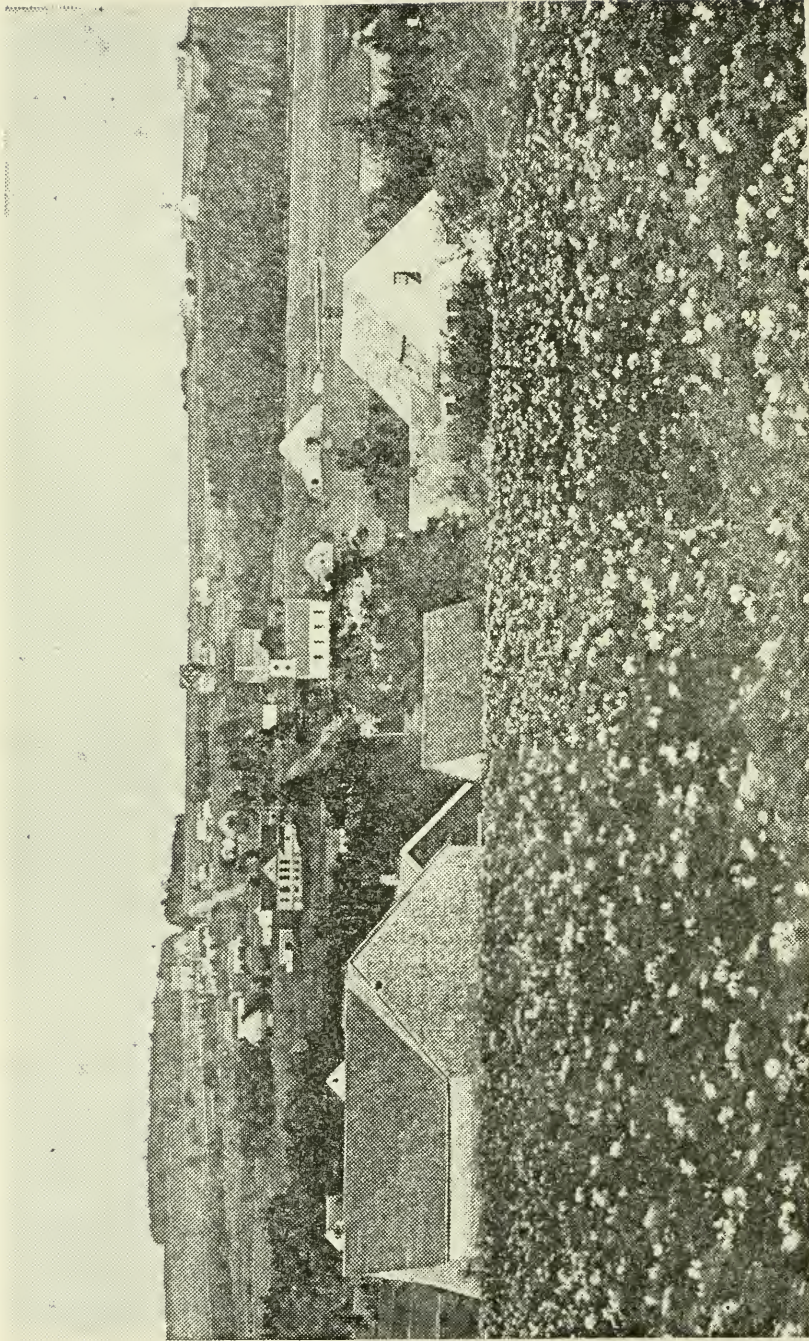
“Where did you get them?”

“Down river, two miles beyond Caribou.”

Two miles beyond Caribou was ten miles from New Sweden. So this good wife had walked that morning twenty miles; ten miles out, and ten miles home with four pigs on her back, smiling all the way, to think what nice pigs they were.

Another wife, Mrs. Kjersti Carlson, when her husband was ill and her children cried for bread, with her own hands felled some cedar trees, sawed them up into butts, and rifted out and shaved these butts into shingles, one bunch of which she carried five miles through the woods on her back, to barter at the corner store for medicine and food. By such toil was the wilderness settled.

The Swedish immigrants soon overflowed the boundaries of the township of New Sweden and settled in the adjoining American towns of Woodland, Caribou and Perham. They also pressed over the boundaries to the west and founded the daughter colony of Westmanland. To the north our Swedish settlers have founded the daughter colonies of Stockholm and Upsala.



New Sweden

New Sweden township today contains, in round numbers, 1,000 settlers. In the adjoining colonies there are at least 1,000 more. In the State at large there are more than 3,000 Swedes brought hither by the influence of our Swedish colony. The State of Maine contains today at least 5,000 Swedish inhabitants.

Our Swedish settlement today has three saw mills, two starch factories, five large stores, two blacksmith shops, a creamery, a fine Grange Hall, two postoffices with rural delivery, four churches, an excellent band of musicians, a central telephone exchange with 250 telephones in use, and nine modern school-houses, where graded schools are taught by well-trained Swedish teachers.

Some of the pupils come to school five miles through the woods, slipping over the snow on skis—Swedish snowshoes.

As to crops raised, I am told that in the winter of 1913-14 there were exported from the railroad stations in New Sweden no less than 158,000 barrels of potatoes, 17,000 barrels also were consumed in the starch factories, making a total of 175,000 barrels of potatoes over and above her own consumption, produced by New Sweden in a single year.

New Sweden is the only successful agricultural colony founded in New England with foreigners from over the ocean, since the Revolutionary War. There is not in the United States a more orderly, prosperous, contented and happy agricultural community than the New Sweden of Maine.

—*William Widgery Thomas.*

Bethel, January, 1919.

LITTLE CHRISTIANA'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE MAINE WOODS IN 1813

LITTLE CHRISTIANA WORMWOOD was playing school, teaching the baby Sally to say:

“I live in the town of Alfred,
County of York,
District of Maine,
State of Massachusetts.”

She was interrupted by a stranger, a tall man with a pleasant face, who, courteously lifting his hat, addressed her mother, “Mrs. Wormwood, I believe? I am Samuel Cook of Houlton and bring you a letter from your husband.”

“I am so glad to see you, Mr. Cook. It is a long time since I heard from my husband.”

“He is all right, Madam, and doing well at his work. While you read your letter I will get acquainted with these little folks. I have some just their size at home.” Then she read:

Houlton, Maine, July 4, 1813.

My dear Wife:

I am taking advantage of Mr. S. Cook's trip to Western Maine to send you news of my welfare. I am doing well here, and think this new country is the place for us to settle. If you all are well, Mr. Cook will bring you when he returns, and I hope to see you before winter. Baby Sally must be quite a girl now. Tell Christiana Father hopes she grows good as fast as she grows tall. Much love to them both. I must tell you of my adventures coming from Bangor to Houlton last year. I hired an Old

Town Indian, who said he knew the road through the woods, to pilot me. We paddled up the Penobscot and Mattawamkeag Rivers. The fellow did not know much English, and after a while I thought he did not know much about the way. At a carrying place there was a sort of path which I thought I understood him to say led to Houlton, that it was but a day's journey away and he could direct me so that I could find my way alone. So I sent him back and went on with food for one day in my saddlebags and my pack of joiners' tools on my back. After leaving the stream, there was no path and I wandered some days in the woods. Exhausted, I left my tools on a "horseback" between a pond and the stream, and struggled on one day more, following the stream, climbing over waterfalls and through tangled swamps. Suddenly I came out in the clearing of Dr. Rice in Houlton, who took care of me. In a few days I was completely recovered. Mr. Kendall went back six or seven miles with me and got my tools in Hodgdon.

You will have no such experience as Mr. Cook is familiar with the trail and will conduct you safe over. I built a house for Dr. Rice and am building for Mr. Aaron Putnam now. You will like the people here very much.

Good-bye until we meet,

Your loving husband,

Samuel Wormwood.

The children were talking with their new friend.

"Do bears live where our new home is to be?" asked Christiana.

“Yes, Christiana, but brave girls needn’t be afraid of bears. I know a woman who saw a bear trying to steal her pig. She caught up a gun, but it was not loaded, so she took a pitchfork and threatened the bear. Old Mr. Bear, rising on his hind feet, looked between his paws with a horrid grin, as if to stand the attack, but between the squealing of the pig and the persistent threats of the pitchfork, he ran away. The men and boys running in from the field followed and killed the bear.”

“What a hard trip my husband had! How shall we go?” asked Mrs. Wormwood. “Our people went by boat from Boston up the River St. John to within twelve miles of their destination,” said Mr. Cook. “Because of this war and the enemy’s vessels off the coast, we must go overland to Old Town, then by canoe up the Penobscot and across to the St. John. It is a long journey but perfectly safe. All the Indians we meet will be the peaceful Penobscot Indians, the Tarratines.”

“Is there danger from the Indians in the new settlement?”

“Both the English and American settlers have been very much afraid of Indian raids. But the British after the Revolution pursued the Indians to their retreats, and removed the fierce St. Francis Tribe to lands far beyond the St. Lawrence and the Mallecites to the Tobique. When you heard war was declared between England and America, the Tobique Indians put on their war-paint and started out to destroy the little settlement at Houlton. English soldiers from the Woodstock garrison met and disarmed them, putting them back on their reservation under strict orders not to cross

the Aroostook River, even on a hunting party.”

“Have women and children been over this trail?”

“No, but we will take you safe through the great woods. Now when can you be ready to start?”

“In a few days, Mr. Cook.”

So, on Sept. 1st, 1813, Christiana and little Sally and their mother set out upon their long journey in Mr. Cook's wagon. They stayed a few days in Saco at their grandmother's, and Christiana's Uncle John Pattison went as far as Portland with them.

They stopped one day at the Elm House. From the steps Christiana saw a stately pageant, as, to the peal of the minute guns, the bodies of the two captains killed the day before in the naval battle off the harbor were borne to their last resting place on Munjoy Hill. In its dignity and solemnity the military funeral was very impressive and Christiana never forgot the coffins covered, one with the American, the other with the British flag, and the strange uniforms of the British soldiers as, with arms reversed and muffled drums, they followed the funeral car. In the afternoon Mr. Cook went on board the *Enterprise* and *Boxer* down in the harbor.

Leaving Portland September 7, they drove to Winthrop where they rested one day, then out to the Kennebec River. After passing through Albion, the turnpike came to an end. The rest of the way to Old Town was a rough road, grubbed out in the forest.

At Old Town, their journey by land ended. Joe Goodenough, who had come thus far with Mr. Cook on his outward trip, was waiting for them with canoes and two Indians. The travelers stayed a

day and a half at the tavern kept by Jackson Davis, a Quaker. Christiana was much amused to hear Mrs. Davis say to a boy who had been sent after the cows and came back without them, "Thee go again, and pluck thine eyes open."

At last they embarked on the brown waters of the Penobscot, and slipped by Indian Island and the cleared farms into the great forest through which they must follow the winding water-courses for many days. Christiana enjoyed the change from wagon to canoe, and the old mossy woods with their wavering spots of sun and shadow. The last house was at Sunkhaze stream, where they thought of spending the night, but the family seemed so poor with so many neglected children that Mrs. Wormwood told Mr. Cook she would rather camp on the shore. A tent of quilts and rugs was made for her. The men had a bed of boughs before a crackling fire. They spent eleven nights this way. Camping out nights was a novelty to Christiana and Sally, and an Indian was a sight they had never seen before. Young Peopold, a handsome young fellow, joked and sang and danced for them. Old Mattanis was a strong, brawny brave who helped paddle the heavily laden barks.

They spent a night at Gordon's Falls. The fourth day they followed the meanderings of the Mattawamkeag, delighted with the beauty of the scenery, the enormous, towering pines, the banks and tablelands covered with shrubbery and giving the appearance of a cultivated garden, the golden autumn leaves carpeting the surface and fringing the shores, the pointed firs everywhere. They heard the woodpecker's death drum to nests of bugs and knots

of worms and the squirrels chattering and winding up their clocks in their throats. At Baskehegan Falls they got the finest, fattest trout they ever ate. When they left the Baskehegan near Danforth, everything had to be carried over to the Chiputneticook Lakes, where they stopped for the night.

“Not far from here,” said Mr. Cook, “a spotted line marks a trail of about forty miles through the woods to Houlton.” Mr. Cook carried little Sally in his arms over all the portages. Christiana walked with her mother. The children wearied of the journey and Christiana said, “Mother, I did not know there were so many trees in the whole world!” Here old Mattanis went astray and it was quite dark before he rejoined the company. Asked what he would have done had he not found the camp he said, “O, spoze me starve three days, then eatum sable,” as if by that time nothing would come amiss.

In the morning they launched on Grand Lakes which looked oceanic to the children. A squall arose and beat against the frail barks, but it soon passed. Next day they went through the Thoroughfare and across to the east side of North Lake. On the Thoroughfare they overtook a party of six men who had started sooner than they to cross North Lake. When Christiana and Sally got across the lake there was the men's campfire and some fish ready cooked, with a note attached stating that they were left “for Mother and the little ones.” From North Lake a carry was made to the nearest Eel River Lake, whence they proceeded down Eel River to the St. John.

It was cold and frosty in the morning. Most of the bright leaves had fallen. There were rains and

one dull, cheerless morning after a cold night, little Christiana's courage failed at one of the carrying places. She was so tired she sat down and refused to go on.

"Mother," she said, "I know we shall die here anyway, for we can never get out of these dreadful woods!"

"Don't be discouraged," said kind Mr. Cook, "in two or three days more we shall be home."

Going six miles up the St. John they met Mr. Wormwood with horses. The men whom they had seen at the Thoroughfare had arrived two days ahead of them and informed Mr. Wormwood of his family's approach. Christiana was delighted to see her father, but little Sally clung to good Mr. Cook whose strong arms had carried her so many miles. They spent the night at Mr. Wolverton's farm. Next morning, October 10, they went with the horses, through the woods by the spotted line to Houlton.

The first farm was Mr. Cook's, and out of the big log house came Polly and Willy and little Fanny Cook to meet their father. The Wormwood family stayed one night with the Cooks, then went two miles farther across the Meduxnekeag Stream to Aaron Putnam's new frame house, where Mr. Wormwood had secured rooms for his family. Christiana was nine years old and Sally three, at this time. Christiana lived 81 years in Houlton and saw the forest give way to fertile fields and pleasant villages. She never forgot her journey through the Great North Woods and often told her children's children about it as I have told it to you.

—*Anna Barnes.*

A QUAIN LETTER OF LONG AGO

READ A LETTER from the average boy of 19 today. Then compare it with this one, written to his thirteen-year-old sister Marcia by Robert Pinckney Dunlap, afterwards Governor of Maine. There must have been a decided change in the last century or more, either in the art of letter writing, or human nature—and it is exceedingly doubtful if it is the latter.

Brunswick, May 19th, 1813.

Dear Sister:

We learn with much satisfaction by your letter that you are so well contented, and as you appear to be sensible of the advantages you enjoy, I trust your improvement (in the various branches to which your attention shall be called) will co-equal these advantages. In the path of science you may meet with obstacles, which (for the moment) appear impossible to surmount; but when you find you have become in one instance victorious, every impediment as it were vanishes; and nothing but perseverance and industry are requisite to cause you to glide pleasantly in the gentle stream of learning.

As curiosity is natural to the mind and, as you observe, you contemplate speedily commencing Geography, I trust that this principle will have its full extent, and that your knowledge of this branch, though it may be limited, may be laid on a foundation upon which you may build at your leisure. I must confess that

this study has offered me much pleasure and delight, whilst I hope that the gratification you will experience from pursuing it will be congenial with mine.

I trust you will pay the strictest attention to your music, for no accomplishment graces a young lady more than this, and though it is not to be expected that you can perfect yourself during your residence in Portland, yet by obtaining its fundamental principles correctly from those ladies under whose care you are placed, in process of time your advancement will be such that in attending to it you can blend amusement with instruction. My remarks on this are not made from experience but from observation.

Far be it from me even to convey the idea that you should neglect your other studies and pay your undivided attention to Geography and Music. Every branch demands a share of your time, and by giving to each a proper portion none becomes dry and insipid; but the satisfaction you experience from pursuing them as it were conjointly tends to cheer and exhilarate your efforts. Jane has sent by Rev. Kellog what you mentioned in your letter. Nothing has transpired of importance since you left us.

Excuse all errors of grammar and punctuation as I write in haste. Respects of all friends.

Whilst I remain with sentiments of esteem your affectionate brother,

Robt. Dunlap.

Robert Pinckney Dunlap, tenth Governor of Maine, serving four years from 1834 to 1838, came of pioneer stock. Governor Dunlap was born in Brunswick, and he lived and died there. His grandfather, Rev. Robert Dunlap, was the first "settled minister" of Brunswick, as the phrase went in those days.



Home of Governor Robert Dunlap in Brunswick.

Rev. Robert Dunlap was a "zealous divine" of the Presbyterian faith. He was born in the north of Ireland. He had a strong taste for scientific studies. At the age of nineteen years he entered the University of Edinburgh. He studied theology and was licensed to preach. In 1736, with his family, he started for America. Ninety miles southeast of

Cape Breton, a gale drove the ship on the Isle of Sable and wrecked it. Of the two hundred persons on board, ninety-six were drowned. One of Mrs. Dunlap's little children was washed from her arms. Though the ship was an entire loss, one of the long-boats was saved, and the survivors repaired it as best they could with no better materials than some flax and candles which had been blown ashore from the cargo of the sunken ship. In this fragile craft they put off, and succeeded in reaching the Isle of Canso, 27 leagues distant. By the Governor's orders they were taken from there in a small fishing boat and landed at Cape Ann.

Robert Dunlap went from there to Boston, where he made the acquaintance of some noted preachers of his time, and later was ordained to the ministry.

In 1747 he took charge of the parish in Brunswick. This was during the period of the Indian wars. Continually on guard against savages, no isolated community dwelt in safety. On their arrival at Brunswick, the Dunlaps lived for a time in the garrison house. Rev. Robert Dunlap preached at the church at New Meadows, and an armed escort, consisting of a group of his neighbors, accompanied him there every time he held a service.

In colonial times, too much gaiety, either of dress or demeanor, was severely frowned upon, especially in a minister's family. One law of the church, from which practically every law emanated, allowed a minister to wear finer clothing than his wife.

One day Mrs. Dunlap received a gift of a cloak from her old home. Back in Ireland, the mother, no doubt thinking fondly all the time of the pleasure it

would give, had with her own hands spun wool from her flock of sheep, woven the cloth and dyed it bright scarlet, soft and rich. Mrs. Dunlap's love of dainty apparel had survived all the hardships of her life in America. She donned the pretty cloak which was marvelously becoming and wore it to church, where it was the admiration of several members of the congregation. Some, however, eyed it askance. Gay clothes and bright colors were not in accordance with the Puritan ideas of a decorous life: So it was not long before several deacons of the church took occasion to call on Mrs. Dunlap and inform her that they did not consider it seemly for a minister's wife to wear a scarlet cloak.

A difference of opinion with his flock led to the resignation of the Rev. Robert Dunlap. In those times every voter was taxed to support the church. To this he objected strongly. Said he, "No man's money or rates shall ever come into my pocket or private use in any shape as ministerial taxes in this town, who does not adhere to my ministry."

Rev. Robert Dunlap's Bible is still in existence, and is owned by his descendants. It was used at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the church in which he preached.

—*Theda Cary Dingley.*

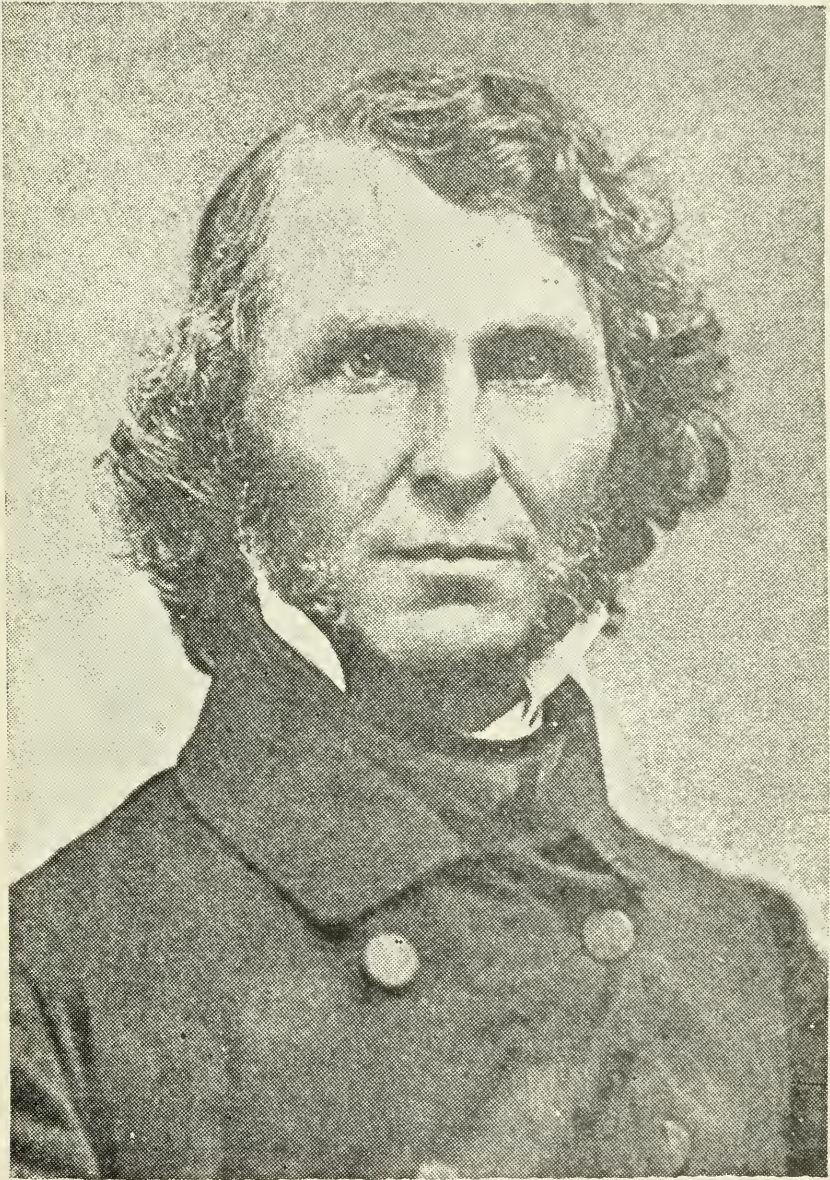
NEAL DOW

The Father of Prohibition

NO OTHER life-long citizen of Maine is more widely known than Neal Dow. His name is honored the world over wherever thought is given to human progress and hopes are cherished for the uplift of man. It is the name of one who made deep and lasting impression upon the legislation of this and other lands. The Maine Law of which he was the author became famous wherever the English language was spoken, and it was printed and discussed in other tongues. To a great extent it directed the thought of statesmen throughout Christendom to a matter of great social import. Certain it is that, through the well-deserved fame of Neal Dow, the name of his native State became familiar and honored where otherwise it had been unknown.

Neal Dow was born in Portland, March 20, 1804, and died there October 2, 1897. He retained physical strength far into the last year of his life, and mental power almost to his last hour. After he had passed his 90th birthday, he acceptably addressed large audiences with much of the vigor which characterized the efforts of his prime. He attributed his longevity to his regular habits, to his abstinence from liquor and tobacco, to moderation at the table, and last, but not least, to his well-considered, constant activity, mental and physical, which protected him from the degenerating ennui and enervation with which idleness saps the health of its votaries.

In his youth and young manhood Neal Dow was an all-round athlete in what he called useful lines of



General Neal Dow

recreation. In horsemanship, in swimming, in rowing and sailing boats, in fencing, in shooting, in boxing, he was as skilled as the average amateur of his time. As a swimmer, he was able to save two men from drowning, plunging in one case from a wharf, and in the other from a boat. His skill in the "manly art of self-defense" enabled him to expose to ridicule tools of the liquor traffic, hired to assault him. His courage was never questioned. It was commonly said of him that he knew no fear.

Some incidents may throw light upon this phase of his character. When a boy too young to know better, he accepted a challenge, declined by the other boys present, of the owner of a large monkey, to enter, armed with a stick, a yard where the vicious simian was wont to reign supreme. He came out of the fight with torn and draggled clothing, face and hands and legs scratched and bitten, but leaving behind him a cowed and submissive monkey, whose owner was as glad to call the fight off as he had been ready to start it.

As a young man he was chief engineer of the Volunteer Fire Department of Portland, which included hundreds of the leading young men of the city. A fireman on trial for insubordination pleaded, as an excuse for his disobedience, that "the Chief ordered him to undertake an altogether too dangerous task," but admitted that, upon his refusal to obey, the Chief himself performed it.

A crowd of turbulent men had assembled about the Court House in Portland, intent upon mobbing a witness from the country, who had testified against a rum-seller on trial. Neal Dow took the witness under his personal protection and escorted him

unharméd through the jeering rioters, who held his calm, cool courage in too much respect to dare to attack the man he had taken under his care.

The burly mate of a coaster, temporarily in Portland Harbor, hired by some liquor sellers to horse-whip Neal Dow in the public streets, afterwards complained at his trial in Court that the pain inflicted upon him by his intended victim was punishment enough for what he had tried, but failed to do.

As Mayor of Portland, Neal Dow, passing through a street one evening, was attracted by a crowd to a spot where a drink-crazed man, armed with pistol and bludgeon, was holding four policemen at bay. Instantly the Mayor sprang upon the ruffian and delivered him harmless into the hands of the police.

A highly respected citizen of Portland, now nearly eighty years of age, said to the writer, "When a lad of seventeen, I saw Mayor Dow alight from a carriage in front of the old city hall. Just as his foot touched the curbing a tough looking rowdy, who was avowedly waiting there for the purpose, aimed a blow at him. Mr. Dow parried it, and with a counter on the chin knocked his assailant to the sidewalk, where he lay helpless, while Mr. Dow walked quietly about his business as though nothing had happened. I then and there conceived an admiration for Neal Dow which I have cherished ever since."

Such incidents might be multiplied. Trifling in themselves, they would be unworthy of note, save as indicative of a characteristic which secured for Neal Dow a large following among young men, who, attracted by his strenuous personality, lent support,

because he had espoused it, to a cause for which otherwise they cared but little.

Other characteristics, qualifications and acquirements attracted other friends and supporters, and commanded respect and admiration from many who were not always ready to accept his views or approve his methods.

He was a constant and discriminating reader and delighted in the retirement of his choice and extensive library. He was a student of the Bible, drawing from that Book of books the inspiration and mental and moral strength which served him well in his chosen life work.

He was a clear, forcible writer and an eloquent, vigorous speaker. He was welcomed by large audiences in all of the Northern States, in Canada, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Isle, England, Scotland and Ireland.

Although he had passed, by some years, the military age, he tendered his services in the Civil War to Governor Washburn, and was appointed Colonel of the Thirteenth Maine Regiment. He was soon after made Brigadier-General. He was twice wounded at the battle of Port Hudson.

On the day of General Dow's death a letter was received at his residence, from Col. T. G. Reid, late of the Twelfth Arkansas Infantry. Col. Reid wrote: "On the morning of the assault on Port Hudson, you, with one or two mounted officers in the midst of your brigade, columns of regimental front, in the broad, open field of Slaughter's Plantation, were directing the deploying of your regiments into line of battle, about four to six hundred yards from my position. I

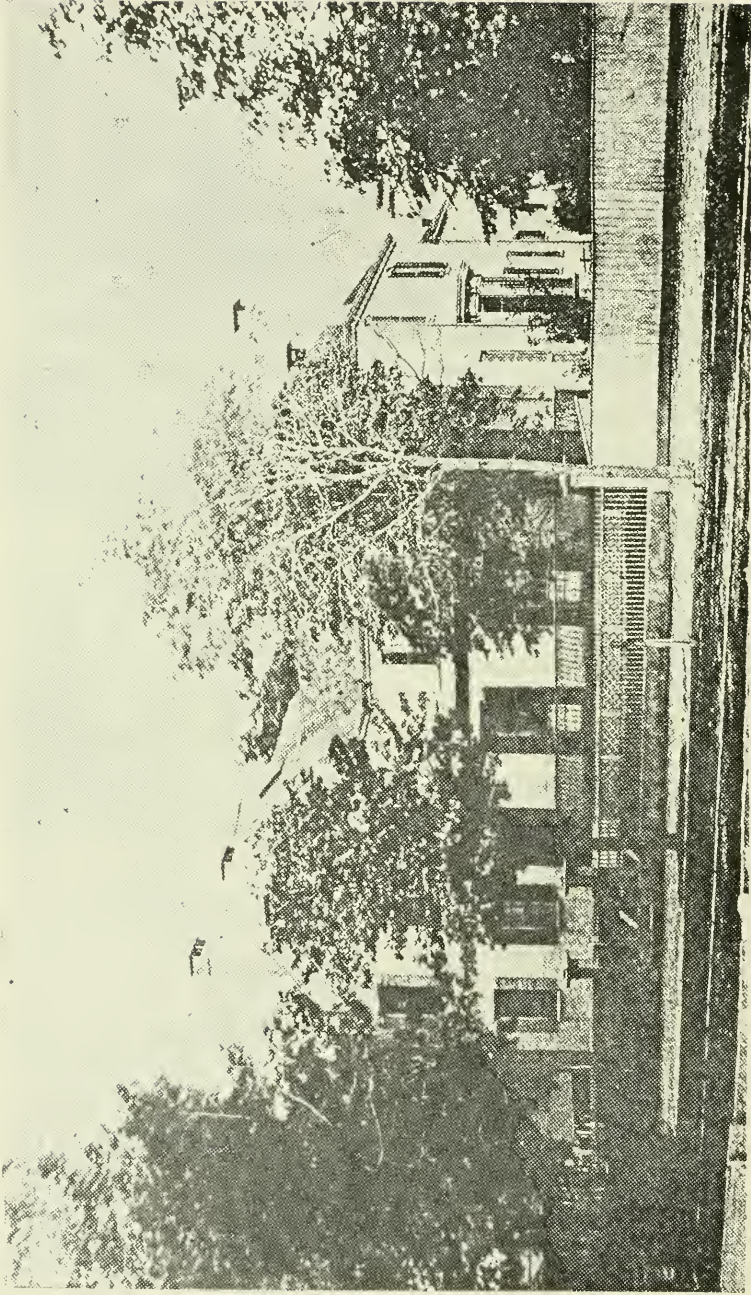
observed closely your movements until I was enabled to know that you were the commanding officer.

“I assembled a small number of my sharpshooters and singled you out to them and ordered them to fire continuously at you. After a short time your line of battle was formed, and a general advance on my position was commenced, with drums beating and flags flying, presenting a magnificent line, grandly marching to time in perfect order. It was a picture never to be erased from my mind, for with all the military pomp and display in formidable battle array I knew the dreadful fate I held in hand to turn it into defeat with the terrible slaughter of that day’s battle.

“The scattering fire of my sharpshooters continued, while the roar of your cannon sent shells over our heads. When about three hundred yards from my position I saw you fall, or lean down to your horse’s neck, and a number of your hospital corps ran and lifted you from your horse.” (His bridle arm was then disabled, and he proceeded on foot until a shot in the leg made him helpless.)

“Your command never faltered, but swept on in splendid line until within eighty yards of my position, when I ordered my battalion to fire. You directed the charge of your brigade, and it swept along like an avalanche until forced to retreat from the galling fire of my command, so well protected by our strong breast-works. But the retreat of your brigade was orderly.”

Col. Reid’s sharpshooters did their work well. Besides the two bullets that struck him, the blouse that he wore had holes in it which showed that four other bullets came very near their mark.



Home of General Neal Dow

Before General Dow had recovered from his wounds he was taken prisoner, and was held as such for nine months. On the 23d day of March, 1864, after an absence of more than two years, he returned to Portland, where he was accorded a great reception, the public buildings and many dwellings and stores being decorated.

Of a meeting held in his honor the next evening, a Portland morning paper said: "In the annals of Portland there has never been such a gathering of people on any occasion, as there was last evening at the City Hall to welcome General Dow. The doors of the hall were thrown open at six o'clock, and, although proceedings were not to commence before half-past seven, in half an hour the spacious hall, ante-rooms and passage-ways were solidly packed with human beings, and, for an hour or more, crowds were wending their way to the hall, only to find when they arrived that it was impossible for them to obtain an entrance. So great was the crowd that it was with difficulty the police forced a passage-way for the entrance of the city authorities with General Dow."

—*Fred. N. Dow.*

Maine

Maine, like Old Rome, stands on the hills
 Her windows opened to the sky.
 Her eyes the deep Atlantic sweep—
 Where stately ships go sailing by.
 By her swift rivers cities rise
 Where men pass to and fro ;
 Her face alight with happy dreams,
 Her heart all warm with hopes that glow !

How sweet the songs the pine trees sing—
 How fair her fields when June-grass waves !
 Like pilgrims, weary men of earth
 Turn to the shores the ocean laves ;
 Though winter holds her to its breast
 As tempest wild sweeps in the night—
 Love folds her soul—and holds her soul—
 Within the glory of its light.

Her sons have loved her—fought for her—
 And peered beyond their present ken.
 The vastness of the shade she casts
 Falls far across a world of men.
 She is the moulder and the guide
 Of virile souls who know not fear :
 She is a Leader ! and inspires
 Her sons to deeds all men revere.

All hail to Maine and to her Sons !
 Honor is theirs on land and sea.
 The blood of Statesmen thrills her life,
 Of Dreamer—Poets that shall be.
 State crowned by Canada's broad land,
 Far greater days for her shall dawn :
 Upon her steadfast, frost-hewn hills—
 The thoughts that sway the world are born.

—*Elizabeth Powers Merrill.*

ELIJAH KELLOGG

Foreword

"The summer folks," said a Harpswell fisherman, "say they never heard such preaching as Uncle Kellogg served up at the Congregational Church."

He referred to the late Rev. Elijah Kellogg, best known perhaps, especially to boys who like tales of adventure, as the author of the Elm Island stories.

"There's one thing about the stories that Uncle Kellogg writes," his critic went on, "he always got everything right when he wrote about the sea. He was a sailor himself and when he told about managing a dory in a squall, or working a ship in a storm, you could use what he wrote for a sailor's guide. I have read Clark Russell and Marryatt and Dana's 'Before the Mast,' but I must say Uncle Kellogg got it nearer from a sailor's point of view than any of them."

Rev. Elijah Kellogg was born in Portland May 20, 1813, and died March 17, 1901. It is well known that he refused many offers of large city parishes, where the people would have paid him a good salary, but he preferred to spend his life in his secluded home on Harpswell Neck. Not long before the great preacher's death, Holman Day, the well-known Maine author, visited Rev. Elijah Kellogg and wrote the following impressions of the preacher and writer and of his home.

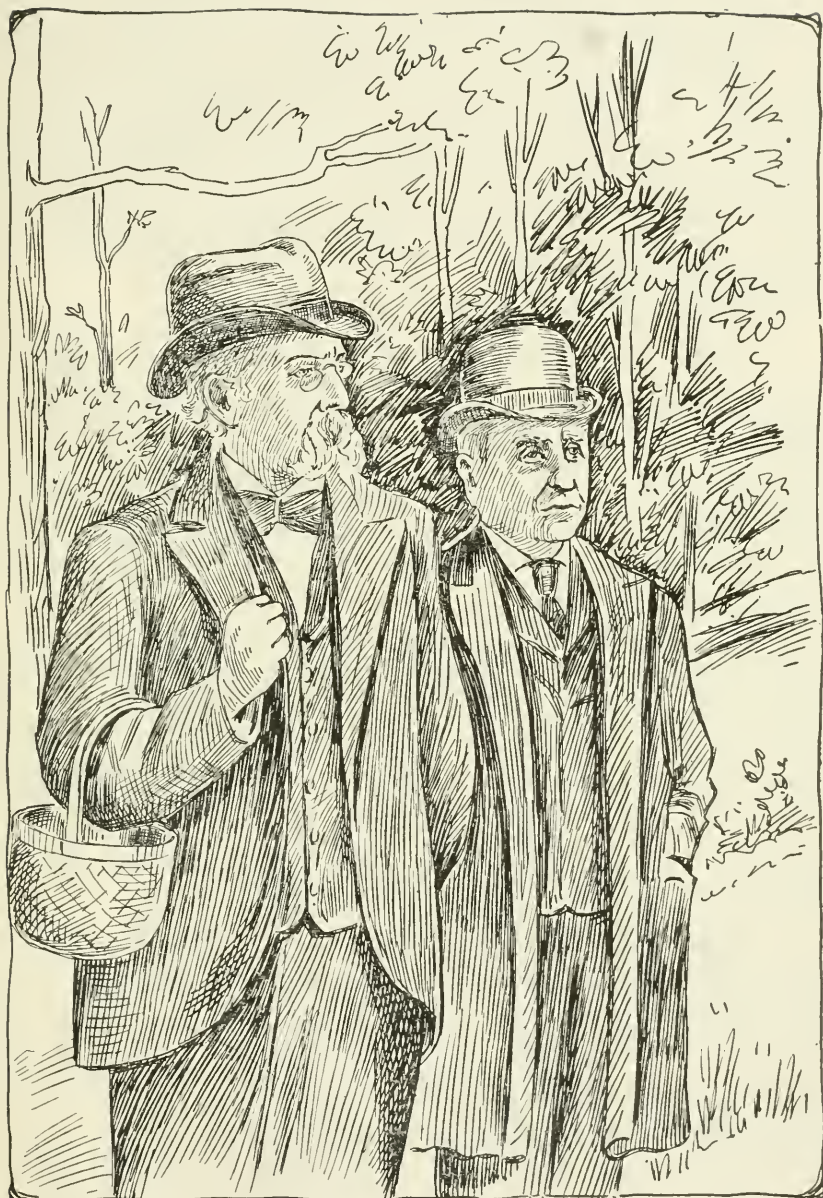
IN the tall, old-fashioned house behind the spruces on Harpswell Neck, lives Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Notwithstanding the picturesque beauty of the place it would be lonely for any one except a lover of retirement. Especially lonesome was the homestead one sunny afternoon in September. The

house was locked, the blinds were drawn, and were it not for a little path that wormed through the grass to the door, a careless visitor might think the place no longer tenanted.

The pastor and his housekeeper were away, but evidently not for long. The carriage house stood wide open and within was the venerable clergyman's old-fashioned carriage, with the big, round glass in back and sides, the muddy every-day cart and the single-seated wagon with an umbrella tucked under the seat. A horse munched in his stall in the stable. Over behind the barn a cow stood in the shade.

Whether the minister would appear from land, or from sea, was uncertain, but plainly he was not far distant. So I listened to the silence buzzing in my ears and watched Mr. Kellogg's grey cat scratching her claws on his favorite pear tree.

The aged minister came by water and his coming was picturesque. Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, the Hero of Little Round Top, whose summer cottage is across the bay and with whom Mr. Kellogg's friendship dates from the time when Bowdoin's ex-president was a boy in college, had invited the preacher across for dinner. So Mr. Kellogg went with a basket of his best apples. After the meal the general came rowing the aged clergyman back to his own shore. It was a striking spectacle, the soldier-scholar bending to the oars, his old friend seated in the stern sheets and guiding the craft. The general accompanied the clergyman up the bank and not until they were well up toward the spruces did he relinquish the basket and bid "Uncle" Kellogg good-bye with a hearty hand-clasp.



Elijah Kellogg returned home accompanied by his old friend
General Joshua L. Chamberlain

“When I first began to write my books for boys,” said the venerable author to me, “I used to think that perhaps I ought to be writing sermons instead. But then I reflected that I was reaching a larger audience than I ever could through sermons and so I reconciled my labors to my scruples. My books number about thirty and I spent much hard labor in their composition.”

“Where is Elm Island, Mr. Kellogg?”

“Oh, I made that island out of my imagination for the story. You know it’s pretty hard finding an island on the Maine coast bearing northwest from the mainland. Still, notwithstanding that fact, I know that at least half a dozen islands are pointed out as the suppositious place where Lion Ben and the boys lived and labored.

“I enjoyed writing those books. I like anything that relates to the affairs and the prosperity of young men. I have always been anxious to help young men in any way I could. They’re an inspiration. So when I commenced to write books for boys I struck out on new lines. All the books for young folks seemed to tell them how to play.

“I commenced to tell them how to work. I was, of course, much gratified because the stories were read so generally. When I hear that any boy has perused those books with pleasure I feel that the boy has something good in him, some trait worth cultivating, for it indicates that he has a desire to learn and is interested in wholesome, hard work.

“When boys or men come and tell me that those books have helped them, I feel a pleasure that I cannot describe. One of the very happiest days of my whole life was when a successful man held my hand

and said, 'Mr. Kellogg, I date my prosperity and success from the time I read the Elm Island series.' "

And the naive and honest brown face glowed.

Speaking of "Spartacus to the Gladiators," that stirring old declamation known to every school boy, Kellogg said that he wrote it while a boy at Andover, as a rhetorical exercise, and delivered it himself. The professor under whose charge the exercises were conducted said, as the youthful speaker stepped down,

"Boys, that is eloquence!"

"I also wrote most of the other declamations at that time," remarked he. A close rival of Spartacus is "Regulus to the Carthaginians," another example of stately eloquence that so charms the hearts of the school-boys.

"For a time," said the venerable man with a quizzical smile, "Spartacus was ruled out at Bowdoin declamations, as I've heard. The professors used to say that no matter what the merits of the speakers might be, the prize used regularly to go to the boy who thundered Spartacus."

Elijah Kellogg's life has not one trace of repining or reproach in it. He has accepted what has come to him and has been content. He has borne the adversity that has overtaken him through the failure of his publishers, and from his meagre resources has always extended a helping hand.

"If Elijah Kellogg had a hundred thousand dollars," said a neighbor, "he would still be poor, for he always has his hand out to help some one who is worse off than he. Why, the people love that man like a father and the newer generation coming up seem to love him still more than those before them."

“I have had a happy life here,” said Mr. Kellogg. “There has been peace and enough for me and those who were dependent on me. My parish has been world enough in which to work.

“I have watched the generations grow to manhood and felt that in a way I was helping the Lord to shape their ways. The younger people as they grow seem to like me, too,” and the pastor smiled wistfully.

“Do you know, I have had helping me in my farm work this week, great-grandchildren of my first parishioners!”

The Kellogg house was built forty years ago by Mr. Kellogg, assisted by his neighbors and parishioners. Then, as now, they would do anything to assist him.

“You come over and hew for me,” he used to say, “and I’ll be over and preach for you.”

In all the years he has dwelt in Harpswell, he has never asked neighborly assistance, when by any manner of means he could perform a task with his own hands. He has lived and labored honestly on the six days, as he lives and labors now—brown, hardy and earnest, charitable, loving and a kindly counselor always. He has spoken the words that have united, has blessed the children, has watched the long lives and laid the fathers and mothers away. Still he lives on cheerily and hopefully.

And twice each Sabbath day from the pulpit of the white church on the hill, he has preached such sermons as can come only from the heart of a simple, earnest, toiling man of God—and that man Elijah Kellogg.

The fervor, fire and soul of Mr. Kellogg's earlier productions were never more nearly matched by him than at the time of the Bowdoin centennial in 1894. He spoke at the great dinner on that occasion. The major-general of the armies of the United States, the chief justice of the United States, the chief justice of Maine and many other distinguished persons had preceded the slight, bronzed, stooped old gentleman who had stood in the press with his hand at his ear and listened as best he might. The heat was intense. The great marquee but indifferently protected the throng from the sun's rays. Therefore as the afternoon wore on the audience oozed out from beneath the tent and sought the cool green of the lawn and the shade of the trees.

At last the word went about on the campus "Elijah Kellogg is speaking," and then the throngs flocked back again, pressing, crowding, standing on tip-toe, craning their necks to hear this plainly-attired, kindly-faced old preacher. People who had but illy attended the speeches of men great in the world, now were breathlessly eager to hear. Anyone who moved restlessly or whispered was reproved by withering looks. I shall always remember that address—not its words—but its marvelous effect on the throng. The venerable preacher drifted into the story of how it came about that he settled in Harpswell.

In simple language he described his early pastorate there when he supplied from college. The people asked him to become their pastor. He promised that he would, if certain conditions on their part were carried out. The parish did as he asked and a

delegation came to him to announce their compliance.

Then with gratitude and with a true interest in his people he took up his work in Harpswell, many, many years ago, and there he has dwelt ever since, continuing at the age of eighty-five the pastoral ministrations he commenced in his early youth.

All this he told with unaffected earnestness at Brunswick that day, and no career among them all seemed more to be admired. A blameless, simple life spent in doing good and in honest work in contented retirement—that is Elijah Kellogg's career—and his name will be long in the mouths of people when more dazzling honors and personages have forever gone.

His closing words at Brunswick thrilled the hearts of all who listened. A new light came in his eyes. His bent form straightened. He was inspired. The matchless eloquence of the last few sentences rang over the heads of the great throng and echoed in their ears.

Then the speaker ceased and almost abruptly pushed his way out through the press. Pausing only an instant to shake a hand outstretched, he plodded across the campus in the sunshine, stooped yet brisk in his walk, his well-worn hat pulled down upon his head, his thin, brown face placid once more after the fervor of his address.

Thus, a lonely figure on the broad campus, he passed out of sight beneath the trees, unhitched his sober brown horse and drove away toward his Harpswell home.

—*Holman Day.*

GOOD BOOKS ON EARLY MAINE HISTORY

- History of the District of Maine Sullivan
 History of Maine (2 vs.) Williamson
 Bancroft's History of the U. S. (vs. 1-2-3)
 Beginnings of Colonial Maine Dr. Burrage
 Makers of Maine Holmes
 Books (published by the State of Maine):
 Maine at Valley Forge
 Waymouth's Tercentenary
 The Tercentenary of the Landing of the Popham Colony
 The Tercentenary of Martin Pring's First Voyage to
 the Coast of Maine
 The Tercentenary of De Monts' Settlement of St. Croix
 Island
 Maine: Her Place in History Chamberlain
 Sebastian Rale: A Maine Tragedy in the 18th Century
 Sprague
 Burrage
 Maine at Louisburg
 Bangor Historical Magazine (2 vols.)
 Sprague's Journal of Maine History (7 vols. completed)
 Maine Catholic Magazine (7 vols.)
 Maine Historical and Genealogical Magazine (9 vols. pub.
 in Portland)
 Francis Parkman's Works, especially:
 A Half Century of Conflict
 The Pioneers of France in the New World
 Montcalm and Wolfe
 Rosier's Narrative of Waymouth's Voyage
 Military Operations in Eastern Maine and Nova Scotia
 Kidder
 A Statistical View of the District of Maine
 Moses Greenleaf
 Collections of the Maine Historical Society (Series 1, 2, 3,
 22 vols., Doc. Hist. of Maine, 24 vols.)
 The Pioneers of New France in New England Baxter
 Penhallow's History of New England Wars (Indian Wars)
 Drake's History of King Philip's War
 Indians of North America
 Indians of the Kennebec (Reprint from Hist. of Kennebec
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Twenty Years at Pemaquid J. Henry Cartland
 Sketches of the Ecclesiastical History of the State of Maine
 From the Earliest to 1829

Town Histories

Drisko's History of Machias
 Wheeler's History of Castine
 Folsom's History of Biddeford and Saco
 North's History of Augusta
 Whitman's History of Buckfield

GLOSSARY

There is no authority, so far as can be learned, for the pronunciation of Indian names. In general, there is little or no accent. The spelling of the Indian words varies greatly.

ABNAKI, ABENAKI, or ABENAQUI—"Men of the east" or "England." They constituted an Algonquian confederacy, centered in the State of Maine which subsequently overflowed into the northern section of New Hampshire. They are said to have consisted, linguistically, of all the tribes occupying the East or Northeast shore of America. The term was first applied to the Indians of Nova Scotia. They occupied mainly the whole of the country between the Piscataqua and Penobscot Rivers.

AGONCY—Early aboriginal name for Penobscot River.

ALGONKINS or ALGONQUIANS or ALGONQUINS were the most widely extended of all North American Indians, their territory stretching along the Atlantic coast from Labrador to Pamlico Sound and westward from Newfoundland to the Rocky Mountains. Their various tribes linguistically affiliated, spoke innumerable dialects. The meaning of the word is "on the other side" (of the river), or "at the place of spearing eels, and other fish,"—from the bow of canoe.

ARMOUCHIQUOIS. *Vide* Malecites.

AUCOCISCOS—A branch of the Abnaki. They occupied territory between Saco and the Androscoggin River. The meaning is given as signifying “a crane” or “a heron.”

CANIBAS. *Vide* Kanibas.

CUSHNOCS—Of Augusta, Me.; one of the Kanibas clans.

ETCHEMIN or ETECHEMIN—This tribe is now considered to have been a sub-group of the Abnaki confederacy, speaking the same language, but a different dialect, and to have included the Passamaquoddy and Malecite. They are said to have extended from the Penobscot to the St. Croix River as far as St. John. Later they resided in the neighborhood of Passamaquoddy River. The meaning of the term has been interpreted as “Canoe-men.”

KANIBAS—A branch of the Abnaki, who occupied both sides of the Kennebec River, Maine.

MALECITES—A branch of the Abnaki occupying the St. John River, New Brunswick. The term is said to mean “broken-talkers.” They were called “Armouchiquois” by the French Missionaries and their language was most like the Passamaquoddy dialect.

MOHAWKS—The most eastern of “The Five Nations,”—Huron-Iroquois,—at one time, perhaps, the most powerful Indian confederacy that ever existed. The Mohawk villages occupied mainly the valleys of the Mohawk River, N. Y., and their name signifies “eaters of live meat” (*i. e.*, bear).

MONSEAG—Means “Place of Island Waters.”

NARRAGANSETT—An Algonquin tribe, formerly one of the leading tribes in New England.

NORRIDGEWOCKS—A branch of the Abnaki, who dwelt along the Kennebec River.

NORUMBEGA—Means “A Succession of Falls and Still Waters.”

PASSAMAQUODDIES—This small tribe was a branch of the Abnaki. They were situated on the Schoodic River and on the waters and inlets of Passamaquoddy Bay. The term means “pollock-plenty place.”

PENOBSCOTS—A branch of the Abnaki,—dwelt on an island in the Penobscot River a few miles from Bangor.

PEQUAWKET—Tribe in Abnaki confederacy formerly living on head waters of Saco, about Lovewell’s Pond. The principal village was the present site of Fryeburg.

PEQUOTS—An Algonquin tribe of Connecticut.

SACHEM—Supreme ruler of a territory inhabited by a certain number of tribes. Each governed by an inferior ruler called sagamore. The dignity was hereditary and never elective.

SAGAMORE—The Abnaki name for the chief or ruler of a tribe, the dignity of which was elective.

SAMOSET—A native and sagamore of Pemaquid and the original proprietor of the site of Bristol.

SOKOKIS—A branch of the Abnaki, settled on or about the Saco River.

TARRATINES or TARRATEENS—A term used by Pilgrims and early settlers to denote the Abnaki. After the exodus of the main body of the Abnaki to Canada, the term Tarratines was applied to the Indians occupying the Penobscot River from source to sea and the contiguous territories.

NOTE.—The principal authority for the above data is the Dictionary of American Indian Place and Proper Names in New England, by R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, M.D., LL.D.

PRONUNCIATION OF FRENCH WORDS

THE KEY

â—as in father.	e—as in see.
a—as in ate.	o—as in bone.
ê—as in her.	oo—as in cool.
ë—as in let.	ô—as in or.

The nasal n in French has no exact equivalent in English. It is pronounced like nh with the mouth open, nearly like an in pant, or on in song, or an in crank.

Aix-la-Chapelle—aches-lâ-shâpelle.

André Thevet—on (as in song) dra tê-vë.

Agoncy—â-gon (on as in song) see.

Aubry—o-bree.

Bateau—bâ-to.

Beaujolois—Bo-jo-la.

Bien Court—Be-an (as in pant)-coor

Bon Soir—bon (on as in song) swar.

Bigot—be-go.

Brouage—broo-âje.

Carignan Saliere—câ-reen-yon (on as in song) sâ-le-air.

Chaudière—cho-de-air.

De Monts—dê-mon (on as in song).

D'Iberville—de-bear-veal.

Druillettes—drew-e-yët.

Egalité—a-gâ-le-ta.

Estienne—a-te-ën.

Lescarbot—less-car-bo.

Les Isle des Monts Desert—lay-zeal-day-mon (on as in song)
day-zair.

Levis—lê-vee.

Louis—loo-e.

Montpensier—mon (on as in song) pon (on as in song) see-a.

Mal de mer—mâl-dê-mare.

M. (stands for monsieur)—mô-se-êr.

Padeshall—pâd-shâll.

Poutrincourt—poo-tran (an as in crank) coor.

Patache—pâ-tâsh.

Pont-Grave—pon (on as in song) grâve.

Panounais--pâ noo-na.

Rale (or Rasle)—Râl.

Roberval—Ro-bear-vâl.

Raleau—Râ-lo.

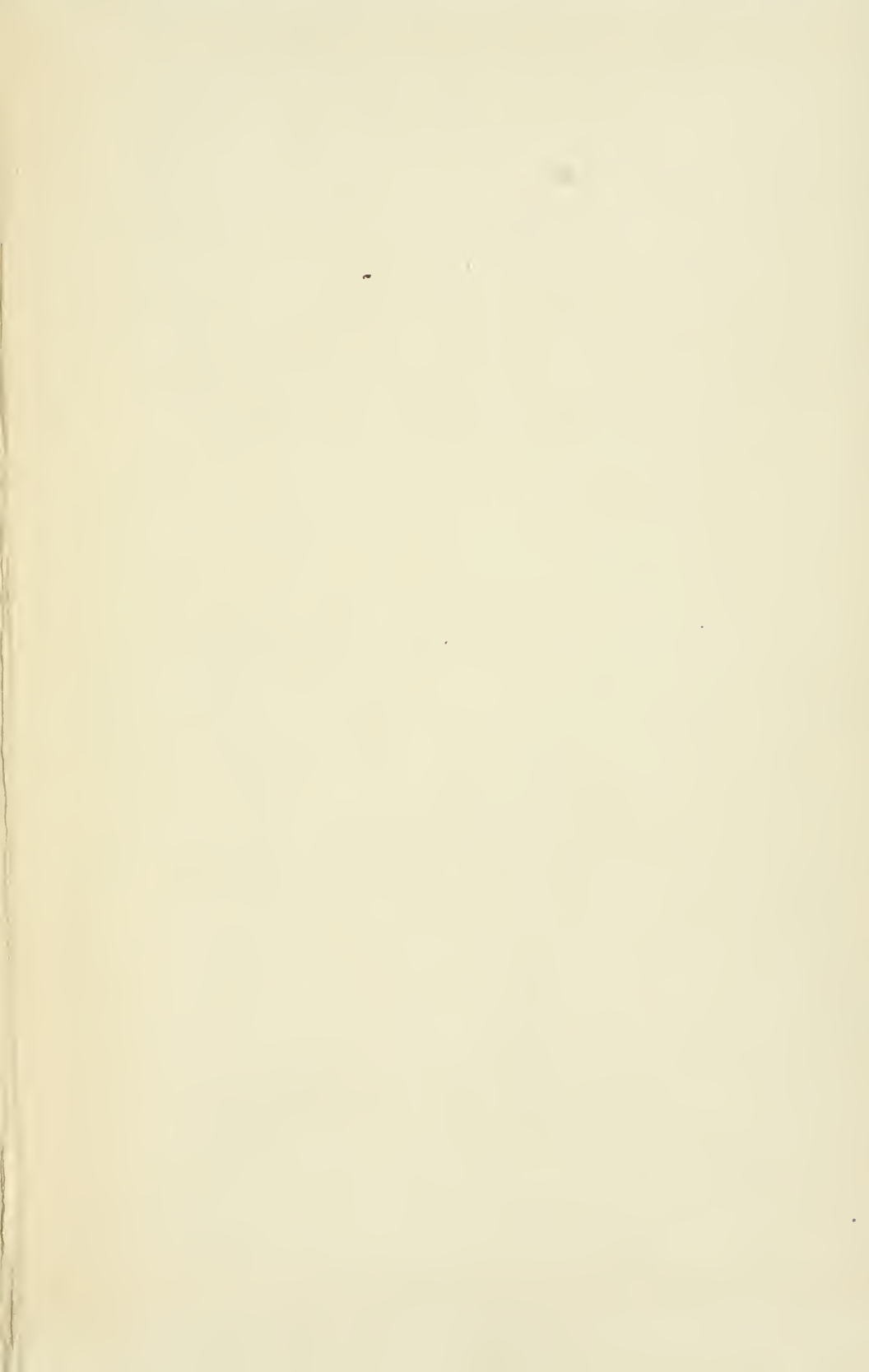
Sieur d'Orville—se-êr-dôr-veal.

Sartignan—sar-te-yon (on as in song).

Sacre bleu—Sâ-crê-blê.

Villieu—ve-le-yê.

Versailles—vair-si (i as in high) yê.



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